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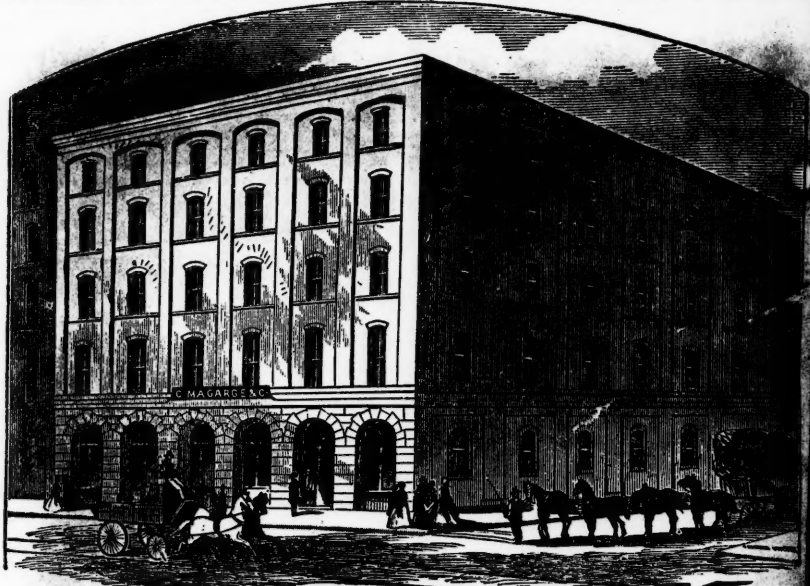
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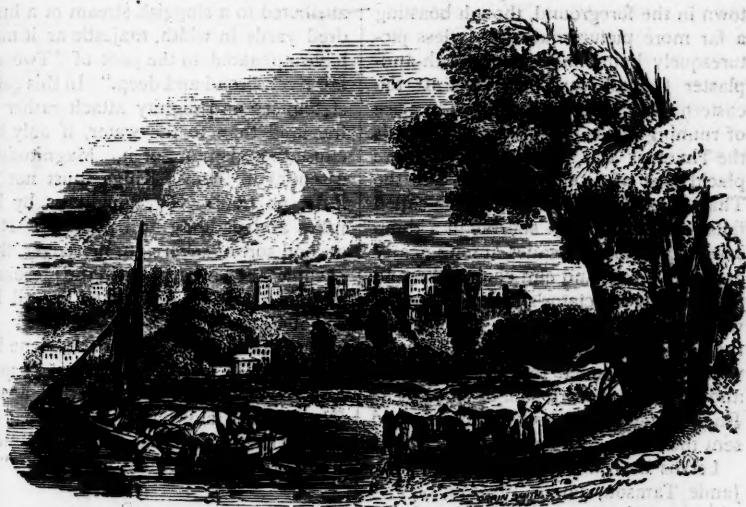
OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

DECEMBER, 1875.

UP THE THAMES.

SECOND PAPER.



VIEW OF RICHMOND HILL.

ARRIVED at Richmond, a spot which divides with Hampton Court and Windsor the sovereignty of rural Thames, the correct thing is to climb Richmond Hill, an eminence which secures a distinction over both the rival attractions in at least one respect—that of breadth of prospect. That so slight an elevation should do so illustrates the extreme flatness of the country. The

rise above the plain is not so great as that which commands a less noted but not less beautiful view at our American Richmond—a scene which stands credited with having determined the name of the latter city. The winding river, broken by islets, and the immense expanse of level woodland, are the leading features of both pictures. Ours has less advantage of association. It has

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RICHMOND CHURCH.

no Windsor and no minor palaces. The town in the foreground, though boasting a far more picturesque site, is less picturesquely built, finely 'as the lath-and-plaster Capitol stands out against the eastern sky. But the James, as a piece of running water, unquestionably excels the Thames. It is, in the lower and more placid part of its course, much like the Thames, while it possesses in the so-called falls which foam and sparkle in a thousand rapids and cascades among nearly as many birch- and elm-clad rocks and islets at the spectator's feet, an element wholly wanting in the other. Gazing upon the Virginian scene, Claude and Salvator would have opened their sketch-boxes and sat down to work side by side. The English would have kept the former, and sent the Neapolitan away.

Let us borrow from Thomson—"Oh, Jamie Tamson, Jamie Tamson, oh!"—who sleeps in the odd little church below, and whose pen is most successful in the Claude style, what we need in the way of description of a scene so often limned with both instruments:

Here let us sweep

The boundless landscape; now the raptured eye
Exulting swift to huge Augusta send,
Now to the sister hills that skirt her plain;
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Imperial Windsor lifts her lofty brow.

Here let us trace the matchless vale of Thames,
Far winding up to where the Muses haunt—
To Twickenham bowers; to royal Hampton's pile:
To Claremont's terraced heights and Esher's groves.
Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung.

Another minstrel from Tweedside tried his hand upon it in *The Heart of Midlothian*. He stops Jeanie and the duke, notwithstanding the life-and-death importance of their errand, to mark where "the Thames, here turreted with villas and there garlanded with forests, moved on slowly and placidly, like the mighty monarch of the scene to whom all its other beauties were but accessories." It is but a limited monarchy, of the mild

British constitutional type, that can be attributed to a sluggish stream of a hundred yards in width, majestic as it may have appeared to the poet of "Tweed's fair river, broad and deep." In this case, stateliness and dignity attach rather to the land than to the water, if only because there is more of it. Magnitude is essential to them. Kings must not be little, as Louis XIV. taught us by his robes and padding and periwigs. It is an odd sort of sovereign, moreover, that occupies the lowest place in the presence-chamber, and is dominated by all his surroundings.

One visit will not do for the scene before us. He who desires to test its multififormity must see it again and again. The English sky has a vast variety of cloud-effect, which repeats itself in "moving accidents," as artists term them, "by



THOMSON.

flood and field." When the sky is not entirely overcast, the ever-varying catches of light and shade on so broad a surface forbid its presenting exactly the same appearance for more than a few moments together. The white buildings scattered over it assist this kaleidoscopic movement. As we gaze upon a smooth patch of unbroken shadow some miles off, it is suddenly and sharply flecked, thanks to a drift of the cloud above it, by a bright light, and another and another, till a whole town or range of villas, before unseen, brightens the distance. Onward sweeps the cloud, followed by its fellows, and these new objects fade into nothingness, while others beyond them, or it may be nearer, flash into view. The water aids this incessant change in the general and particular distribution of light and shade by its reflection. It deepens shadow and intensifies light. It is never sombre, however dull may be the visage of the land. Somewhere, edging an island or

shooting out from a point, it will furnish a bit of glitter, all the more effective because of the gloomy setting that demands it and supplies its foil.

Singular as is the predominance, in this view, of copse and grove, over the signs of habitation and industry belonging to the heart of so densely peopled a kingdom, art has not failed of its share in decorating the foreground. Villa and terrace cluster along the slope; for this has always been a favorite retreat of the Londoners, whether they came for a day or for a decade. Turning from the river, we lapse again under the sovereignty of turf and leaf as we enter the gateway



THOMSON'S GARDEN.



VIEW FROM RICHMOND HILL.



GATE, RICHMOND GREAT PARK.

of the Great Park. This must have been a second surprise to our countryman, whose disappointment with the front view vented itself in the remark: "Why, this country wants clearing!"

Here we are within the precincts of royalty. The Park, some eight miles in circuit, belongs to the Crown; as part of it, with the old palace of Sheen, has done since Henry I., and the rest since Charles I., who purchased and enclosed it at great cost to his purse and popularity, of neither of which had he much to spare. The gay groups of holiday folks who throng the walks suggest, instead, that it is the property of the people. The phrases are becoming synonymous. The grounds attached to the royal palaces, in this as in other parts of England, are

more enjoyed by the masses than by the sovereign. The queen abandons them all for her new boxes, with their scant and simple demesnes, at Balmoral and Osborne. Two centuries and more have elapsed since any of her predecessors lived at Richmond, and the chances are against its becoming the abode of her successors. It is too historical to be a home. Kings and queens, like common people, like to set up their own household gods and construct a lair for themselves. They do not like, even in the matter of a dwelling-place, to wholly sink their personality and become a mere dynastic expression. This fancy for setting up for themselves has been especially strong among the Hanoverians. George III. liked to bury himself at Kew or among his pigs and sheep on the farms into which he converted part of Windsor Park. His hopeful son established himself at Carlton House, with the occasional relaxation of the Chinese monstrosity at Brighton. The present prince of Wales has domiciled himself at several places. His favorite residence, Sandringham, is a new purchase. Should he retain his liking for it, it may rank in future story with Woodstock or Sheen.

Sheen or Shene, with a variety of other spellings, was anciently the name of Richmond. Sheen Palace was occupied by the first three Edwards; the hero of Crecy there closed his eyes on the glory of this world in the leafy month of June,



EDWARD III.



RICHMOND GREAT PARK.

when the England whose language under him first breathed the atmosphere of a court, and who singles him out as her favorite among the Plantagenets, was looking her loveliest. Through the window came to the dying warrior the murmur of the same river and the breath of the same groves we now look upon. Far in the west the new towers of Windsor, built by him, broke, as now, the flat horizon. The mass of leafage that matched it in the distant east may have bent above Chaucer's pilgrims on their merry

return from Canterbury with sins newly shriven and an ample stock of indulgences to cover a new supply in the future. If the tales with which they beguiled their penitential way to the sacred shrine were of the character given us by their poetic chronicler, gay indeed must have been those which, pious duty discharged and conscience disburdened, cheered their homeward ride.

Henry VII. gave the place its present name in honor of Richmond in Yorkshire, from which he derived his title.



ORLEANS HOUSE.



DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S VILLA.

It witnessed his closing hours, as also those of the last of his dynasty. It was down Richmond Hill that "Cousin Cary" dashed on his long gallop to Scotland to tell James VI. that the halls which had received the body of his ancestor, James IV., a slain enemy of England, brought from Flodden wrapped in lead and tossed unburied into a lumber-room, were his. In our day Cary would have simply stepped into the telegraph-office, and at the cost of a shilling placed the information in the hands of the new incumbent before the *rigor mortis* had

seized the limbs of the old. But the nearest approach possible then to this achievement existed only in the imagination of Mr. Burbage's partner in the Globe Theatre. That very practical business-man was exercising his mind on the invention of the still popular despatch-machine called Ariel, which promised to

—drink the air before
me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice
beat.

The first of the Stuarts did not greatly affect Richmond, perhaps because he did not like treading too closely in the footsteps of the murderer of his mother, and perhaps because of other associations with the place. Elizabeth herself had been a prisoner at Richmond for a short time in her sister's reign. It served a similar purpose for Charles I. in 1647. All this helps to explain the fancy of monarchs for setting up new establishments. The old ones, in the course of time, accumulate such an unpleasant stock of reminiscences. Memento moris lurk under the



MARBLE HILL, TWICKENHAM.

archways and glare out from ivy-clad casements. The Tuileries have earned the disgust of three French dynasties; and no British sovereign will ever carry a good appetite into Inigo Jones's banqueting-room at Whitehall, beautiful as it is.

A further reminder of the misfortunes of royalty is furnished by a glance across the river. A stately mansion on the shore opposite Richmond was the retreat, during part of his exile, of the "citizen king," as Louis Philippe delighted to style himself; and also, by another shuffle of Fortune's cards, since 1848 that of one of his sons. He left behind him an excellent repute, as did Charles X. at Holyrood, Louis le Bien-aimé at Hartwell, and the latest, not last probably, of the migratory Louises at Chiselhurst. It may be doubted if any of them was ever so happy as in England, allowing them their full share of the Frenchman's proverbial contempt for a home anywhere outside of France. The sense of repose and security could not fail to be the keenest of luxuries to the occupant of so shaky a throne. Nowhere in the broad British asylum could that sense be more complete and refreshing than here under the sleepy trees by the sleepy river; everything in the remotest degree suggestive of war, tumult and revolution smothered out; the whole strength of the British empire interposed against peril from the fevered Continent, and the peace of centuries inwoven into the

ways of the people and the air of their abodes. In the time of Louis Philippe that prophecy of the first Darwin—the father who looked to the future, and not the son who reads the past—which harnesses steam to "the slow barge" had not come to pass. That snail-like craft, dependent on the tow-rope and such capfuls of wind as the groves allowed to filter through, monopolized the river. Even the very moderate commotion due to the passage of a small steamboat was wanting. And that is again disappearing. The wrinkles it drew upon the calm and venerable face—venerable in an old age the most hale and green imaginable—of Father Thames, are fading away, and he smiles up from his leafy couch into the face of king or commoner, Frenchman, Briton or American, with a freshness that is a sovereign balm for inward bruises of heart and mind. These Bourbons and Bonapartes all grew fat in England. Whatever else she may grudge the "blasted foreigners," she is lavish to them of adipose tissue. The fat of the land will always find its way to their ribs, as the eglantine will to the cheeks. The ever-watchful pickets thrown by the nerves to the whole circuit of the body physical in our climate find themselves speedily driven in on landing upon British soil. Its assembled forces no longer sleep upon their arms.

Let us trust that the enforced migrations of Gallic rulers are all over, and that the Septennate of Marshal MacMahon



TWICKENHAM CHURCH.

tebral column of a century of squibs, or rather the wooden pole around which they twine (not very lovingly) and shoot. It was a queer family. Its little peculiarity, notorious through its whole career on English soil down to our day, of being perpetually at war with itself, was alone ample material for satire. Lord Granville, one of its ministers, said, "It always has quarreled, and always will quarrel, from generation to generation." The princes of Wales have always been in opposition. Prior to George III., who was prompted to a neat touch in his first address to his Parliament in declaring himself "entirely English," and even in that furnishing new food for lampoons, the weaning of it from Germany, in speech, habits or residence, was not much more than a pretence. The difficulty of extracting the king from the delights of his Hanoverian hermitage, once there, was a perpetual worry to Lords and Commons. The vernacular of his subjects was as foreign as Sanskrit to the First George, and nearly as much so to the Second. The former communicated with his prime minister, Walpole, in Latin—royal Latin, a shade better than dog Latin, and not so good as law Latin. Carteret had the advantage of his chief. As Macaulay says, he "dismayed his colleagues by the volubility with which he addressed His Majesty in German. They listened with envy and terror to the mysterious gutturals, which might possibly convey suggestions very little in unison with their wishes."

Horace Walpole, whose castle of cards, as fantastic and almost as unsubstantial as his *Castle of Otranto*, lies about a mile above Twickenham, has sent down to us many gossiping items in reference to Richmond and its neighborhood. His father enjoyed,



WIMBLETON HOUSE.

among his long list of other profitable and pleasant sinecures, the rangership of the Great Park. The office was nominally held by his son, but the statesman made it his resort on Saturdays and Sundays. His relaxation from business con-



KEAN'S TOMB.



POPE'S VILLA—1744.

sisted, he said, in doing more business than he could in town on those days. He and George found time, however, to do a good deal of shooting over the twenty-three hundred acres which compose the enclosure, and after that to dine tête-à-tête. Her Grace of Suffolk, fearful of the effect of post-prandial punch on the royal head, and consequent disclosure to the astute minister of more than he might otherwise know, placed some German spies around the board to

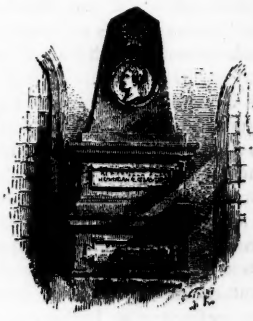
check the elector's potations. The plan failed, the indignant monarch putting them to flight with a tremendous volley of the most sulphurous oaths and epithets the High Dutch vocabulary can boast. Blücher might have envied his accomplishments in that line.

Let us traverse the range of these old sportsmen to the south-eastern end of the park. The descendants of the bucks whose haunches furnished the chief dish at their—in several

senses—rude feasts troop across our woodland path or gaze at us from their beds of fern. Little cottagers, quite as shy, or little Londoners at play, quite the reverse, help to people the glades. What should we more naturally hit upon, under the greenwood tree in these depths of merry England, than Robin Hood Gate? It points us, in a short walk, to Robin Hood Farm on the edge of Wimbledon Common. There is nothing here of the bold forester but the name; and that we find in other parts of England, for he represented the popular and anti-privilege party in the dim days ere party



POPE.



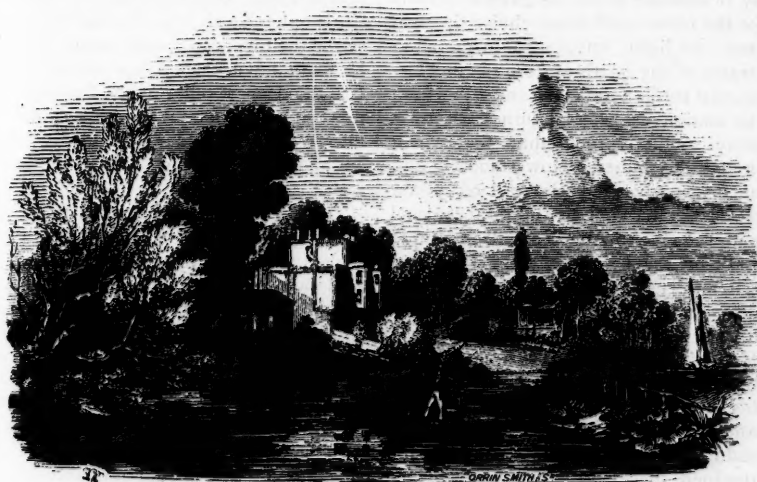
POPE'S TOMB.

or constitutional government was invented. Some stretch of the fancy may bring him back in the flesh on match-days, when the modern successor of his trusty yew is displaying its powers in the hands, perchance, of keen-eyed and stalwart yeomen from over-sea forests undreamed of by him. "Teams" take the place of the bands of merry Sherwood, and the distance marked off for their aim is fifty score instead of six score, the ultimatum of the long bow. This he would, after a bit of the conservative hesitation of the Englishman, admire; and he would mourn that he and Friar Tuck had lived too soon. Less adjustment of his perceptions and sympathies would suffice to place him quite at home among the modern throng upon the ground. Allowing for the change of dress, absurd enough, from the lithe jerkin and hood to the stiff hat and tight coat, he would detect, in the voices that spoke from and the forms imprisoned in the new garb, the rugged Saxons of old, deep of speech, deep also of thigh and bone, rough and blunt in play and talk. He might wonder whence came the thousands that dotted the breezy swells of the common, and the long lines of equipages, each more elegant than the most sumptuous litter of Cœur de Lion's court; but he

would trace some triumph of his politics in the nearer fraternizing of Giles on foot and Fitz on wheels or horseback, implied in friendly rivalry at the butts of peer and commoner. The queen's son-in-law, a Redshank from the savage fastnesses of Argyll, figuring among the contestants, with lesser lights of his class around him, would seem a realization of his dreams.

The common, too, is yielding to the march of progress. Long beleaguered by rank on rank of villas, they are gathering it to themselves. As we write gangs of navvies are leveling the embankment of "Cæsar's Camp" on its southern edge, a circular entrenchment of six hundred feet in diameter, the two opposite entrances, perfect till to-day, traversed by a farm-lane, through which Hodge, Buck and Bright, three well-matched cronies, lumber along in the track of the legions. The new Rome is not to be gainsaid. Her irresistible march sweeps away her own *pagani*—pace Hodge, who is unquestionably orthodox, and thinks with Mr. Gladstone, if he ever thinks at all, the Anglican Church "worth preserving" if only to provide him a Sunday's snooze below the curate as he

Heers un a-bummin' awaÿy loike a buzzard-clock
ower his yead.



LADY HOWE'S VILLA, MISCALLED POPE'S—1842.



HARROW.

Wimbledon House offers its park, beautiful exceedingly, for an eastward stroll toward London if we wish to go back. But such is not our present plan. Standing on Charles I.'s "musk-milions ground, trenched, manured and very well ordered for the growth of musk-millions"—wherein, all undreaming of his fate, a few days before he was brought to trial by Bradshaw & Co., he gave directions for the planting of some choice Spanish seed—we listen, unseduced, to the siren strains of the South-western steam-whistle, that shrills across lake and grove from the station below, and turn back by a more southerly route than that which brought us hither. How smoothly and unconsciously the miles roll off under our feet in this cool air and on these cool pathways! An American, all unused to walk on the English scale, forgets himself, and is surprised to see how distance disappears. This time we cross the park toward Ham, passing the knoll where Henry is said to have waited impatiently to hear the gun that announced his summary divorce from Anne Boleyn, and to have sprung instantly into the saddle to announce his happiness to her destined successor. The bend of the

river which we now cross may be called Poet's Corner. Thomson's resting-place at Richmond we have mentioned. Edmund Kean, the powerful interpreter of poets, if not one himself, sleeps by his side; the thunders of the pit, whereof he had his full share, all forgotten. This nook was the haunt also of Collins, who composed at Richmond some of his best productions. Unless on the principle of Christopher North, who, if called on to describe the loveliest of landscapes, would, he said, have carried his writing-desk into the deepest cellar of the Canongate, it is not very apparent how this slumberous river-side could have supplied inspiration for a stirring "Ode to the Passions."

Over Twickenham hovers a mightier shade than these. "Close by those meads for ever crowned with flowers," and quite as close to the river, once stood Pope's house. It was destroyed by Lady Howe, purchaser of the place, early in this century. This fair Erostratus comes in for a vast amount of inverted benediction from pilgrims to the shrine of the author of the *Rape of the Lock*; and the poet himself, could he have looked into futurity, would probably, after

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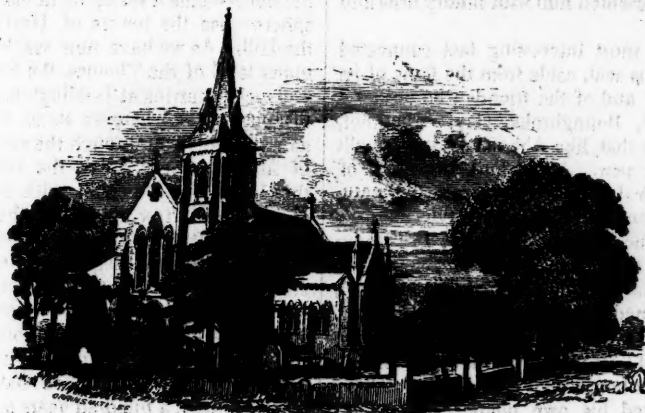
TEDDINGTON CHURCH.

the example of Shakespeare, have bequeathed some maledictions to the desecrator. But it stands to reason that she had a perfect right to build a house on her own property to suit herself. What, else, were the use of being a true-born Briton, with her house for a castle, and a right, of course, to model it as she thought best for defence or any other purpose? She did not greatly improve the style of the structure, it is true, but that also was her own concern. She has the undisputed merit, moreover, of preserving the famous grotto in tolerable condition. Pope's account of this structure, fashionable in his day, will be as much as the reader wants of it: "From the river Thames you see through my arch up a walk of the wilderness to a kind of open temple, wholly composed of shells

in the rustic manner, and from that distance under the temple, passing suddenly and vanishing, as through a perspective glass. When you shut the door of this grotto it becomes in the instant, from a luminous room, a *camera obscura*, on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, woods and boats are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations," etc.

The rheumatics seize us as we think upon it. Was it not damp enough above ground for the shivering little atomy, that he must needs have a subaqueous burrow, like a water-rat, and invite his guests to

Where Thames' translucent wave
Shines, a broad mirror, through the shady cave,
Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distill,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill?



HANWELL CHURCH.



HARROW CHURCH.

Pliny's description of his villa seems to us more excellent fooling than this. And yet it was true taste once in the eyes of a writer a leading trait of whose verse, in selection of words and imagery, is exquisite taste. He had the aid, too, in his decorations, of the glass of fashion to the kingdom, the prince of Wales, who presented him with sundry urns and vases.

The most interesting fact connected with this seat, aside from the fame of its creator and of the friends who visited it—Swift, Bolingbroke, Gay, Arbuthnot, etc.—is that, like Abbotsford, it was built by the pen. Abbotsford, the child of mediæval romances, was erected, naturally enough, in the Gothic style. Pope's villa, the fruit of his profits in "translating" Homer, bears, or bore, as fitly the Periclean imprint. The blind old bard, weakened as he was in Pope's heroics, was yet, "all his original brightness not yet lost," strong enough to build for him a better house than is likely ever to have sheltered his own hoary head. Pope coined him into broad British sovereigns,

and among Anglo-Saxon readers, as a mass, he is current under Pope's mint-mark to this day. When we quote the *Iliad*, we usually quote Pope. A host of other translations since, some of them superior in accuracy both of language and spirit, have failed to supplant his. Only a poet can translate a poet, and in such a translator we pardon liberties that would be scouted in others. He is sure to give us something fine, if not precisely what was bargained for. The others irritate us by the very exactness which he could afford to neglect, and which is their only merit. Pope's Homer, washed and dressed up

to the requirements of our civilization, has outlived the blunt semi-savage chalked in hard outline for us by his competitors.

From Richmond Hill we take in at one view the lairs of the greatest English poet of the eighteenth century and the chief of the nineteenth. Bluish-gray in the north—blue it would be in our atmosphere—rise the towers of Harrow-on-the-Hill. As we have now reached the upper level of the Thames, the first weir and lock occurring at Teddington, a short distance above where we stand, we may as well branch off through the rural part of Middlesex and follow the valley of the Brent, by Hanwell, with its neat church, to Harrow, lounge in the playground of Byron, Peel and some other notable boys, and regain our original starting-point by the great North-western Railway, the world's wonder among iron roads, with its two thousand locomotives, its forty thousand wagons and coaches, and its revenue larger than that of the British empire a hundred years ago.

Master John Lyon, when in 1592 he

endowed the school, showed admirable judgment in his selection of a site. It occupies the highest ground in Middlesex. From its belfry we look down upon the "huge dun canopy" of St. Paul's in the east, and imagine, through the mist, fog or smoke that usually forms a secondary canopy to the city beneath it, London. Over wood and hill, to the south-west, the view stretches to Windsor; the battlements of intellectual confronting those of feudal and monarchical power—siegeworks raised against the stronghold of despotism at long range, and working through a long leaguer, but triumphant at last.

The church dates, in part at least, from long before the school. They show you, in the base of the tower and the columns between the nave and the aisles, masonry attributed to Lanfranc in the time of the Conqueror. Near by, on the summit of the hill, you find a curious achievement of Nature a good deal older still in an unfailing well from which Saxon swineherds may have drunk when the Falaise

tanner's daughter was in maiden meditation fancy free. It was a fair Castaly for Childe Harold, yet supplemental to those among "the highest hills that rise above the source of Dee." To them he



HARROW SCHOOL.



HARROW SCHOOL CHAPEL.



"BYRON'S TOMB."

himself traces the Muse's half-fledged flutterings that ripened into so broad a flight:

The infant rapture still survived the boy,
And Loch-na-Gair with Ida looked o'er Troy.

He was then a child of but eight years. But for the lucky snatch of an attendant, he would, on one of his boyish scrambles above the Linn of Dee, have tumbled into the torrent and left Tennyson unchallenged. Three more decades were allotted to the line of the Byrons. The glory of eight hundred years was to be crowded into that closing span.

The place, with a slight reservation in behalf of his school- and form-fellow Peel, belongs to Byron. He is the second founder of the ancient seminary. More than that—as he would, we fear, were he alive, be amused to learn—he has, after a fashion, reconsecrated the church. The charm about that edifice lies no longer in crypt and column coeval with the Conquest, nor even in the edifying ministrations of the duly presented rector, but in a rusty old tombstone over some

forgotten dead which the poet so much affected as a seat that his playmates dubbed it Byron's tomb. From it Windsor Castle is in full view, and constituted, conceivably, the core of his boyish meditations. It is still open as a resting-place to any sympathetic tourists who choose this mode of absorbing the afflatus. It does not appear, however, that any verse much superior to the *Hours of Idleness* has ever resulted from the process. We, at least, are content to stop with—

Oft when oppressed with sad,
foreboding gloom,
I sat reclined upon our favorite tomb;

and, neither sitting
nor reclining, much

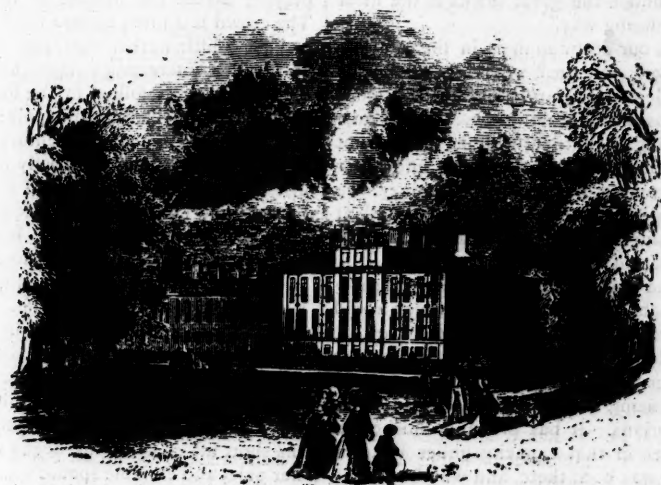
less both at once, we wind up our dawdling with catching a fly and utilizing its wings to reach the station in time to catch the next train from Mugby—*alias* Rugby—junction, another educational centre of note, known to more as a railroad-crossing than as a school, since everybody travels and everybody reads Dickens, while the readers of *Arnold* and *Tom Brown* are comparatively a select few.

Ere we are well settled in our seat we are whizzing past Hampstead Heath, with its beautiful spread of down, grove, cottage and villa, and "slowing" into the—in its way—equally sublime station-building at Euston Square. Here, if our sight-seeing enthusiasm be proof to the chaos of cabs and cabmen, porters, unprotected females and male travelers, and passers who plunge forward with that singleness of purpose and devotion to Number One characteristic of the bold Briton in a crowd and elsewhere, we may protect our flanks with arms akimbo, and, undisturbed by the wreck of luggage and

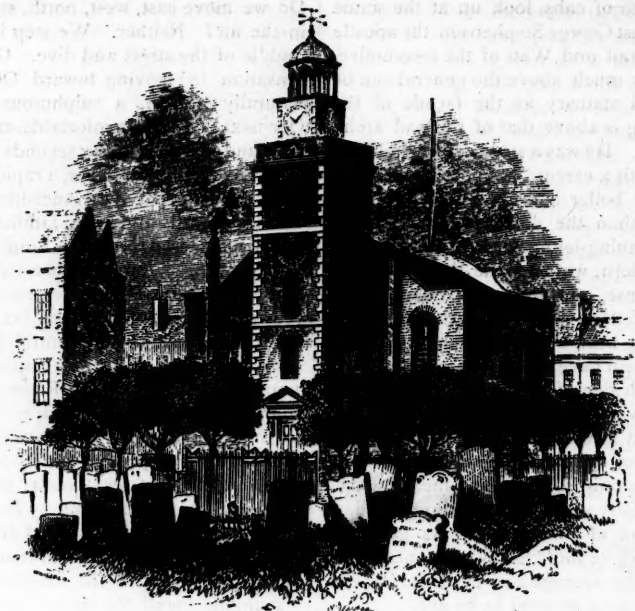
the crash of cabs, look up at the statue of honest George Stephenson, the apostle of the rail and Watt of the locomotive. It is as much above the general run of railroad statuary as the façade of the building is above that of railroad architecture. He was a sculpturesque old fellow, with a career "of the same." The tubular boiler is a better study for the chisel than the detached condenser or the spinning-jenny; or Peel senior's parsley-pattern, which made the fortune of the house, sent Robert to Harrow and secured the overthrow of the Corn laws. Had we been consulted as to the design, we should have proposed for a bas-relief on each side of the pedestal the smashed cow and the floored M. P., distinguished in George's chief recorded joke—that of the classic "coo." Not that it was his only joke, by any means, for he came fully up to the Yorkshire standard in point of "wut," and was generally able to give more formidable antagonists than the average run of British legislators at least as good as he got.

Here we are, back in the heart of the metropolis, only a mile and a half from Waterloo Bridge. We have time left us today to hunt up some other seeable things. To begin, let us employ the next half minute in getting out of London. How?

Do we move east, west, north, south, or in the air? Neither. We step into the middle of the street and dive. Our first sensation in moving toward Orcus is, naturally enough, a sulphurous smell. Our next is a very comfortable railroad-car; and our third, a few seconds behind the heels of its predecessor, a rapid movement, attended by the Hades-like music of shriek, rattle and groan familiar to all who have passed through a tunnel. We are traveling on another marvelous railway, eighteen miles underground, but really endless, since it forms an elliptical circuit around the central part of the metropolis. It bears the appropriate name of the Metropolitan Railway; cost four millions of dollars per mile or eighty an inch; carried forty-four millions of passengers in 1874, and twenty-four millions in the first six months of 1875; runs one hundred and ninety-five trains of its own and eight hundred and forty-nine for the different open-air roads which lead to all parts of the kingdom, each "swinging round the circle" in fifty-five minutes, and stopping at some or all of twenty-two stations; and offers the statistically-inclined inquirer many other equally stunning figures. Such is the parent of rapid transit in London. Young as it is, it has a large family already, mul-



KENSINGTON PALACE.



KENSINGTON CHURCH.

tiplying, as we write, to such an extent that arithmetic fails us. Its progeny wander down to Greenwich, pop through the Thames Tunnel, and meander among and under the great docks in the most bewildering way.

But our destination is in the opposite quarter. We push westward, under the middle of the Marylebone road, its ponderous traffic rolling over our heads. Skirting Tyburnia, with its unpleasant memories of Jack Sheppard and other unfortunate heroes of his kidney, we emerge from our subterranean whirl at Kensington Gardens, the western amplification of Hyde Park.

The old structure, resembling a boarding-school or a hospital, and which would improve the beautifully planted park by its absence, began its history as a palace under William III., the genial and self-sacrificing Hollander so dear to Whig historians. It has probably finished its career in that capacity under Victoria, who was born there, and who has remitted it, like Hampton Court and the old

Palais Royal of Paris, to a class of occupants it will be hard to rummage out unless the rookery is set fire to.

It is afternoon, and a Guards' band is playing across the avenue to the left. The crowd is drifting toward them. Let us push a little farther west, past the not particularly interesting village church of Kensington, and follow in the footsteps of most of the literary and political celebrities of the nineteenth century to the most picturesque and (in strictly modern history) most noted of the old country-houses that London has swallowed up. This is Holland House, the home of Addison, the two Foxes, and, more freshly familiar to our day than either, the last Lord Holland and his wife. If the lady kept her lions in order by much the same "heroic" method of discipline adopted by keepers of a menagerie, abruptly silencing Macaulay when his long fits of talk, and snubbing Rogers when his short fits of cynicism, began to bore, her quiet and amiable spouse was always prompt to apply balm to their wounds

He was the chief of British Mæcenases. The series of *ana* begotten of his symposia—of the list of guests at which, invited or uninvited, he used to say he was never advised until after they had met—would make a fair library.

The hour, as we turn eastward, speaks of evening. The summer sun, in a latitude five degrees north of Quebec and a day of eighteen hours, contradicts it. We may pass in from what only the other day was the country toward what is but technically the City, and is reverting in sparseness

of population to the country character, and find, on the way, the life of London streets as stirring as, and more gay than, at high noon. The heavier and slower features of it have died out. Drays, wagons and 'buses leave the road clearer. We see farther and see more. No longer blockaded to a block, the whole length of the street opens before us. Daylight *brightens* into gaslight, and we realize that for to-day we are no longer out of town.

EDWARD C. BRUCE.

SAHARA.

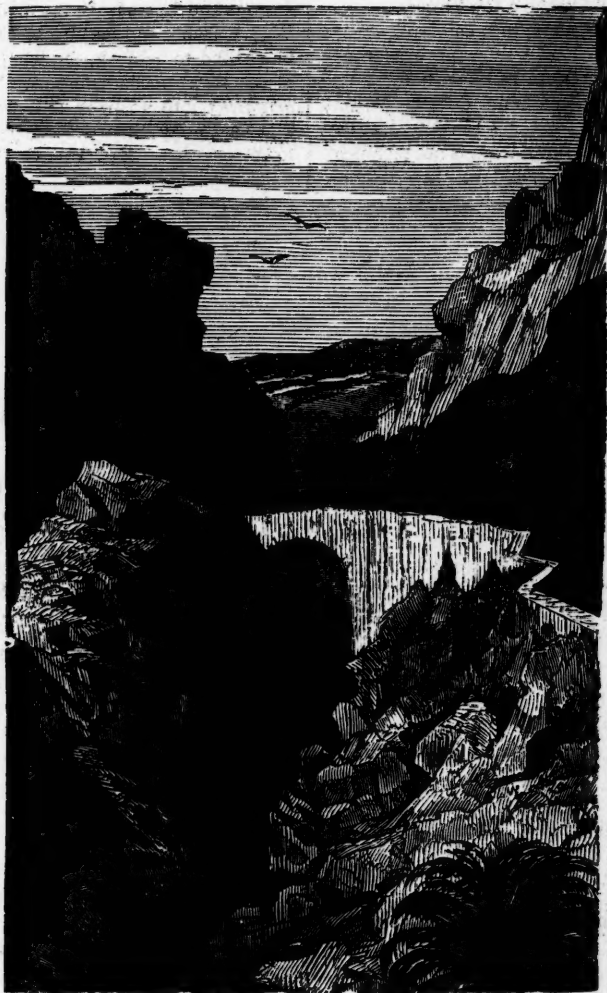
OF the portions of the earth's surface least explored and understood, the great African desert, El Sahara, takes a foremost rank. Until within a few years almost all the accounts that travelers have given of its arid sands, its suffocating heat, its simooms, its wonderful palm-groves covering the oases, its fleet horsemen and its caravans laden with the fabulous treasures of the East, have savored too much of the stories of the *Thousand and One Nights*. Romancers will be believed, by most people, before the careful observer and exact recorder of facts; if this were not so, the notion that Sahara is such a terribly dangerous region to cross on account of the rarity of its springs and oases would not have prevailed so long after the account of Strabo, which likens the oases to the spots upon a leopard's skin. To be sure, this is somewhat of an exaggeration, though we know at the present day that about one-third of the whole two millions of square miles of Sahara—that is, nearly seven hundred thousand square miles of its surface—constitutes fertile oases. Caravans led by experienced guides and protected by treaties against attacks of plundering Arabs and Berbers nearly always arrive at their journey's end without having undergone any other sufferings than

those caused by the terrible heat by day, the extreme cold of the nights and the annoyance of sand-storms.

One of the latest accounts of travel in the Great Desert is that of the Count Goblet d'Alviella in 1873. He left Constantine, the principal town in the province of the same name, situated on the northern boundary of Algiers, and in about a week, traveling by diligence, he reached the famous gorge of El-Kantara, the *Foum-es-Sahara*, or "Mouth of the Desert," of the Arabs. The air was cool and bracing; and on entering this pass the transition was like that "from an ice-house into a furnace." The burning rays of the sun, reflected from the polished ramparts of chalk on either hand, gave a foretaste of the breath of the desert. Near the terminus of this defile is an old Roman bridge, from which the pass takes its name. Crossing this bridge, the defile widens, and the northernmost oasis of Sahara, El-Kantara, in all its glory, bursts upon the sight like a scene of Fairyland. M. d'Alviella says of it: "Not only did this first glimpse of the landscape of the Sahara surpass my own ideal vision of an oasis, but it far surpassed all the descriptions which I had ever read. I expected to see gardens—I saw a forest; and what a forest! What

grace in the lines! What depth in the tints! What charm in the contrast of those enormous palm trees, with rugged trunks and fantastically fringed foliage, standing in ranks like the avenues of a

nursery-ground, and yet as compact as the masses of a virgin forest, with the harsh and rigid perspective of endless plains and arid mountains eternally burned by the fierce sun of the desert!



THE GORGE OF EL-KANTARA.

How strange and beautiful were the hedges of cactus and groves of banana trees seen through a wide-stretching framework of red rocks!"

At El-Kantara the women so far dis-

regard the injunctions of the Koran that they go unveiled, and even bare-headed. They, or at least the younger ones, are generally counted beautiful by travelers.

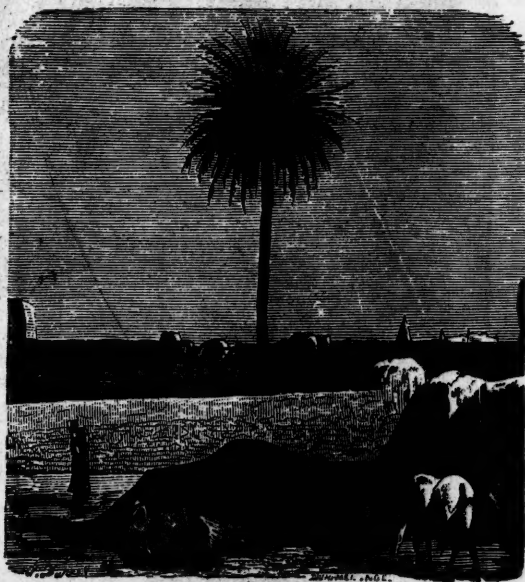
Their long black hair, gracefully ar-

ranged, makes a fine setting for their oval faces, which are generally of a golden olive tint. Their forms are strong and supple, their eyes at once bright and languishing. The testimony to the wearing of veils by Eastern women is so universal that one is almost startled on reading

what Dr. Gerhard Rohlfs says upon this point. He had superior advantages for observing, for, being a physician at the court of the sultan of Morocco, he had the entrée to the harem. He says that "veils proper are not used in Morocco or anywhere else by Mohammedan women." They simply cover their faces with their shawls or mantles. On the occasion of his first visit to the ladies of the harem, who were supposed to require medical treatment, he requested them to uncover their faces, which they refused to do. As he insisted, Mr. Camphor, the chief of the eunuchs—all of whom, he says, have very fragrant names, as Mr. Musk, Mr. Attar-of-roses, and so on—was

despatched to the sultan for orders. He soon returned with this gracious answer: "Our lord says that you are only a Roumi, and but lately a dog of a Christian. The ladies need not observe any ceremony on account of you." Dr. Rohlfs had become converted to the Mussulman faith for reasons of policy, it seems. This explains the sultan's message. Thus, the doctor had opportunity of daily observing the charms of the sultan's ladies. "They were mostly very young creatures, with very full figures. Their dresses and ornaments, often rich and valuable, were covered with dirt, and some part of their clothes was generally torn. Most of them appeared to come [to the ante-room] out of curiosity to see the 'dog of a Christian.'" He adds that, although foolish and trifling, they were very friendly, and

seemed to consider doctoring a very pleasant way of killing time; and had he not taken the precaution to request Mr. Camphor not to bring such and such ones after a few visits, he would soon have had the whole harem about him. He took good care not to administer any



UNDER THE WALLS OF BISKRA.

medicines, as, had one of these treasures died, he would have been placed in an awkward predicament; for the cause would have been at once fanatically attributed to the doctor.

But to return to the Count Goblet's journey. Beyond El-Kantara the fantastic ruts which indicate the road are strewn for miles with round pebbles; and after leaving the defile of Sfa the last barrier to the full view of the desert is passed. The scene so much resembles the sea that the French troops on first emerging from this pass burst out in chorus, "The sea! the sea!" At evening the resemblance is striking. The vast plains, light-gray in color, blend into the semicircle of the horizon, and the oases, dark spots here and there, look exactly like distant islands upon the open

sea. The illusion is perfected by the waves of sand at the foot of the abrupt cliffs forming the desert's northern boundary.

An hour's travel from this point brings

the diligence under the walls of Biskra, or "Biskerah," as we see it on English maps. Avenues of cypress made by the European settlers lead to the plantations on this oasis. European taste has also



WOMEN OF NAIL BATHING.

cut glades through the forests of date-palms. Among tufts of banana trees street-lamps project, and bare telegraph-poles stand out from the deep shadows of the palms. Opposite the European grocer lives the Arab merchant; the

French hotel joins the Moorish café; in the streets the linen coat of the colonist or the plain uniform of the French soldier rubs against the silken haïk or bour-nous of the majestic, slow-moving sheik; and everywhere the contrast between

Eastern and Western civilization is prominently displayed.

Biskra and the island of Madeira are the two places in the northern hemisphere where the heat is most uniform throughout the twenty-four hours of the day; but at the latter place the temperature at all seasons is nearly the same. At Biskra the heat, which from November to April is bearable, rises in summer to about 86° Fahrenheit, falling at night only from five to ten degrees: sleep becomes difficult, the appetite languishes and a simoom of any considerable duration causes fearful mortality. Europeans in Biskra at this season would gladly exchange their fate with the dwellers in the hottest parts of the desert, where the refreshing coolness of the nights compensates in some measure for the burning suns of mid-day. Beyond the palm-groves surrounding the European town of Biskra, the oasis yet extends far enough to embrace six native villages, whose tall minarets rising above the European roofs present a strange and incongruous sight. In one of these outer towns there is a hot sulphur spring feeding an enclosed piscina, where the Europeans bathe, and the natural basin is used by the natives, and especially by the women of Nail. The count saw a dozen of these ladies, who by their costume, or absence of costume, reminded him of Japanese bathers. It seems that the young women of that town have an evil reputation, and that their lives outrage both Christian and Mussulman laws of propriety. They swarm in the Moorish cafés, where they amuse the loungers by dancing to the music of their tambourines and the clinking of their heavy metal ornaments. Their conduct, however, does not seem to lessen their chances of matrimony, almost all of them marrying, and living properly thereafter.

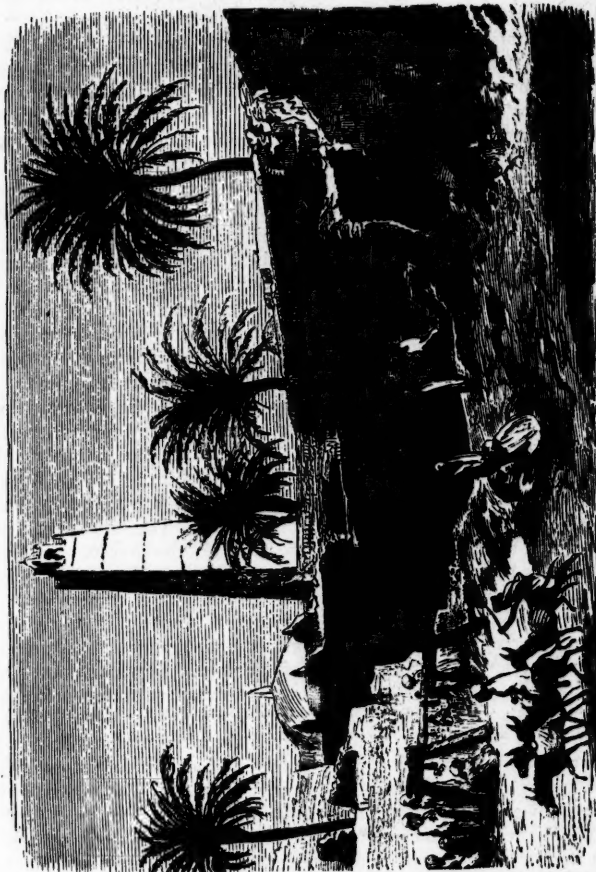
Two days were passed in the deep solitudes of Morran, undulating plains covered with pebbles and gravel-heaps torn away from the Atlas Mountains by erosion. Vegetation has never wholly disappeared from this region. On the hillocks are found thistles, artemisia, thorny mimosas and the tamarind. In

almost every oasis there is a town of more or less importance, built on a hill and protected by a muddy ditch and a crenellated wall, with a bridge or two before its gates. The houses, crowded together on both sides of the narrow lanes, are built of yellow clay, cube-shaped and without either windows or chimneys. The doors are closed with a sort of hurdle or frame covered with a matting of palm-leaves. Doors of palm-boards do exist, but they are great luxuries. The cooking is done in inner courts. Of course chairs are unknown, the people eating and sleeping upon mats, according to the custom in all the East. Wherever there is a spring there an oasis is formed—a little green island, forming a grateful contrast to the barren sands surrounding it. For the most part the Sahara oases are distributed in long lines, "like beads on a necklace." This distribution is by some attributed to the moisture of air-currents; but M. Réclus and others consider it as due to subterranean watercourses following the slopes and rising here and there to the surface. These oases are *par excellence* the home of the date-palm. No less than thirty-seven varieties are found in the Mourzouk region. The date tree constitutes the wealth of the people. The fruit supplies delicious and nourishing food not only to man, but to camels, goats, horses and dogs. Goats and camels are fed upon the kernels, which are crushed for this purpose. The houses are generally built on the most barren portions of the oasis, while the more fertile soil is reserved for plantations. Under the tall palms, apricot, peach, pomegranate and orange trees are seen laden with fruit. Around the trunks of trees grapevines are trained, Barley, wheat and maize ripen under this forest of trees, and beneath all the other vegetation grasses fill up every inch of soil capable of being irrigated.

In these oases, warm and perfumed like a hothouse, you hear the croaking of frogs under the thick sedges of the pools: birds build their nests in the dense foliage, and make the air musical with their songs. Yet, as a rule, these

gardens are unhealthy places. Long ago this fact was known, for the Cæsars of the Lower Empire made them their Botany Bay, sending their convicts there that they might the sooner be rid of them. Doubtless they might be rendered salubrious by proper draining and attention to the decay of the luxuriant vegetable

matter. The drains are so inefficient that heavy rains often wash away not only the grains and shrubs, but even the palm trees. If reservoirs could be constructed, as it is hoped they some time will be, these precious waters might be preserved and prove a blessing instead of a curse. The construction of reser-



ENTRANCE OF A VILLAGE NEAR BISKRA.

voirs, moreover, would render it possible to extend the plantations, and thus avoid the too compact masses of vegetation under the palms and in the dense shade where the purifying influence of the sun's rays cannot penetrate and dissipate the miasmatic exhalations.

The Arab settlements on the oases are

governed by a sheik, and his rule is at once paternal and despotic. To him European travelers present letters, generally from the French commandant at Constantine, which ensure a very courteous reception. M. d'Alviella was furnished with a "circular letter" from this officer, which he gave, on nearing an

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oasis-town, to one of the horsemen of the party, who galloped off with it to the sheik; and shortly after the latter, followed by the chief inhabitants, would come out to welcome him. After many salaams and a movement as if to kiss the hand of the guest, the sheik would take the bridle and lead him within the walls and to the door of his own house; then conducting him into the principal reception-room and seating him, he would ask several courteous questions. Presently an enormous dish of *kous-kousou*, garnished with dates, would be set before him. This national dish of the Arabs consists of a large quantity of stewed mutton in a highly-seasoned, thick and yellowish broth. On first having this food placed before him without knife or fork, D'Alviella was exceedingly embarrassed. The sheik, noticing this, plunged his hand into the dish, selected the largest piece of meat, and tearing off the best parts gave them into the hand of his guest—a high honor, according to Arab etiquette. After the count had eaten, the dish was taken to his attendants or escort, who ate before the sheik and his people. Then each one wrapped himself in his bournous, and, stretching himself upon his mat, slept until daybreak.

The testimony of travelers as to the merits of the "ship of the desert," the camel, is rather conflicting. According to Palgrave, the reputation which this animal has among Europeans for fidelity and docility is wholly unmerited, unless by "docility" we understand "stupidity." His gait is awkward, shambling, and much like a cow's. He takes no heed of his rider, but goes straight on when once set going, because too stupid to turn aside. "His only care," says this writer, "is to cross as much pasture as he possibly can; and whenever his

eye catches sight of any plant, kicks and blows alone can prevent his stopping to eat it. He will never attempt to throw you off his back, such a feat being far beyond his limited comprehension; but



ARAB WOMAN IN A PALANQUIN.

should you fall off he goes right on, grazing as he moves, and not caring what has become of you." The trappings of camels are often rich and beautiful, and generally decorated with tassels or metal pendants. When women of the better classes travel in the desert upon camels, they are provided with gayly-painted palanquins covered on all sides and closely curtained. When the camel is to lie down to receive his burden, his driver gently pulls his bridle downward, accompanying the movement by a sound made in the throat and somewhat resembling that of a carpenter's plane. The milk of the camel is rich and agreeable in taste, but cannot, it is said, be made into butter by any process. Arab owners may become more or less attached to favorite camels, but for their horses their affection is often extravagant; and according to many authorities these gentle beasts are beyond all praise. They

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are small-sized, generally fourteen or fifteen hands high, remarkably full in the haunches, and the shoulders are elegant in shape beyond every creature of the species. They are very slightly saddle-

blooded Arabian steed is fleet of foot, and will endure twenty-four, and even forty-eight, hours of travel on the desert without food, drink or rest. He is commonly ridden without bit or bridle, but is so

sensitive to the slightest movement of the knee or the thigh, to the slightest check of the halter and the voice of the rider, that there is not the least difficulty in managing him. The rider really feels himself "the man - half of a centaur, not a distinct being."

At Tamerna M. d'Alviella parted with his escort and joined the caravan which he met at that place. From this stage the real desolation of Sahara commences. The only animals seen are lizards, scorpions, horned asps, and a species of large beetle which leaves long, arabesque-like trails in the sand as it moves; the only vegetation a few tufts of *drinn* (*Arthrotherum pungens*), a few shrubs of a kind of heather found also on the Peak of Teneriffe, 10,000 feet above the sea, and a little blue flower, the *Malcomia*



DESERT HORSEMEN.

backed—"just the curve," according to Mr. Palgrave, "which indicates springiness without any weakness." The head is broad, and so tapering at the nose that the animal can "drink from a pint cup," or should be able to do so to fill the Arab's ideal. His eyes are soft and intelligent, his ears small and pointed, his legs clean and well bound with sinews that seem made of hammered iron. The hoof is neat and round, the coat smooth and shiny, the tail long and thrown out in a perfect arch, the mane long but light, and the movements quick and graceful. These horses are "chestnut or gray, light bay or iron-color: white or black are less common; full bay, flea-bitten or piebald, none." The full-

Africana of the botanist. On the horizon everywhere are sandhills, and nothing but sandhills, scattered about like wavecrests on a troubled ocean. No caravan ever ventures into these solitudes without one or two professional guides, who lead the way on foot. These guides are called *khebirs* (noble), and are everywhere held in respect. The fate of the caravan and the life of the traveler are in the hands of the *khebirs*. Should they make a mistake between two chains of sandhills, or pass beyond a well or pool where the supply of water may be renewed, intolerable suffering if not death would be the result. But their vigilance and keen intelligence are scarcely ever at fault. They run here and there, dart from hol-

low to hollow, mount the sandhills, continually gesticulating to indicate the course of the slow-moving caravan that it may avoid useless turnings and as-

cents, and to encourage and cheer the weary train. And yet these men, who have thus traversed the distance three times over on foot, will be perfectly con-



A SEA OF SAND.

tent, when the halting-place is reached, with a handful of dates and a mouthful of water, like the common camel-drivers.

On the second day's march of the caravan a sand-storm occurred. The horizon turned yellow, then violet; the tops of the sandhills began to smoke like vol-

canic cones in eruption; the south wind, laden with sand and gravel, fell in gusts upon the face, blinded the eyes, dried the throat and burned the skin. All sat motionless in their saddles, heads bent and wrapped in the bournous, abandoning themselves completely to the instinct

of the horses, which occasionally staggered and halted, "scarcely able to stand against the semi-solid atmosphere." Yet, according to Palgrave, the Arabs laugh at our stories of sand-storms and consider them as fables. The simoom or

obliged to walk. Four of the seven camels of the caravan had been left behind, but just at the moment when endurance seemed no longer possible the khebir announced the oasis of Tarzout, discerned on the far horizon by his practised eye, and an hour

later the blessed sight of its luxuriant palm-groves revived the almost exhausted traveler. Tarzout, he says, with its multitudes of dome-roofed houses, looked absurdly like a city of gigantic beehives. When the last chain of intervening sandhills was reached a trumpet-blast sounded from the city walls behind it. "Never," says the traveler, "did music strike so deliciously upon my ears."

Tarzout is located in the district of Sahara known as the Wady-Sûf, which has a population estimated at twenty-five thousand. The cultivation of the soil in this district is upon what might be called the



PRAYER IN THE DESERT.

"poisoned blast," however, they treat seriously enough. The simoom is a sort of furnace-like blast of short duration, and seldom accompanied by much sand. In the one experienced by Palgrave in Arabia he could not understand why the darkness was so great, because the atmosphere was free from sand or dust. He describes it as a stifling blast, or, to use his words, "So dark was the atmosphere and so burning the heat it seemed that hell had risen from the earth."

The second day's march of the caravan after the sand-storm encountered by D'Alviella was a terrible one. All the horsemen had to dismount to save the lives of their exhausted animals. The count had himself "hoisted on the three least heavily-laden camels in succession, when the last of the three lay down and refused to rise," so that he also was

crater plan. The first work after selecting a suitable depression among the sand-downs is to dig one or two yards below the surface and throw the sand up into a sloping wall. On the top of the wall thus raised is constructed a hedge of palm-branches, and above this is erected a low wall of gypseous concrete. When the drifting sands outside reach the level of this rampart, another wall of the same materials is built upon its crest. And yet these basins would soon be filled with sand but for the eternal vigilance of the settler, for the Sahara sand mocks at all barriers. When it drifts over these walls into the crater-gardens it must be scooped up and "dumped" outside. This is severe toil, but only one of the many precautions necessary to success in gardening in the Wady-Sûf. When, despite every

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care, the palm trees show signs of withering, these gardeners have a novel way of restoring them: this is to dig around the base of the trunk and cut off the upper roots. If the tree survives this heroic treatment, it does so by throwing

out new roots below those extirpated, and then it secures a new lease of life. These gardens are generally from six to fifteen feet deep and contain from five to one hundred trees.

Two-thirds of the population of Wady-

VIEW OF EL-WAD, IN THE SANDY DESERT.



Sûf are nomads, who monopolize the raising of cattle and sheep. In summer they keep their flocks on the pasture-lands of Tunis and Tripoli. The Adouans (or Sûfs proper) and a few Jewish

families make up the rest of the population. The Adouans alone practice agriculture, and notwithstanding the hard conditions of desert life the population increases faster than the means of sup-

port, and every year many Sûfs migrate to Tunis, Tell and other places, where they become smiths, masons, merchants, etc. They seldom become citizens, however, in any true sense, and sooner or later return to the desert, for which they preserve the same attachment that the Swiss do for their mountains. When they have amassed a certain fortune they generally make a pilgrimage to Mecca to purify themselves from the taint of the infidel. Thus becoming hadjis, they add the prestige of sanctity to wealth, and, returning home, take several wives, from whose industry at the loom they profit, buy negroes, whom they hide in their cellars or send southward whenever a French column comes their way, and thus in pious idleness realize the ideal of Mussulman life. There are some four thousand looms in the Wady-Sûf, and the total value of the haïks or bournouses which they produce is estimated at six hundred thousand dollars.

Tarzout has about three hundred houses. Guemar, its neighbor, is a more important place. It has twelve mosques, four palaces, seven or eight hundred houses and a population of about five thousand. The principal *saouïa*, or palace, is "such as we find in the descriptions of the *Thousand and One Nights*," if we may credit the statement of the Count d'Alviella. It is the residence of a division of the religious order of Tidjani, and presided over by Si-Mamar, brother of the grand marabout or head of this order, who resides at Temasin. Si-Mamar was always dressed in a rose-colored or sky-blue silken haïk, which set off to great advantage his lofty stature and dark skin. He received the traveler with distinguished courtesy, showing him over the palace, and after a light repast of dates and coffee led him upon the terrace to enjoy the prospect, "an immense perspective of domes and palm trees, with a background of sandhills in every direction. Seen from that height, Guemar and Tarzout form an unbroken line of gardens." Among the costly decorations of this palace there were European easy-chairs in the style of the last century, lustres of palm-wood, with ostrich eggs for giran-

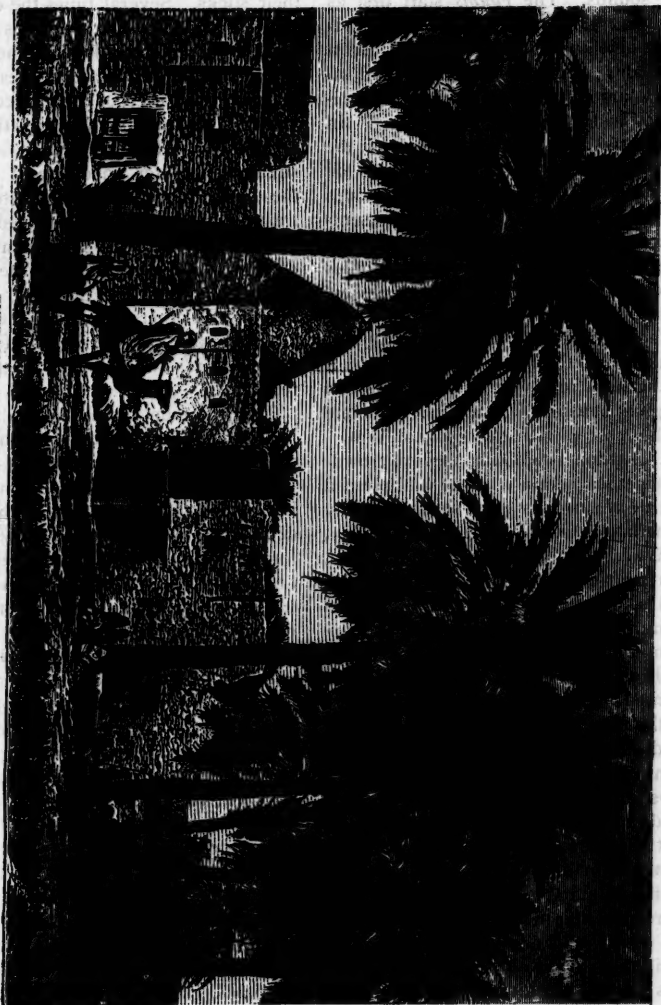
doles, long piled carpets, heavily-embroidered silk cushions, and numerous rich vases of foreign manufacture.

From Guemar to the oases of Zgoum, Dbila, Bihima and others, lying south, M. d'Alviella traveled with a military column which was joined by Si-Mamar and other dignitaries. On nearing any town gray-bearded old men came out in procession to meet the general commanding the column, kissing his hand, the toe of his boot or the skirt of his tunic, exclaiming, "Health and greeting unto thee, O son of the sultan! We place ourselves and all that we possess at thy mercy," with other variations of Oriental hyperbole. The old men also kissed the saddle, the sandals and the haïk of Si-Mamar, who sat in grave state upon his richly-caparisoned horse. At Zgoum, at the hour for *diffa* (or dinner), there came out from the gates of the town a long file of women and children bearing smoking vessels of kouskousou, baskets of dates and jars of water upon their heads. The officers dined sumptuously in the only tent. A whole sheep, still hanging upon the pole upon which it had been roasted, roast fowls, hares and gazelles, with a dessert of dates, palm-heart salad, locusts grilled like shrimps, mushrooms, truffles and omelettes of ostrich eggs, composed the *menu* of that occasion. The cooking was in the French style. The repast was frequently disturbed by great tumults caused by the arrival of deputations bearing contributions or bringing petitions or prisoners to the military authority. At Bihima the reigning sheik was solemnly deposed. He was a thin, withered old man, who had been accused of taking part in insurrections which are ever recurring in the Wady-Sûf. At the words of the French general, which were translated by an interpreter, the old man was quite overcome. He trembled and grew pale, but soon recovering himself, said with what might have been a fine irony had he been acquainted with the history of France, "Long live the *court* of France! May Allah preserve its power longer than mine!" A *spahi*, or native cavalryman, then divested him of his insignia of office,

a scarlet mantle, and placed it upon the shoulders of his successor, who affected to refuse it, his eye all the while dancing with triumph and pride. The old sheik with lingering steps and bowed head then

turned sadly toward his home. Ingratitude and political servility are not common to the East alone, but nowhere else do they display themselves with such brazen frankness.

ENTRANCE OF THE VAULTED STREET AT TUGOURT.



On the 27th the camp broke up, and the division returned to its head-quarters at Tarzout. "Tents were struck in a twinkling; every man was buckling on his knapsack or saddling his horse; the bleating of sheep and the neighing of

horses mingled with the guttural protestations against their loads by several thousand camels: the red cloaks of the spahis as they dashed past carrying orders contrasted with the white bournouses of the camel-drivers prostrate on the sand at

their morning prayers; here and there on the plain groups of men were warming themselves by the expiring flames of the braziers as they paled in the early glow of the dawn. At length 'boot and saddle' sounds. The *goums* start first as videttes. Then the general commanding-in-chief, with his staff and his escort of spahis; then the regiments of infantry, among which the Turks are remarkable for their martial bearing. In the centre are the ambulances and the train-mules, with two small pieces of mountain artillery. The cavalry marches on our flank, as do the camels, presenting a strangely picturesque effect as string after string of their protuberant profiles appear upon the tops of the successive sandhills."

The first halt was at Kouinin, a place of about two thousand inhabitants, built on the slope of a wide plateau bounded by great masses of sandhills. It is one of the most picturesque spots of Wady-Sûf. Its dome-roofed houses are crowded together within a stone wall pierced by three enormous gates surmounted by crenellated turrets. The following day, El-Wad, the chief town of Wady-Sûf, was reached. Its reputation for wealth and splendor is widespread throughout Sahara. Official statistics fix the population at eight or ten thousand. M. d'Alviella considers its reputation rather unmerited. This town was to have furnished the military column with fifteen hundred camels; but these not being forthcoming, the march was delayed eight days, during which only about one hundred were presented. The excuse was that the nomads had left, going toward Tunis with the camels on the approach of the military. The inhabitants were thereupon informed that they would have "to defray all the expenses of the troops until the stipulated number of camels was made up, and to pay a large fine for every day's delay." This gives some notion of the iron rule of the French in Algiers. The inhabitants of El-Wad, on learning these hard conditions, despatched messengers in search of the nomads, but without success.

From El-Wad to Tuggurt the journey

occupied four days. The route is over unbroken lines of sandhills, often so steep and so yielding beneath the camels' feet that they could not advance until their drivers had made a sort of road with their sticks. Several times the caravan crossed dried-up *wadys* (streams), whose beds were dense thickets of the plants already noted. The water of these wadys lies within a few feet of the surface, which accounts for the luxuriant growth of the vegetation. There is a tradition that streams of water once flowed through these places, but that the Christians, retreating before Islamism, placed a spell upon the waters and shut them all underground. Many interpret the legend spiritually rather than literally; but Duveyrier and others accept the theory that a river—possibly the Niger of ancient geographers—once flowed through this region.

Toward noon of the third day after leaving El-Wad the caravan arrived at the oasis Taïbet-el-Gueblia, the only inhabited one upon the route. Si-Mamar had, without the knowledge of the count, despatched a runner to the marabout informing him of the caravan's departure; and scarcely had the tents been pitched under the walls of Taïbet when a procession came out bearing jars of milk, dates, hot kouskousou, two fowls and a gazelle. All were thankfully accepted except the last, which was considered too beautiful to be eaten. After this stage the sandhills decreased gradually in size and number: the final one being climbed, Tuggurt with its four hundred thousand palm trees burst upon the sight. In the centre of this marvelous forest is a circular opening through which appeared the minarets of the city before any other portion came into view. The houses of this town, which is almost a perfect circle in form, are mostly built of baked clay, but the mosque, the *kasbah*, or palace, and some of the houses of the rich families are of rough stone cemented with plaster. The outer wall, flanked by spacious towers, is some ten feet high and surrounded by a muddy ditch. The sands accumulate in great banks on its outer edge. A large part

of its inhabitants are converted Jews, who occupy a special quarter of the town, as do the free negroes. All the trade is centred in the "morning mar-

ket," outside the walls, and the "evening market," occupying a wide square in the centre of the town. In the same square stands the famous mosque built



INTERIOR OF AN OASIS: TAPPING A PALM.

by a merchant of Tunis, who sent its white marble pillars all the way from that city on the backs of camels. The count's tent was pitched in the court of the kasbah, formerly the palace of the

sultans, but now in a dilapidated condition, and divested of all ornament save a Masonic symbol made of palm-branches by some passing military occupant. On the day following his arrival at Tug-

gurt, D'Alviella visited the interior of the oasis. The luxuriance of the vegetation was such as he had never beheld. Under the giant palms and in the shade of their plummy heads were growing water-melons, beans, carrots, cabbages, grass for cattle and other vegetation. The yield of the date tree is at least twenty-six pounds annually. Its fibres are made into ropes, mats and baskets; the trunk supplies props for terraces and wells. Palm wine, a fermented drink highly esteemed in the desert, is made of the milky juice drawn from the top of the tree when it becomes old. Getting this juice is rather a difficult operation, effected by climbing to the very top of the tree, making an incision, inserting a reed, collecting the sap in a jar and then lowering the jar to the ground by a rope.

The water-supply of the oases of Sahara has puzzled many a traveler. Generally it is believed that it is due to rains that sink into the basin of the desert in the Touaregs Mountains, and also in the Atlas chain, and being arrested by solid clay-beds form underground watercourses that feed the natural springs and the artesian wells. This theory accounts for the springs found on the tops of conical hills, the hills being formed gradually by the falling away of the sand from the ascending water. The natives from time immemorial have made rude artesian wells, but since the introduction of the improved boring implements of the French these have been multiplied. They are of different depths, varying from two hundred and twenty to two hundred and forty feet, and some of them yield over eight hundred gallons a minute—one hundred and fifty gallons more than the famous artesian well at Grenoble.

The last oasis of importance visited by M. d'Alviella before returning to Constantine was Temasin, said to have been joined to Tuggurt in former times by a continuous forest of palm trees where now are found only lagoons and chains of sandhills. Temasin is surrounded by gardens and enclosed by a rectangular wall. In front is a pretty oval lake whose blue water reflects the flourishing vegetation upon its borders. The *zaouïa*, or mon-

astery, of the famous religious order of Tidjani, is outside the city. "Seen from without, it is an imposing fortress, whose lofty buildings are grouped beneath a central dome and sheltered by a double crenellated enclosure." The grand marabout, being prepared for the visit of M. d'Alviella by his brother, Si-Mamar, came down in person and conducted his guests into a reception-room, where boiling coffee was presented in cups of French china. The communities of this order, which extends throughout all the Mussulman world, have a double object—that of organizing mutual assistance on the principle of religious fraternity, and that of maintaining the integrity of the Mohammedan faith in Eastern society. Their resources are derived wholly from pious foundations and voluntary gifts, which, if the official reports are to be credited, surpass, in certain districts, the whole amount of taxes paid to the state. They operate by religious ceremonies, by the preaching of the priests or marabouts, by the teaching of the *tolbas* (scribes or clerks), the practice of charity, the distribution of amulets, and even by the fabrication of miracles. They wield an enormous influence, owing to the extent of their ramifications, and their power has increased since the French conquest. The latter fact is easily explained when we consider how strong are the ties that bind civil to religious society in all the Mohammedan countries. "Deprived of their political independence by the French ascendancy in Northern Africa, the natives eagerly turned toward associations which were in their eyes symbols of the resistance of the Mussulman element to infidel rule. On the other hand, these associations provided the malcontents, like the fanatics, with a weapon all the more powerful for being formed of secret societies on the principle of implicit obedience to the supreme head of the order." The Tidjani have their secret passwords and signs of recognition, and constitute a hierarchy extending from the grand master or caliph to subaltern agents, messengers, standard-bearers, etc. At their general assemblies they initiate candidates with solemn

ceremonies and mystic forms. The candidate, being properly presented, is interrogated by the sheik in due form, the secret work is communicated to him, he is invested with the symbolical girdle,

seated upon a carpet, furnished with a certain repast, and then he receives the diploma or guarantee that he is a brother of the order. From that moment he becomes the slave of the order or of his



superiors—a *thing*, "like unto a corpse in the hands of the washer of the dead, who turns it about at his pleasure." The stories of the Old Man of the Mountain and his fanatical haschish-eating followers recounted by Marco Polo are scarce-

ly more incredible than the accounts of the obedience of the brothers of the order of Tidjani. The fortunes of the last three *sherifs*, obscure impostors, unknown one day and the next appearing as leaders of a formidable insurrection,

are attributed to the workings of this order.

The Tidjani do not take vows either of poverty or celibacy; consequently, they amass riches and practice polygamy under the sanction of their religion, like all the followers of the Prophet. The fairest women of the various parts of Sahara, and, it is said, several European women, grace the harems of the chiefs of the order. The beauty of European women is ranked high, at least among the Moors, for they believe "that in Paradise, instead of black-eyed hours, they will be blessed with the companionship of *blue-eyed, golden-haired English girls*."

In the palace of the grand marabout at Temasin the corners of the principal reception-room are filled with every species of pottery, from the finest egg-shell china to the coarsest European ware. Never, even in the fashionable houses of his own country, had the count "seen a more heterogeneous collection." Globes of silvered glass, such as the French hang in their gardens, served as lids for soup-plates of white delf; sets of rare Sèvres china were displayed on the coarsest pottery trays; vases of Bohemian crystal competed with public-house mugs; a common kitchen clock stood by the side of a fine chronometer, the gift of a French general. In one room was displayed a fine barouche presented by the bey of Tunis, who sent this useless present in separate pieces on the backs of camels.

With regard to the future of Sahara, travelers and writers differ widely. M. d'Alviella believes that the nomadic tribes who migrate with their flocks northward every year to escape the heats of summer will disappear "when the inevitable progress of colonization shall have closed the mountainous region of Algeria between the Mediterranean and the Atlas Mountains against their periodical migrations." Faïdherbe, in his *Revue Maritime*, declares that rain is becoming more and more rare in Sahara, that the native races are becoming extinct, and that soon the crossing of the desert by caravans will be a tradition of the

past; that the wells will be filled up, the palm-groves die out, the cities disappear, and the Great Desert become the theatre of a few ostrich-hunters and date-growers, established in the oases nearest to fertile regions. Others, however, believe that as there can be no cheap and practical outlet for the productions of the rich districts of the Soudan through the sea, its natural communication with the Mediterranean is across Sahara, which will in time, through the extension of European enterprise and colonization, be covered with scientifically cultivated oases, flourishing towns and railways. Of course, it is supposed that the climate will be modified and improved by the genius of man, as it has been in Egypt. On the other hand, a project has been recently started for converting the Great Desert into an inland sea, by removing the sandy barrier that separates the Atlantic Ocean from the vast internal depression which is supposed to have been originally covered by its waters. Much ridicule has been cast upon this scheme, which seems, however, not more chimerical than some of the objections that have been raised to it. One of these is that if carried out it would have a disastrous effect on the climate of Europe, which, it is contended, owes its present mildness to the drying up of the sea that once occupied the Sahara, the hot winds generated on the large expanse of sand having caused the retreat of the ice and snow to the higher portions of the mountains. If, therefore, the desert were inundated, the snow-line, we are told, would eventually return to its ancient limits, considerable portions of Italy, Spain, France and Switzerland would be enveloped in perpetual snow, and the Rhine, Danube and other rivers would be changed into great glaciers. This, it must be confessed, would be a heavy price to pay for securing direct and easy communication with Timbuctoo. It is comforting to reflect that the mere pecuniary cost of the undertaking must be sufficiently great to prevent capitalists from engaging in it until it has been considered in all its bearings.

NOTES ON THE CHARACTERS OF QUEEN KATHARINE AND CARDINAL WOLSEY IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY OF HENRY VIII.

THE Queen and Wolsey in Henry VIII. are both types of pride, and yet there is an essential difference in the pride which they each represent. Undoubtedly, the pride of birth and the mere pride of power (whether that power be derived from wealth, intellect or exaltation of station) are very different things. Katharine represents the pure pride of birth, and Wolsey that of power. Pride of birth, the noblest species of the vice, is not incompatible with considerable personal humility, and the proof that Shakespeare thought so may be found in the Queen's frequently modest and humble mention of herself, her infinite deference to the King, and the repeated reference by the other characters in the play to her meek and quiet spirit. That this pride sometimes consorts with humbleness arises from the fact that it does not rest on any personal, individual quality or achievement, and is therefore less directly egotistical and selfish than the other; and being of a less gross quality is oftener the snare of noble and refined minds, from which, when once possessed by it, it will hardly endure to be eradicated. For it becomes bound up with feelings of personal honor, family honor, and the order and economy of the body social and political, of which nobility forms a principal sustaining pillar in countries whose governments admit it as an integral part of their existence, and in upholding their particular portion of which nobly-born persons, proud of their birth, conceive that they contribute to maintain the whole. Their birth, too, with such, if they be otherwise virtuously inclined, becomes to them a spur and incitement to high and lofty thoughts and deeds; for how runs the French device, *Noblesse oblige*? — a very weighty and worthy truth, making of high birth a solemn trust to be solemnly fulfilled and answered for. Such, I think, is the pride

of some members of the English aristocracy even in these democratic days; such was the family pride of many gentlemen of old and honorable name formerly in England; and, tainted as it is with mortal infirmity, there is but one better thing to be put in its place. The humility of a true Christian is doubtless a grander thing than the gentility of a true gentleman or the nobility of a true nobleman: meantime, that man and that nation are in ill case in whom neither is to be found. Of this lofty-seeming sin, this pride of birth, Shakespeare's Queen Katharine is a most perfect type, as well as an instance of the (almost) impossibility of a mind once infected with it ever losing the taint. No change of outward circumstance can affect it, and loss of fortune and decline of station can only tend to increase, in those who have it, their veneration for a species of distinction compatible with the narrowest means and lowliest obscurity. The pride of power, that pride which Wolsey exhibits, is, on the contrary, almost invariably arrogant, and very seldom coexists with any personal humility; for it springs generally from a consciousness of personal merit, strength, capacity, good fortune or achievement, and thus is necessarily grossly egotistical.

Again, the pride of birth is comparatively a relative thing, and has, as it were, a scale or standard by which it is graduated and moderated. The self-respect of those who entertain it naturally involves their respect for those who claim in any degree, whether more or less than themselves, the same distinction, whereas the pride of power is apt to lose all sense of comparison in its overweening self-consciousness: it knows no scale of degree, for its boast is to break down or overleap all such, and its measure is never the claims of others, but its own performed or possible achievement; and it is consequently in perpetual peril of

losing all balance. Nobly-born persons invariably speak respectfully of the ancient birth of others: their pride is that of a determinate place in a settled system, while the other temper delights in nothing so much as in overturning established order by the self-created precedent of individual ability and success. To this Wolsey's whole language and demeanor during his prosperity bear ample witness: his insolence to the noblemen and gentlemen of the court is nothing more than a species of revenge taken by the butcher's son upon the sons of noblemen and gentlemen for being born such. Those who "achieve greatness" do not always, therefore, encounter with perfect equanimity those who are "born great:" it takes a spirit of rather unusual natural nobility to do so, and the dignity which is not shaken by falling is as nothing to the dignity which is not fluttered by rising. Wolsey, though he had made himself cardinal and hoped to make himself pope, could not unmake himself a butcher's son; and the serene sense of social superiority which men of high and princely birth had over him in this respect galled his consciousness of general power, in which he so greatly excelled them, with a bitter sense of utter impotence in this one particular. To this species of aggressive pride may be attributed the insane arrogance of his "Ego et Rex meus." To the noble Suffolk, the princely Buckingham or the royal daughter of Spain, Katharine of Aragon, such a form of speech would have seemed nothing short of an audacious act of treason, an offence against order, duty and majesty, a confounding of those all but sacred social laws by which themselves were upheld in their several high spheres of state. In the gross-minded, low-born "fellow of Ipswich," whose own vigorous intellect and powerful will had raised him to strange heights of glory, it was the mere excess and intoxication of the sense of self-made greatness, which had learned to look upon coronets and crowns, and the papal tiara itself, as the instruments or prizes of its daring ambition, to be used or won, but never respected by him with that religious veneration which men

of true nobility have felt for them. To him they were merely the noble means of base self-aggrandizement.

On the other hand, though this species of pride is so much grosser and more vulgar and offensive, I believe it will always be found more easily capable of cure and eradication than the other. The circumstances once altered under which personal power was or could be successfully exercised, consciousness of weakness and defeat almost inevitably ensues; uncertainty, self-distrust and a sense of insecurity are engendered by failure; a lowered estimate of capacity to achieve things not unnaturally brings with it lessened value of the achievement. For we betake ourselves, as the fox of ancient times has testified ever since his day, to underprize that which is beyond our reach, however much we may have overprized while compassing or possessing it. After this lowering process, and in the vacancy of disappointment, a mortification of spirit sometimes ensues upon which a true humility might possibly engraft itself. Thus, Wolsey might have become humble when once hopelessly fallen from his high fortune, because, ruined, he was nothing in the world's account but the butcher's son, all whose personal ability had not sufficed to retain his great position, and might not suffice to regain it. In this predicament the nobler powers of his mind, shifting their point of view so as to take in more than the mere worldly value of his lost prosperity, might present to him a higher and holier standard by which his estimate of the earthly greatness he had forfeited would become more just, and his wisdom and learning and powerful intellectual faculties, chastened in their action by the sweet uses of adversity, might finally produce in him the grace of meekness and humility. The soil, loosened by the uprooting of the rank and noxious weeds of worldly pride and ambition, and harrowed by the bitterness of worldly failure, might become fit for the good seed and harvest of a wholesome abasement. And in Griffith's account of the great cardinal's death to Queen Katharine he insists upon

this very result of his downfall, and the dying man's pathetic words confirm the statement :

O father abbot,

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
Give him a little earth for charity.

The insertion of this historically true appeal in the description of Wolsey's last hours seems to me purely Shakespearian, in spite of the internal evidence upon the strength of which the authorities pronounce these speeches of Griffith's to have been written by Fletcher. Not so Katharine. All the virtue and wisdom she was mistress of could not make her humble, because she was, and remained through ruin and disgrace, even unto "beggarly divorcement" and death, the daughter of the king of Spain, the wife of two kings of England, and felt herself bound, by all the religion and superstition of early training and long habit, to honor her station in herself. So with disgraces *grew* her pride; and with one dying hand stretched out to receive the heavenly crown she was about to put on, with the other she imperiously commanded homage to that earthly one which had been rudely snatched from her brows. Wolsey honored himself in his station: it was to him the palpable proof of his own great powers of achievement, and when he lost it his confidence in himself must have been shaken to its foundations, and he may almost have fallen into the hopelessness of self-contempt. With what a poisonous bitterness of absolute defeat does he utter the words—

O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.

Henry VIII. was the favorite play of Dr. Johnson, who does not appear to have entertained the doubts of modern commentators as to its being the work of Shakespeare; and his admiration of it is characteristic when one considers the great wisdom and fine morality by which the whole composition is pervaded. He told Mrs. Siddons that his highest enjoyment would be to see her perform Queen Katharine, for whose character, as delineated by Shakespeare, he had the most un-

bounded enthusiasm—naturally enough, as it is impossible to conceive a more perfect embodiment of the pure spirit of Toryism. The character is one of great simplicity, and hence in part the impression of grandeur it produces. Instead of the infinitely various motives, feelings, passions and inclinations which make of most human characters such pieces of involved and complex moral machinery, two strongly developed elements alone compose the woman Shakespeare has copied from Nature and history—a profoundly conscientious and devout spirit, almost saint-like in its obedience to right and duty as she conceived of them, and a towering and indomitable spirit of pride, which so alloyed the more heavenly dispositions as to give harshness and narrowness to a nature otherwise noble, and stamp with its own peculiarly rigid and stern image of royalty the pure gold of her high and virtuous qualities. Every speech Shakespeare puts into her mouth testifies to the wonderful discrimination with which he has delineated this combination of qualities, from her first solemn rebuke to the duke of Buckingham's surveyor when she bids him beware lest in maligning a noble person he should peril his own nobler soul (her respect for the earthly dignity of the great peer being only outweighed by her respect for an immortal spirit), to the last dying words gasped from the wan and withered lips, when, later even than the desire she expresses that honor may be paid to her as a chaste wife, she commands that honor shall be paid to her as a queen and daughter of a king. This last touching and terrible utterance of the mingled virtue and vice is, as becomes the last, awful and pathetic, though less dramatically striking, perhaps, than the burst of sudden passion when, with her face yet radiant with the reflection of the heavenly vision in which she has received the homage of glorified spirits, with the crown of immortality descending upon her pale, illumined brow, and that "celestial harmony she goes to" resounding in her ears, upon the very threshold of heaven, she turns with such implacable resentment from the poor

servant whose "haste had made him unmannerly," and who forgot to approach her kneeling:

But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

In her most touching recommendation of her faithful women to the ambassador Capucius she characteristically sums up their praise by saying they will deserve good husbands, even—*noble* men.

But, to me, the most masterly touch of delineation by which Shakespeare has given this moral portrait its greatest perfection is in the Queen's speech on Wolsey's character, when, first of all his sins, she enumerates his "unbounded stomach," that made him "ever rank himself with princes;" and that wonderful line where she says,

I' the presence
He would say untruths.

To her, the devout, the upright, the true in spirit, in deed and in word, Wolsey's falsehood was aggravated by its perpetration before Henry VIII., and the sin against God's sovereign majesty of truth assumed a deeper dye in Katharine of Aragon's judgment when committed in the royal presence of the king and queen of England.

In the great scene with the cardinals Shakespeare has followed Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey* all but verbatim, even to the skein of sewing materials the good Queen had round her neck. I wonder if his extreme admiration and commendation of Anne Bullen's beauty was justified by the fact, or was only a courtly compliment to her daughter? Holbein's pictures of her do not, I think (even allowing for the ungainly, unbecoming dress), establish her claim to being "the goodliest woman that ever lay by man;" and then the recollection of her superfluous fingers and toes interferes extremely with whatever other charms she may be supposed to have possessed, though Francis I., who (if all tales be true) admired her very much, was a connoisseur in matters of female beauty. A deficiency in such natural extremities is far less repulsive than an overplus: the one might be the result of accident, the other is pure monstrosity;

and all the excellence of that worthiest woman, Katharine, did not prevent her being woman enough to insist upon her fair six-fingered rival perpetually playing at cards in the king's presence. It is amusing to see with what spiteful delight English visitors are shown, among the manuscripts in the Vatican, the original love-letters of Henry VIII. and Anne Bullen. The pope had certainly no special reason to be tender of the honor of either party.

What romantic associations are suggested by the mere reading of the *dramatis personæ* of this play! Brandon, earl of Suffolk, is here, the lover of Mary Tudor (the king of England's sister, the king of France's wife), the bearer of that charming and chivalrous device, the mingled cloth of frieze and gold:

Cloth of gold, do not despise
That thou art mixed with cloth of frieze:
Cloth of frieze, be not too bold
That thou art mixed with cloth of gold.

And Surrey is here, the princely poet, the devoted lover, who, wandering beneath the bright Italian skies, invoked the aid of magic, and conjured up, to cheat his longing senses, the image of his English mistress, the fair Geraldine. How sweet a line there is in the Epilogue to this play when Shakespeare commends the piece to "the merciful construction of good women," even for the sake of the image of one therein most faithfully portrayed!

Upon the whole, however, the play is heavy, and, though replete with fine passages and scenes of great power, fails to awaken or keep alive any intense interest. The recurrence of three scenes so nearly resembling each other in subject, and even in some degree in treatment, as the death of Buckingham, the downfall of Wolsey and the death of Katharine, produces a sense of sameness and monotony, though the variety in similarity is very wonderful. The death of Katharine ends the interest of the piece, and the venomous squabbling of the clergymen and the voice of the jubilant throngs, whose acclamations rend the sky at the baptism of the Princess Elizabeth, break harshly on the silence

which settles solemnly round the dying Queen in the dim stillness of her deserted sick-chamber at Kimbolton. The noble lines at the conclusion of *Henry VIII.* and the supplementary compliment to James are beyond a doubt to be attributed to Fletcher, with whose manner they are distinctly stamped. To his stately pen may probably also be referred the eulogium on Wolsey spoken by Griffith, and Wolsey's own famous farewell to all his greatness. The passages of the play which are put into *Readers* and which our schoolboys declaim are of doubtful authorship perhaps, but who, if not Shakespeare, wrote the scene between the angry king and the ruined cardinal, or that between Wolsey and the lords, or Lady Denny and Anne Bullen's scene on the promotion of the latter to be marchioness of Pembroke? and who the whole of the King's part,

who all the *living* portion of the play, but Shakespeare? Undoubtedly, there were giants in those days in the art of play-writing, but it is by their side that we best measure the stature of him who was taller by the head and shoulders than all the rest, in whose incomparable genius the dramatic intellect of that great mental epoch reached its climax. I have read lately of comparisons between *Henry VIII.* and Tennyson's *Queen Mary*: to me this latter production appears no more like Shakespeare's writing than a suit of his clothes would be like him: they would certainly remind any one who saw them of him who had worn them. I am much mistaken if Alfred Tennyson himself would not be more apt than any one to say (if it may unprofanely be said), "Why callest thou me Shakespeare?"

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

CARMELA.

SEE, in this mystic zone of calms,
Like a rich cloud in sunset skies,
From Mexico's warm waters rise
The isle of cocoa and of palms,
The realm where summer never dies.

Ripe golden balls of sumptuous fruit
Hang thick upon the orange trees,
Soft blows the aromatic breeze,
And sweet the wild canaries flute,
And gently roll the purple seas.

Here was thy childhood's dwelling-place,
O love, my love! who lov'st not me:
Here didst thou gain the witchery
Of Southland languor, Spanish grace,
And emerald eyes' arch coquetry.

Thy sisterhood is darkly fair,
With glowing cheek and night-black curls:
Thy pure flesh hath the sheen of pearls;
In waves of light thy loosened hair
Its warm gold to thy feet unfurls.

Thy sisterhood is rich in faith,
Of generous passion, gentle heart:
Whence didst *thou* glean thy fatal art,
Whose subtle cunning fashioneth
A net no man may rend apart?

If I could deem thee of this earth,
My witch, my siren, my despair!
My curse would blight thee. But, beware!
I know the mystery of thy birth—
The secret of thy life I share.

'Twas on that night, the crown of nights,
All brightest days outshining far;
A separate sun beamed every star;
Soft airs breathed languid from the heights,
Voluptuous as Love's sighings are.

Carmela mine—for mine thou wast
By every promise, pledge and vow,
And by my seal set on thy brow—
Within thy garden all that passed
That night, dost thou remember now?—

How thou, within thy hammock rocked
Beneath the odorous cedar trees—
Rose-white as sprung from foam of seas,
Didst lie with smiling lips unlocked,
And lightly sway with every breeze,

And watch the glimmering fiery flies,
The throbbing stars in heaven's calm,
And point to where a single palm
Stood out against pale seas and skies,
And breathe the night's enchanted balm?

But I saw naught save only thee,
White, lithe, with thy mermaid's hair,
Thy mild dove's eyes, thy warm throat bare;
And these I never cease to see,
A shadow on the empty air.

I set my seal upon thy brow:
Mine own bears now a deathless flame—
Thy lips remember whence it came:
All men who greet me see and know,
And whisper low thy perjured name.

Once, once! then nevermore again
Within my hair thy wreathed hands met:
Upon my brow the print was set
That fired my blood and seared my brain;
And thou hadst flown. Dost thou forget?

"Follow me not!" I heard thee cry,
And my religion was thy word.
Was it the warble of a bird,
Or a low peal of laughter nigh,
Among the bushes, that I heard?

I pressed my face where thine had pressed,
And sank adown upon my knees
Beneath the odorous cedar trees:
The hanging cradle I caressed
Where thou hadst swayed with every breeze.

I know not if I waked or slept;
A strange, clear vision came to me;
I fancied I had followed thee:
O'er grass and stone and rill we leapt,
Down to the large, smooth tropic sea.

There had I reached thee, but, behold!
With low soft laughter in the wave
Thou springst, and ere I spring to save
Thy sister mermaids' arms enfold,
And draw thee to thy native cave.

There sportest thou the livelong night,
Regretting naught thou leav'st behind:
No trace upon the waves I find,
Save a pale amber-colored light
There where thy hair flew in the wind.

But when the first cool beams of morn
Through the green waters pierce and shine,
Back to these earthly haunts of thine
Thou wilt return, and laugh to scorn
The pledge, the love, the dream divine.

So if I deemed thee of this earth,
My witch, my siren, my despair!
My curse would blight thee. Yet, beware!
I know the mystery of thy birth—
The secret of thy life I share.

EMMA LAZARUS.

THE COMRADES.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

MORE than two months had passed since the Rev. Mr. Folds' connection with the Cumminsville church had been dissolved. In this time he had been enabled to get his troubled thoughts composed to writing. More than one scientific paper had been despatched to the magazines, but as yet he had no intimation of the reception they had met. He was growing each day more enamored of his work. And Margaret came and went and ministered to him, and Chester felt that she had faith in him—that she was hoping.

"I don't know what can be the matter with my eyes," he said one day, looking up from his writing to Margaret, who sat by the window sewing. "There seems to be a film over them, especially over the right eye."

"Do they pain you?" Margaret asked, crossing the room to look at them.

"No," Chester said, rubbing them as if to rub something out of the way, "but things seem in a fog. It has been so for days."

"There's an unnatural look about them, a kind of cloudiness, but there doesn't seem to be any inflammation. I'll bring you a linen cloth and some tepid water to bathe them."

After the bathing Chester soon became absorbed in writing. It was literally absorption. He seemed possessed by his subject. Page after page he dashed off and threw from him on the floor, never looking up from his work. Margaret, sitting on one side with her sewing, noticed with anxiety that very often he passed his hands across his eyes as if for relief, as if to clear away something between him and the paper.

"I like this, Margaret," he said, looking up at length with enthusiasm in his face. "I have a good subject here, and some capital ideas: I've got an inspira-

tion. This is better than preaching. But there are some facts I must get at. Oh for a few days in a large library!"

"Don't, Chester, rub your eyes so: bathe them again," Margaret urged.

"Bathing doesn't seem to help them," Chester said.

Well, this was the beginning. The trouble grew more and more serious, till Chester was ordered to desist from reading and writing and other occupations that could strain the eyes. As Margaret saw him silently and patiently groping his way about the house, shading his eyes and bending his head, it seemed to her pathetic enough to make an angel weep. And when, a few weeks later, Chester's physician ordered him to keep to a darkened room, she felt like one who sees his boat slowly but surely drifting to its wrecking. Through the sweltering summer months Chester Folds sat in utter darkness or paced restlessly back and forth through the gloom. Who shall tell of that deeper gloom which shrouded heart and brain at the thought of his helpless, dependent family, of his own uselessness, of his threatened calamity?

"Margaret," Chester said one day, "my trouble is growing: the sight of one eye is almost gone. I am persuaded that I shall lose my sight altogether unless I can get better advice than is to be obtained here."

Margaret's heart, already down, down in the depths, went yet lower. She could not answer: she did not dare ask him what could be done.

"I think, dear," Chester continued, "you'll have to write to Horace and tell him all about how matters are with us. And ask for a loan of a few hundred dollars: I can give a mortgage on my collections or on my policy of life insurance. If Homer—dear old boy!—were at home, I should feel free to go to him;

but Horace has a family. Wife and children and family interests come in between brothers. Homer always seemed like a father to me—nearer, somehow, than Horace. When our father died he gave me into Homer's keeping."

Margaret involuntarily recalled Homer's letter which had smitten her heart so cruelly. If Homer was the nearer to Chester, how could she ever find the courage to appeal to Horace? Yet she feared just what Chester feared, and to save him from blindness she could endure to beg. She accordingly wrote to Horace, stating Chester's peril, the need of first-class medical attendance, and timidly suggesting that Horace might lend them (she was conscientiously careful to include herself among the beggars) a few hundred dollars.

In due time there came a reply:

"I am very sorry to hear of Chester's affliction, and that you are straitened for means. I hope and believe that your fears have exaggerated Chester's trouble. I cannot think that his vision is threatened. No member of our family was ever known to go blind. As far as we have any record, our people have been remarkable for good, strong eyes. I have no kind of doubt but that the trouble will soon pass away. I think your anxiety makes you undervalue the services of your physician. He is probably doing all that any man can do. A place with the population of Cummins-ville is not, I am satisfied, without an able physician. Just trust the matter with your doctor, and I've no doubt that everything will soon be well.

"I would most cheerfully lend Chester money to bridge over this emergency, or give it to him rather, if I could spare a dollar. But we are extending our business very materially, and I am, besides, just finishing my new residence, which will cost me fifty-five thousand dollars. I need every cent of money I can raise—much more, indeed, for, as you are doubtless aware, money is very tight. Things are crashing all about our ears, and it is almost impossible to make collections.

"Hoping to have favorable word from you soon, I am yours very truly,

"HORACE FOLDS.

"P. S. Kind regards to Chester."

Margaret read this letter to her husband by the fading daylight, and then went out of the room. She could not stay there in the gloom, with those awful sounds—sounds as though fingers were clutching the throat of Despair to throttle it—sounds of a hand-to-hand death-struggle. She went out—alone had her own struggle, and then returned to help Chester.

The woman did not close her eyes that night. She lived over her life with Chester since that Sabbath day when he appeared a glad surprise in her lonely life—through the sweet lovemaking and the days of her tender maternity and brooding love—through the toil lightened by his watchful care—through it all to the present gloom. She recalled Homer's words that Chester should never have married.

"That is all they know about it," she thought, smiling into the darkness. "It was the wisest thing he ever did. Dear Chester! What could he do without me? Who could care for him in this trouble as I can? Who else in all the world understands him and believes in him as I? It's very dark, but I wouldn't spare Chester from my life for all the rest of it."

So Margaret thought as she lay on her sleepless pillow, and so she said to Chester when she knew by his uneasy movements that he, too, was keeping weary vigils.

"Yes, Margaret," the husband said, "it is blessed for me that you have married me; but you, my sweet wife—my heart is breaking with pity for you and my little girl. You were so bright, so beautiful, that Sunday morning when you came floating up to me. Sweet vision! I have seen it a thousand times since. But now you are growing thin and pale: I know it, though I have not seen your dear face for weeks. I can hear the paleness in your voice."

"No, Chester," replied the wife. "I am stronger than I ever was in my life;"

and so Margaret was stronger in purpose.

A few more days passed in gloomy waiting, and then Chester spoke again. "I hate to ask you to do it, dear," he said, "but I think you will have to write again to Horace. Explain to him that the necessity is pressing—that my sight is really in peril. Best little wife! I wish I could save you from this unpleasant task. If I could only see!"

So Margaret wrote again to Horace, stating strongly, emphatically, that without aid Chester would probably go blind.

After a cruel delay there came a letter from Mrs. Horace Folds.

"My husband," she wrote, "is absent on a business tour through the South-eastern States, and will probably be absent two months. I have sent him your letter, but it may not overtake him for weeks. I think it would be risky to wait and depend on him. I know that he has no money to spare from his business. Indeed, we have been quite closely pressed to furnish our new house, which we have just moved into. It is beautiful and very convenient. Indeed, it is what I call a perfect house. I cannot think of a thing about it that I would have different.

"I am really sorry to hear of Chester's trouble, and I do wish we could help him. If he can borrow the money there on his furniture, I think I can promise that Horace will help him through with it; that is, he'll see that the furniture is not sacrificed. But I am sure that he could not possibly spare any money now. We had to defer buying mirrors for our parlors, and shall have to do without them for four or five months. The walls look so bare, too! But then they are beautifully frescoed, and that helps a great deal. Besides, Homer has just sent home a present of a magnificent painting. I've forgotten the artist, but it cost nine thousand dollars in gold. It is splendid. I must bring this letter to a close. I'm sure I hope that Chester may soon be well. Horace says he feels certain that Chester is in no danger of losing his sight. Yours affectionately,

"ISABEL FOLDS."

After repeated failures Margaret succeeded in raising a few hundred dollars on her household furniture. She went with it in her hand to Chester's gloomy prison.

"Well, husband," she said, "I have raised three hundred dollars. This will take you to Dr. Wallace and defray expenses for a time. Then, perhaps, something may turn up."

"Something has turned up, Margaret. Come here: sit down beside me."

With a vague fear choking her heart the wife drew a chair close beside him. She laid a hand on his knee, but Chester reached out and held it close in his own: "Can you endure it, Margaret? Dear wife! my blessing! my treasure! my best beloved! Margaret, this morning the last light went out: it is all night to me now. Margaret, I am blind."

He waited to hear her cry out, as one waits for the plunge of the knife, but there was not a sound in the room except his own repressed breathing. "Margaret, why don't you speak? Are you struck dead? What are you doing, Margaret? What are you thinking?"

"I am thinking that God was good to let me marry you—to give us to each other."

The tears gushed from the sightless eyes, and fell in silence on the clasped hands, his and hers: "You were always a little thing, Margaret, and now you are worn to a shadow: I feel it in your hands and in your still, cold face." He passed his hands over her brow and cheek. "O God! Am I never to see the sweet face again?" He hid his own convulsed face in his hands.

"Chester, my own dear husband!" Margaret said with ineffable tenderness. She knelt beside him: she kissed his hands, his brow, his hair. But Chester was shaken through every fibre of his being. He was not thinking of himself, of the shrouded path: it was for Margaret and Annie he wept.

"Chester," the wife said with a desperate effort to divert him, "I want you to help me now to plan for the future. I mean," she hurried to add, "to open a boarding-house for day-boarders. There

are so many transient people here—people who come here to look around and to speculate—that I think we can do well with a boarding-house. You can help me about many things," she said encouragingly. "Don't you think you can?"

"Yes," Chester assented, "I can do something. Little Annie can lead me to market, so I can do the marketing. People will deal fairly with a blind man: nobody will take advantage of a blind man." He repeated the words, as if trying to get used to them, but each time they made him shiver to his heart's centre. "And I can draw water, and shell the peas, and knead the bread, and turn the wringer, and rub out the clothes. I dare say you can make me useful, Margaret: I shall not be an altogether useless burden."

He laughed a strange laugh that ended in tears.

"I've been trying to contrive some way of going on with my collection," Chester continued. "I could take little Annie along, you know, to keep me out of dangerous places, and her sharp little eyes would soon learn to pick out the fossils: she has learned to look for them already. It seems to me I could recognize them by the touch: I know them by heart. And the dear flowers! I surely could discern them by the odor. Am I never to see a flower again?"

"I'll help you gather them," Margaret said. "You can handle them and smell them, and I will tell you just how they look."

"You'll have to give up so much of your time to me," Chester said deprecatingly.

"And that will keep us more together," Margaret added with a cheerful voice. "We'll do the best we can, dear, and perhaps after a while you may find a situation that you can fill. I know of a man totally blind who is president of the Young Men's Christian Association in a large city, and has a handsome salary."

"If this trouble hadn't come upon me I might have done something at writing," Chester said.

"Perhaps I can write for you."

"Yes, but it isn't the same thing. New

thoughts and expressions come to me as I look at the words on paper. I could always think better with my eyes open than shut."

"That is habit: you'll come to think better now that—" Margaret's voice began to tremble.

"That I am blind," Chester finished the sentence.

"That the distracting world about you is shut out," Margaret amended.

"Do you know, Margaret, I see more movement now than ever before? My mind is full of pictures. I think of the street, the church, the market, the shops as full of life and action. I can't abstract myself as I used to. The curtain does not help: it hinders me. I am wondering what is beyond it."

Again Margaret dragged his thought away from its gloomy outlook, and hurried it along over some incoherent plans about her boarding-house.

At Chester's request she wrote again to Horace, stating the affliction that had overtaken her house. Horace replied that he was greatly surprised and grieved that he had not been definitely informed as to Chester's critical condition: he had not dreamed that there was anything serious the matter. Perhaps there might yet be help: everything possible should be done, etc. He thought Margaret had better return to her teaching: that was sure pay. She might start an academy; Chester could assist her some in teaching; there were many things that could be best taught orally, by lecture. Cumminsville was growing at such a rate that an academy must succeed: it must prove a good speculation. It was a great pity Chester had not invested something in real estate when he first went to Cumminsville: they would have been rich now. But Chester, unfortunately, had no business faculty. He had always supposed from what he had heard about her that she had a good head for business, etc.

Margaret smiled bitterly as she read the letter. Where had there been any money for real-estate speculations? Chester's move in this direction had been scouted as a vagary. And where was

the money now for the academy speculation? "Why didn't Horace advise me to build a hotel or a railroad?" she thought.

Margaret went into her bed-room and locked the door. There was a strange, indescribable look in her face as she walked up to her mirror and stood before it. She looked at her image there with an interest she had never known before. She scanned her figure in its length and breadth: she realized that she was a very small woman. She held out her hand, and looked at it with a very peculiar smile. She rolled up her sleeve, and turned back and forth her thin arm, small as a child's. She turned her back, and measured it with her eye: it was a very narrow back.

"I've got to bear it all," she thought. "Poor arms! only skin and bone as you are, you've got to earn all the bread for the family. And there is not a dollar to start with! What are you going to do, poor, weak, miserable woman?"

Her loneliness, her helplessness, struck her like a whelming flood. She fell, a little heap, in her tracks. "Mercy! mercy!" cried her heart; "mercy! O God! mercy! mercy! my Father! mercy! mercy! mercy!"

Vaguely she struggled in the flood. All was indefinite: she knew not what to ask for, where to fix a hope.

After a time the tension was relaxed, because the victim on the rack could bear no more and live. There seems to be a hand at the wheel in these mortal agonies to turn it back before the heart is torn to the death. So Margaret came back to life. She sat up and went on trying to plan her future.

Providence deals in counter-irritants. Margaret for days went about Cummins-ville looking for a house available for her boarding-house plan. The search would have been very vexatious and wearisome but that it diverted her from her greater agonies. But the diversion came at length to an end. No house could be rented that was available for her purposes; so her boarding-house project had to be abandoned.

She naturally thought of her old vocation, teaching. But there was no va-

cancy in the schools. For days she went from house to house soliciting pupils for a private class. But people were of the opinion that Mrs. Folds could have no time or thought or heart for a school with a blind husband and a helpless child to minister to.

Amid these tryings and failings the spring came round once more. There was now not a dollar in the house, and scarcely food enough for a day. The last cent had been raised on the furniture. There was nothing that Margaret could do that she had not sought to do. And Chester had not been idle. He had dictated, and Margaret had written, paper after paper on scientific subjects, which had been despatched hither and thither wherever there was hope for a market. But nothing had come of all these efforts. He had sent to every geologist or scientific man of whom he had knowledge, seeking buyers for his collections. Nothing had come of the efforts in this direction either. The joyous spring had brought no gladness to this household.

One day in the early June there came to Margaret's door a German woman with strawberries for sale. In an idle way Margaret asked her if she did well selling berries.

"Oh, me make good: me make very much money; but it very 'ard work, I tell you. If I could be two womans, I make very much better," said the woman.

Margaret started at the suggestion. She asked some eager questions of the woman. She ascertained that the berries were picked from one and another garden on shares, the market-woman receiving a third.

"I can pick berries," Margaret thought, "and I can carry a basket."

Harassed, driven woman! She felt, indeed, that she could do anything—that she could work on her hands and knees if only she could drive away the wolf. Here was employment that demanded no capital, and in which there was nothing to risk but the sneers of her neighbors. In a few moments her resolve was taken. She would carry a basket—she would peddle strawberries. She told

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olphia.

Chester that she had found some copying to do in a lawyer's office, so he let her go. She began that very afternoon at her new work, and made seventy-five cents. She was so cheered by her success that she did not realize how tired she was until she had washed up the tea-dishes, bathed Annie, and helped her blind husband to bed. Then she found that she staggered as she undressed. But she slept better than she had done for months.

The next morning she crept out of bed at four, dressed quietly and walked through the silent streets to the dewy strawberry-beds. There she worked till seven. Then she went home, made some coffee, dressed Annie, made Chester comfortable and the house tidy. Taking her basket of fresh, bright berries, covered with grape-leaves, she then started on her tramp. That morning she made a dollar and fifteen cents.

Persistently, unflaggingly, she worked on through the strawberry season, and when this was ended she carried her baskets of raspberries and cherries, of blackberries and peaches and grapes. And she was prosperous. Before she had come to the grape-crop she had settled up all her bills, and had paid something on the furniture mortgage. And Chester believed all the while that she was a copyist in a lawyer's office. He took care of Annie, and made himself useful in many ways that had not occurred to him before his affliction.

One day Mrs. Simmons came in to cheer him up a bit.

"You mus' get awful lonesome, Mr. Folds," she said, "a-settin' in the dark all the time."

"I have little Annie for company," Chester said.

"To be sho', but 'tain't like hevin' your wife to hum. It's powerful hard on her. Doc sez she'll break down at sich work. Sez he, 'It's a pitiful sight to see that delicate little woman,' sez he, 'a-carryin' a basket an' peddlin' fruit,' sez he."

"What did you say, Mrs. Simmons?" Chester demanded sharply, sitting straight up and then eagerly leaning toward her.

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"I said that Doc sez, sez he, 'It's powerful hard for Mis' Folds to have to carry a peddler's basket all day long,' sez he. 'I wonder it doesn't break her back in two.'"

"Does my wife carry a peddler's basket?" said Chester, pale and breathing hard.

Mrs. Simmons was frightened: "Law! yes: didn't you never know it before? I always buys my berries of her for ole 'quaintance' sake. Doc sez, sez he—"

"Do you know where my wife is now, Mrs. Simmons?" Chester asked in a repressed voice.

"Why, I jis' met her es I come in, goin' up Pennsylvany street."

"Annie," the father called, "get my hat, and hurry." He had groped his way out of the room, having completely forgotten Mrs. Simmons.

"Oh, papa, you look so scared!" Annie said, coming up with the hat.

"Take hold of my hand and lead me to Pennsylvania street," he said.

Mrs. Simmons quietly followed the father and child out of the house, too thoroughly awed to recall herself to their minds.

"Look for your mother, Annie, and tell me when you see her, and hurry along as fast as you can," Chester said.

"There she is, right now," Annie cried almost immediately, "coming out of Judge Matterson's, and she's got a basket."

"Margaret!" Chester called, and said "Wait!" in a tone of authority.

Margaret felt that she was detected. It almost seemed that Chester could see the basket on her arm, her badge of slavery.

"Where are you, Margaret?" he asked when he had overtaken her.

"Here, Chester," she answered, taking his hand.

"Give me your basket, Margaret."

She handed it to him without a word. He hung it on his arm. Then he took her by the arm. "Go where you wish," he said: "I will carry the basket for you."

Margaret did not utter a word of remonstrance or explanation. Chester

spoke in a way so firm and assured, and his face looked so cold and pale, that she was frightened and dared not oppose him.

From house to house they went, the Rev. Mr. Folds, his wife and little girl, peddling grapes—a strange, pathetic sight.

When they were at home again, and had taken their supper of bread and milk, and Margaret had washed the bowls and spoons, Chester called her. "Margaret," he said, "I am cut to the heart: you have deceived me. It is cruel for you not to let me help you when I can. I am such a burden. There is almost nothing that I can do to help you. I sit here in the dark when you are away, and try to think of something I can do to save you; and all these months I might have been helping you, and you have not let me. You have hurt me, wife."

Margaret dared not defend herself: "Can't you forgive me, Chester?"

"It seems to me I never can, Margaret."

"Oh, Chester, you know why I did it?"

"Yes, I know; and that is why it hurts me so. You must promise me, Margaret, that you will let me do all I can—that you will never do anything that I can do for you—that whenever it is possible you will let me help you."

After that they worked together.

In October, Margaret obtained a situation as clerk in a milliner's shop. This left Chester again to his loneliness, for little Annie went usually with her mother. She liked the bright shop, with its pretty hats and ribbons and flowers, better than she did her father's gloomy company.

About this time there came a paper containing a lengthy account of a brilliant party given at the residence of Mr. Horace Folds. Thirteen hundred invitations had been issued: twelve hundred and forty guests were present, yet the spacious mansion was ample for their accommodation. No more *recherché* affair had ever been known in S—.

The same mail brought a letter from Horace. He hoped that Chester and his family were comfortable—admonished

him against growing discouraged. "Margaret has a good head on her shoulders, from all accounts, and she will bring the ship to port, I have no doubt," wrote Horace. "When your daughter is old enough to be sent away to school, I think Homer will be willing to help you about her education. And I may perhaps do something, though my living expenses are enormous. My children's school expenses are over five thousand a year. This party will cost me thirty-five hundred."

"Speaking of Homer, I have not heard from him since he sailed from Rio Janeiro, and the steamer on which he sailed has not been reported in Liverpool. I am feeling considerable anxiety, and yet Homer was born under a lucky star. I think he'll die in his bed. It made me feel quite solemn, however, to see him before his start putting his affairs in order, making his will, etc. Did I ever tell you about his will? I have it in my safe. It provides, in case of his death, that half of his property is to go to my boy Homer, named for him. You and I are to divide the other half—you to have two-fifths, I three-fifths. It's wonderful how much he thinks of his namesake."

Margaret read this letter to Chester, and then went out to her work with a feeling that there was no God who concerned himself about the affairs of earth. One brother could spend thirty-five hundred dollars for a single night's entertainment for people who probably cared nothing for him: the other brother, blind and helpless, was suffering the humiliation and degradation of grinding poverty, his wife on the hopeless treadmill. And the blind husband suffered with every step she took, with every breath she drew. Each bore the other's burden. Joy is not the only thing that is doubled in being divided.

It was very hard—too hard to be ever written. Chester Folds sat in the silent, lonely house, his face in his hands, as though his blind lids were not enough to shut the world away from him—as if there was something he must get yet farther away from.

When Margaret came home that night

after her day's shop-work, she found Chester in a strange mood. His face had a cold, averted look, and he seemed to avoid her, to withdraw himself from her and from little Annie. He refused his supper, and scarcely spoke during the evening, and then only in answer to her inquiries.

This mood continued on him the next day and the next. Margaret's heart was filled with forebodings. Again and again she urged her husband to open his heart, to confide his new trouble, if such there was, to her. But Chester maintained a persistent reserve.

On the evening of the second day, however, he sent for her to his room. His manner was mysterious, ghostly indeed. She shivered as she felt herself on the verge of some horrible fate, toward which for days she had known herself drifting.

"Margaret, I have an awful confession to make."

Her flesh seemed to cling closer to the bone at these bodeful words. What horrible revelation was overhanging her?

"When I have made my confession you will be killed with horror. You can never love me again: you will execrate me. Margaret, listen: I am a murderer."

"Chester, what are you saying?" Margaret cried, alarmed for his sanity. "Do you know what you have said?"

"Yes. I am a murderer: I have murdered my brother for money."

"Chester! Chester! what do you mean?"

Margaret was trembling in every fibre, for she saw the truth—saw the horror.

"Yes, Margaret," Chester continued, "when you read me from Horace's letter that Homer had not been heard from, and that by his will I was to have money—money, Margaret," his voice sank to a low hiss—"it flashed on me how that money would help us—how it would take us out from under the mountain. I wished then, Margaret—I wished that Homer might never be heard from—that the steamer and all on board might go to the bottom—to the very bottom, Margaret. I wish it yet, Margaret, but it's all for you: I wish it that you

may get out of this death-struggle. It's all for you, Margaret—for you and for little Annie. But for all that, you'll both of you loathe and hate me."

Margaret stared at her husband with wild fright in her cold, haggard face. "Chester," she said at length, "you do not wish Homer any ill. You do not understand your own heart, my husband. You could never in your life hurt a fly, poor dear! You're tender even of a flower. You have always loved your brothers—Homer especially you have loved."

"But I love them no longer, Margaret. They sat cold and content when without a dollar I was going out into a world that was worse to me than a wilderness"—he was speaking with suppressed vehemence—"they sat cold and content, and heard the world give in its verdict of failure against me; and, Margaret, never a plea did they make for me; they sat cold and content while all the world was fading out of my life; in purple and fine linen they sit cold and content to-day, quaffing pearls while my wife and child are perishing." His whole being was quivering. "And, Margaret, they have made a murderer of me. I tell you again, I hope that Homer may never be heard from: I want his money, Margaret, for you and for my child."

The wife's brain whirled as she looked into the vortex about to engulf her. With a great effort she brought her mind back and held it to its duty. "Dear Chester," she said quietly, "God allowed that thought to come to you as a temptation. We are none of us above temptation, and we are none of us responsible for our thoughts. If you have really a guilty feeling toward Homer, you would not be so appalled and horrorstricken as you now are at your thought. You don't understand yourself. I know you better than you know yourself, and I love you at this moment, dear husband, better than ever before."

She drew his head to her shoulder and gently stroked the fevered brow. She kissed his lips and his sightless lids, and her heart there renewed its old vow of loyalty—for better, for worse.

He was soothed, and after a while she got him to bed, and watched him fall asleep.

Anxiously the next morning she looked for his waking, hoping the delirium had passed with the night. He took his breakfast in silence and with apparent indifference.

At night, when she returned from the shop, she found him with a look on his face that made her heart stop beating. She spoke to him and in his first words found the delirium: "You need not talk to me, Margaret, as if you did not believe me a fiend. There is one fact—and you can't get away from it—that I wish Homer's death, my brother's death. Think of it! If I were on board the steamer, standing with Homer some dark night on the hurricane deck—you will not believe it, Margaret, but I'd do it—I'd push Homer overboard, and then we should be rich, and I should go to a good doctor, and I should get my sight back. But you wouldn't love me then, Margaret."

"No, Chester: I could not love you if you could do that. But I do love you, dear, tender heart! because you could never harm the meanest of God's creatures."

"You don't know me, Margaret—you don't know me," he replied in a mysterious whisper, "but I am really so lost. I wish I didn't wish Homer's death: I wish I could go back to my old innocence. But it's gone—gone for ever."

His head drooped despondently, and he refused to speak again that evening.

"Think, Margaret," Chester said the following day, drawing her aside in a secret way—"think what a wretch your husband is. I wish Homer dead that I may have his money; and Homer was a father to me when I was a boy. What would my poor mother say? Do you know, Margaret, that I was once an innocent little child? I used to love the birds and insects and flowers; I have even kissed the fossils because they had once thrilled with the life which God only can give; but now, now, Margaret, I am wishing for Homer's death."

"Chester, darling, you do not wish any-

thing but good to Homer. You would die to serve him. If now you should be told that Homer is really dead, you would be heartbroken."

"No, Margaret: I should think only of the money, the money. I should laugh to think that your poverty is over. It is such a cruel poverty that I could do nothing but laugh. It makes me shudder to think how wicked I am: I wish I didn't wish it. I am given over to the power of darkness. Margaret, I am a Cain."

His head drooped on his breast, and he looked so utterly wretched that Margaret dared not speak to him. He had passed beyond her power to comfort.

That night she wrote to Horace such a letter as might start the dead.

"Wife," Horace said when he had hurried home with the letter, "pack my valise: I must take the next train West. Chester is in more trouble: Chester is insane."

"That is perfectly dreadful," said the wife, struck at last. "But how can you leave your business, Horace?"

"Let the business be hanged!" said Horace. "Belle, that was the dearest, tenderest boy God ever made—the sweetest heart that ever beat he had; and now— But read this letter when I am gone;" and he laid Margaret's letter in Isabel's work-basket. "But hurry now, or I shall miss the train."

Four days after Horace was in Chester's humble quarters. He was conducted at once to Chester's room. Without speaking, Horace stood at the door and looked at the silent, statuesque figure of his brother. He could never have recognized in the worn, haggard, blind man the youth with sweet, grave face and trustful, guileless eyes who had gone out from his brother's house on the impossible errand of pushing himself.

"Chester," Horace said tenderly, approaching his seat—"dear brother, don't you know me?"

"Is it Homer?" Chester asked with excitement.

"No, it is Horace."

"You mustn't speak to me, Horace," Chester said, trembling with agitation.

"If you knew all you would fly from me as from the plague. My soul is leprous. Hasn't Margaret told you that I wish Homer dead? Yes, Horace, I wish Homer dead, that I may have his money."

"Then, Chester, you have your wish: our brother is dead. Homer died in a little English town near London nearly seven weeks ago."

"Dead! dead! Homer dead? Is Homer dead?" Chester said as in a dream.

"Yes," Horace answered sadly: "he died of a slow fever, after a lingering sickness and great suffering. Strange hands tended him and strange hands closed his eyes. He sent you his love, Chester, from his deathbed."

Chester was sobbing. Margaret and Horace left the room softly, but for long after they heard Chester's sobs and long-drawn sighs. When Margaret stole back to look in upon him she saw him lying on the floor with his face in the dust.

"Come, Chester," Horace said a few hours later, "I have come out here to talk business with you—to close up Homer's estate. By his will you are to have one-fifth of his property. The estate must be worth—"

Chester had risen quickly to his feet. "I will have none of Homer's property," he said with emphasis. "It is the price of blood. I refuse to touch a penny of it. I am determined to prove to my own soul that I did not wish Homer's death. Wish Homer's death? It was all a lie: I never did. Brother and father in one he was to me. Dear Homer! Wish his death? I tell you, Horace, and you, Margaret, I would take Homer's place in that lonely grave in England six days in every seven. Oh, my brother and father! No, Horace, I would rather starve, and I would rather that Margaret and Annie starved, than touch Homer's property. Do what you like with it."

"You are quite sure, Chester, that it was a delusion—that you never wished Homer ill? that you never wished his death?" Horace asked.

"Good gracious, Horace! No! How can you ask me? My heart is breaking

for love of my dead brother." Horace looked at Margaret and made a significant gesture. She went up to her husband and sat down close beside him, taking his hand.

"Chester," she said quietly, "can you bear any further strain? Can you support a great joy? Chester, Homer is not dead. He is alive and well."

Her eyes and Horace's were eagerly scanning Chester's face to mark the change these words might bring.

"What? what do you say? Homer not dead?"

"No: we have just heard from him. It was all a trick of Horace to bring you to your true self—to get you to know your own heart. We knew all the while that you were deceiving yourself—that you loved everybody and everything, dear."

Horace went out of the room, and left Chester and Margaret crying together.

In the yard he sat thoughtful, looking off at the sun hanging low over the river. There was a sad tone in the face of the portly, prosperous merchant. His thought had gone back from Chester, stricken, blasted, to the dear, scholarly little brother—as a mother, when a great calamity or a great dishonor overtakes her child, is sure to find her heart brooding over the sweet days when that child's innocent baby-face looked up to hers from the glad breast.

With saddening force it struck home to Horace—Chester's sensitive, nicely-poised nature; the strain there must have been upon it; his own apathy toward a soul in supreme agony. Then with some impatience he asked why it was that Chester could never get his foot on the ladder, while he, Horace, had scaled it. He had earned his money by his own industry, prudence and sagacity: he had a right to it—the right to use it as he saw fit—to divide with Chester or not as he chose. Chester had shared equally in their father's estate.

The question was not yet answered: it was only put one step back. If God had given him more of industry, prudence and sagacity than Chester had received, was it not equivalent to his hav-

ing the start in the race, to his having the advantage in capital?

For the first time the thought came to Horace that perhaps a man has not a right to all the money which may come to him.

The low sun dropped into the river, and the swift river seemed pursuing it into the shadowy west. Softly came on the dusk, so sweet and soothing to happy spirits, so heartbreaking to those that sorrow. Then Horace went into the little house with a new light in his heart. He sat down by Chester's side as Margaret prepared the tea, and said, "I mean to help you, Chester: I ought to have helped you before, but I had no sense of how things were with you. Now tell me freely how best I can help you. What can I do for you?" Horace's tone was earnest and cordial.

"Help me to get my scientific collections to market." This was Chester's prompt answer to his brother's inquiry. "I have very fine collections, arranged and put up ready for shipping," he continued. "I want to get them to Professor H——, State geologist of M——. I think he will buy them, in part at least, and then Margaret will have money. I have had some correspondence with Professor H——, and he has intimated that he might buy my collections if he could examine them. Of course he cannot buy in the dark."

"Do you really suppose, Chester, that anybody would buy a lot of stones and dried plants?" Horace said incredulously.

"I know if I were a rich man I would pay ten thousand dollars for such collections as mine; but if I were a rich man I would not sell my beautiful fossils and plants for any money. They have so much of my time and of my life wrought into them, so many sweet memories"—and Chester's mind went back to his careless boyhood and to the blessed days when he and his comrade had searched the woods and bluffs together—"so much sorrow, that they are consecrated. It will seem something like selling my father's grave, but Margaret must have relief. I would sell myself if it would bring that. I have some of the finest

crinoids in the world. I shall surely find a buyer if I can only get them before appreciative eyes."

"Well, I'll manage it," said Horace. "Now about your eyes, Chester. What do the doctors say? Do they think the sight hopelessly gone?"

"The physicians here have decided that there is no help for me. I have thought so, but Margaret has recently been reading up on the diseases of the eye: she thinks from the descriptions that I have cataract. If this is the case, an operation and cataract-glasses might restore my sight. But I have very little hope of any relief."

"We must try everything," Horace said. "Why in the world, Chester, didn't you write to me plainly about your condition? It is horrible to think that you were suffered to go blind when you might have had help."

"You were written to, Horace," Chester said.

"I never for a moment imagined how things were with you. I thought you were needlessly alarmed. I had no idea that you were driven to the wall, as you are. You should have written boldly and urgently, and demanded help as your right. I wish to Heaven you had gone and broken open my safe and helped yourself: I would have thanked you for it. If Homer had been here, the matter would not have gone to such lengths. He would have had an eye to you. He was quite ready to push you off into deep waters, but if he had seen you drowning he'd have plunged in to the rescue. But my life has been so crowded with my heavy business and my large family that it was hard to arrest my attention. But we will start tomorrow, or as soon as possible, for the best oculist in the country."

"I thank you, Horace."

Well, this proved to be the raising of the siege. The pitiless Fates that had beleaguered went their way. Troubles never come singly: neither do joys. Even before Chester had left Cumminsville to consult skilled oculists, the *avant-courier* of the good Fates arrived.

This was a cheque for sixty dollars from a prominent magazine for a scientific paper which he had contributed. It was accompanied by an invitation from the editor for other scientific papers of a popular character. Chester's collections were shipped to Professor H—, and were placed in the M— State Museum, Chester receiving fifty-five hundred dollars, with the privilege of redeeming them at any time within two years.

But before this matter was concluded another of more vital importance to Chester had been decided. His trouble *was* cataract, and it was amenable to treatment, as the result, indeed, proved. Both eyes were operated upon by extraction of the lens. In a few months, by the use of glasses, Chester Folds again beheld the face of his child and looked into the thankful eyes of his comrade.

And Chester was spared the hardship

of dependent life. The scientific paper before mentioned had no sooner been given to the world than scientists recognized in it the enthusiasm and devotion of a native naturalist, combined with painstaking observation and scholarly moulding. So Chester found work in the direction of his loves, and never, surely, was there a more cheerful worker. He never became rich, for it is not with gold that Nature rewards those who earnestly seek her. The work itself was its own exceeding great reward.

Chester is to-day a recognized leader among the scientists, for before ending this plain story I have to confess that Chester Folds is the fictitious name of a living, working naturalist in New England who has lived the agonies and the joys and the thankfulness I have attempted to portray.

SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

MEDICAL EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

THERE may be in the community a wide diversity of opinion as to the power of the medical profession for good, but there certainly must be a great unanimity as to its power for evil. What may be called the medical instinct of the race is so strong that in times of serious illness the most inveterate scoffer is fain to call upon the physician. The public has therefore a vital interest in the practical skill of the profession, and, as this skill is chiefly the result of technical education, in the training of young physicians. The methods of education pursued in this country are at present singularly imperfect, and the need of some control from without the profession is imperative. In order to furnish a standard of comparison I shall first detail the methods of medical education practiced in the chief countries of Europe, where this whole matter, as befits its importance, is regulated by law.

In Great Britain the candidate, if he be not a graduate of one of the great universities, is required, before entering upon his technical studies, to pass a thorough examination in the English language (grammar and composition), arithmetic, algebra, geometry, Latin and one of the following subjects: Greek, French, German, or natural philosophy. After registration, four years must be occupied in the study of medicine before the examination which precedes a license to practice. During this period the student is required to attend at least four winter, or three summer and two winter, courses of lectures in some medical college acknowledged by the licensing board, and must spend the remainder of the time walking the wards of a hospital, in daily attendance on the sick as dresser, note-taker, etc. For these hospital duties may be substituted work in certain strictly defined positions in which

equal experience is gained, such as attendance on the sick under physicians of eminence. The licensing board, which is appointed under government supervision, is composed of men who are not engaged in teaching, and who therefore have no possible interest in passing the candidates. The examination, partly oral, partly written, is very severe, and comprises, besides anatomy and physiology, which occupy two successive evenings, botany, materia medica, pharmacy and the various branches of practical medicine.

The French student must be a bachelor of science before he can enter the École de Médecine. He is enrolled as a *bénévole*, and commences his special studies by walking the hospital at the morning visit of his chosen physician, assisting in dressing minor and perhaps major cases of surgery, attending such lectures as he pleases, and working in the chemical, physiological and other laboratories. At the end of the first year he must pass an examination in Latin, mathematics, physics, zoology, chemistry, botany, etc. During the second year anatomy and physiology form the *pièce de résistance* of his studies, and at the end of the time mentioned he passes a very strict examination for the position of hospital *externe*. If he is successful, he labors in the hospital, and prepares for a still more severe trial at the end of the third year. If he now passes in anatomy, physiology and pathology, he enters the hospital as *interne*, and acts as a resident physician while preparing himself for the final examination, which he may, if he chooses, attempt in the fourth year. As this examination is dreaded, many internes avail themselves of the opportunity which is afforded them of spending four years in the hospital. When this is done the whole course of study extends over nine years. The final examination includes chemistry, zoology, botany and the usual branches of medical study, besides the bedside elucidation of several cases, with a written dissertation, and lastly the thesis.

In Germany the student must be a graduate of a gymnasium, which implies

about the amount of culture possessed by a student of one of our first colleges at the end of his junior year. The term of study varies from four to five years in different states. During the first two years the time of the German medical student is very fully occupied with enforced attendance at certain prescribed lectures and with laboratory exercises. At the end of the two years he passes a severe examination in physics, botany (or mineralogy), zoology, comparative anatomy, human anatomy and physiology. If successful, he enters upon two years of hard practical work in and about hospitals and lecture-rooms, and perhaps at the end of the time specified takes the degree of doctor of medicine. Very frequently, however, he altogether despises this mere university honor, which does not entitle him to practice. He continues to attend all sorts of medical courses, does himself a large amount of practice in the dispensaries, and finally, at the end of five or six years, offers himself for the severe public ordeal which alone gives the right to practice. This examination is held by a commission appointed by the government, and lasts from two to three weeks.

Such are the preparations which in England, France and Germany the law enforces upon those who are to practice the art of healing. Even in the republics of South America, in communities which we are accustomed to look upon as only semi-civilized, similar care is exercised. The law in all enlightened countries, excepting the United States, rigidly controls the practice of medicine, and protects the citizen, as far as can be done by law, from incompetency in the physician.

However much the methods adopted in these various countries may differ in detail, they all agree in recognizing both the necessity of legislative control and the existence of certain principles of medical education. These principles seem so self-evident as to need no elaborate defence. They are simply the application of the broad laws of correct higher education to the especial business of preparing men to practice medicine. They

may be briefly stated as follows: First, general education must precede the technical training; second, the technical education must be graded, the student first studying chemistry, botany and such other branches of the natural sciences as are fundamental to the science proper of medicine, then taking up anatomy and physiology, or the sciences which treat of healthy structure and of healthy function, passing to the study of pathology, or the science of diseased structure and of diseased function, and finally entering upon the investigation of the various problems of clinical or bedside medicine; third, the instruction must not be merely in theory, but must give also practical knowledge and training, such as is acquired only in the dissecting-room, in the laboratory and in daily contact with disease in the hospital-wards; fourth, sufficient time must be allotted for the course, four years probably being the least possible time for the complete preparation of a man of average ability; fifth, the fitness of the candidate for honors must be decided by men who have no interest either in rejecting or admitting him to practice, and who therefore will judge without bias.

In the United States the law does not regulate medical education, and each of the principles just enumerated is habitually and everywhere disregarded. No preliminary examination is required, and many of the students are ignorant of the branches of a sound English education. It is said that of a large number of graduates of reputable medical schools who presented themselves before the United States examining army board, ten per cent. could not add one-third and one-half, and six per cent. stoutly maintained that the earth went round the sun, and that the eclipse of the sun was owing to the earth coming between it and the moon. This statement, not being founded on the authority of any official publication, may not be correct, but it is certain that many persons graduate and practice medicine who have never received even a grammar-school education.

The proof of the asserted disregard of the second, third and fourth principles

of the enumeration given in the preceding column is best afforded by a brief sketch of the way in which a student is educated in one of our medical colleges. The remarks which follow do not apply to the medical department of Harvard College or to one or two other schools, but are founded upon the otherwise universal practice of the hundred professional colleges of the country. The official teaching consists simply of an annual course of lectures commencing early in October and ending the last of February. The student is obliged to dissect, but this is the only practical duty required of him. No laboratory exercise is enjoined, and no opportunity for useful hospital work is usually afforded. The latter assertion may seem a bold one, since the schools talk so loudly in their circulars concerning clinical advantages. The clinical teaching, however, in an American hospital is comprised in the following routine: Once or twice a week, from one to five hundred men being congregated in an amphitheatre, the professor lectures upon a case brought into the arena, perhaps operates, and when the hour has expired the class is dismissed. Evidently, under such circumstances there cannot be the training of the senses, the acquiring of a knowledge of the hourly play of symptoms of disease and of familiarity with the proper handling of the sick and wounded, which is of such vital importance, and which can be the outcome only of daily contact with patients.

Further, in the American medical college the instruction is not graded. Sometimes the professor occupies more than one winter in completing his course, but always it is the same repetition, course after course, men fresh from the plough and those who are about to graduate sitting side by side on the benches. Moreover, the time allotted to these lectures is so short that many subjects of vital practical interest to the physician are not even touched upon.

The notion that any proper knowledge of medicine can be acquired in two winters is an absurdity so gross as to need no comment. Nominally, indeed, the

American student is obliged to study during three years, but in practice he very frequently occupies but a year and a half in acquiring his profession, and very often even a much less length of time. The printed requirements of the chief colleges demand that the student should pass a year and a half in the office of a physician before beginning to attend lectures; but when the candidate matriculates he is not even questioned as to how long he has studied, much less asked for a certificate of his having studied with a physician, or examined to see if he have any knowledge of the rudiments of medicine. He simply writes in a book, "John Jones of Texas, preceptor," or what else he pleases, and on his graduating thesis fills up a printed form concerning the period of his study; and the result of such a loose system always must be exactly what it is at present—*i. e.*, by far the larger proportion of students do not study the full three years. On his thesis a student usually dates his medical studies from the time he buys his first *Chemistry* or conceives his first idea of a medical career. That much the larger proportion of the men come from the country utterly untrained and destitute of even a slight familiarity with medical terms is notorious. Even worse than this, however, is the fact that the summer between the two winter courses is very often not spent in medical study, but in idleness, or not rarely in acquiring in the school-room or harvest-field the pecuniary means of spending the subsequent winter in the city. My official positions bring me yearly in contact with many hundreds of medical students, and in conjunction with medical friends I have had nearly five hundred private medical pupils in the last ten or twelve years, and I therefore speak from personal knowledge. This experience has shown that even in our foremost colleges a large proportion of the students do not do in all a solid year of work.

Lastly, in our American medical teaching the fitness of the candidate for medical honors is decided upon by professors whose interests are directly dependent

upon their readily passing the applicants for the degree—a fact which would alone sufficiently account for the steady depreciation of the standard of requirements.

In order to understand the practical working of our system of medical education, and to appreciate how wretchedly inadequate it is, and how harmful must be its results, it is necessary to glance at the origin, development and organization of the American medical college.

The *Pennsylvania Medical Gazette* for November 25, 1762, announced that William Shippen, Jr., would the following evening begin at his father's house in Fourth street, Philadelphia, a course of lectures upon anatomy. This was the beginning of medical teaching on this continent, and on September 26, 1775, the same newspaper chronicled the birth of the first medical college, with Dr. Shippen and Dr. John Morgan as its professors. Since this date the schools have multiplied marvelously, and by a very simple process. A number of physicians of greater or less prominence in some growing town or city resolve to start a medical college. A charter is obtained, usually without difficulty: the self-appointed professors buy or rent a building, send out their announcements, and begin to teach. Sometimes, to render their operations more dignified, to gain influence and support, or for some other real or supposed advantage, the faculty elect a board of trustees. For its maintenance the new school, like our old University, is dependent upon the fees derived from the students. The attractions which it has to offer to young men are twofold—the educational advantages, and the right to practice a profession which is believed, at least by those who do not know better by experience, to be at once honorable and lucrative. Of these attractions the second is undoubtedly the more powerful, and the medical faculties or schools may be in truth looked upon as joint-stock companies or copartnerships possessed of a valuable franchise. Usually, some capital has to be furnished by the professors or their friends, and the annual expenses are large, amounting in some

schools to ten thousand dollars a year. The expenses must be met, whether the professors get anything or not. Outside of a few of our Eastern cities most of the teachers do not usually expect to receive much direct recompense for their labors, the professorship being valued as an advertisement. A custom which binds the profession with the iron rigidity of a social law is that no medical man may announce himself in the daily press even by a simple card. Even one who essays to practice a special branch is ostracised in many localities if he merely puts "aurist" or "oculist" on his window-shutter or door-plate. But if the physician be connected with a public institution, that institution must advertise him in the course of its own necessary advertisement. Hence, in the great majority of cases, the professor's chair becomes very valuable as a road to practice. The college announcements in the daily press, the catalogues and circulars scattered broadcast by thousands, the exercises and éclat of commencement day, all keep before the public the fact that Dr. — is a great authority on this or that class of diseases. Moreover, what is more legitimate and natural, the graduates of the school when they meet with difficulties in practice are very prone to call in consultation their old teachers.

Such are the rewards of the professors for their labors, but in order to pay expenses, and in order to achieve respectability for the school, a large class must be obtained. The benches of the rival college must be depleted as much as possible, and as many young men as possible must be induced to study medicine. As there are now in the United States over a hundred medical colleges, whilst the natural demand would call for not more than a dozen, it is no longer easy to obtain good classes. Long ago the fees were reduced to the lowest point—now they are being abolished; long ago the time of study was shortened to a year—now it is being reduced to months; long ago the standard of graduation was very low—now it is approaching zero. The schools vie with one another in shortening the period of study, so that

at present a course of nine consecutive months will in some of our Western cities convert the veriest boor almost without expense into a regular physician. A mock examination closes the farce, after which the tragedy begins.

In the leading colleges of our Eastern cities the professorships still have a pecuniary value, the fees have not been reduced, and the plan of the two winter courses, as previously described, with all its deficiencies, is strictly followed. But the examinations are very slight compared with those of Europe. In this city it must be so, in order that the schools may compete successfully with others in New York and in the West. A great deal has been written about the improvements in the Philadelphia schools; but the truth is, that these improvements consist only in offering greater facilities to those who wish to study, the requirements for graduation being certainly no higher than they were ten years ago, and I believe even lower. Less than one-third of the class fully avail themselves of the offered opportunities, so that comparatively little good has been effected by the changes. At Harvard a truer advance has been made in the adoption of a graduated course of instruction, comprising laboratory and actual clinical work, the whole extending over three years. In other words, Harvard has copied the European plan of medical teaching in some of its essential features, and as a consequence its medical diploma is the *only one* issued by any prominent American medical college which is a *guarantee* that its possessor has been well educated in the science and practice of medicine.

Probably most of the readers of this article are able to understand the importance of auscultation and percussion, or the arts of eliciting and interpreting the sounds of the heart and lungs. Modern medical practice rests upon these arts, and the physician who does not have a practical knowledge of them is at least as badly off as a sea-captain unacquainted with navigation. Yet none of our colleges make even a pretence of requiring the candidate to have such knowledge; and as a matter of fact the great

majority of those who take the degree of doctor of medicine do so whilst absolutely ignorant in this regard.

A striking illustration of the benumbing effect of long custom upon the perceptive powers, and of the degradation of medical education in this country, is furnished by the last catalogue of the Michigan University, an institution which is deservedly regarded as the chief centre of culture in the West. It is affirmed in this official publication that "the University of Michigan has aimed to elevate the standard of medical attainments, as will appear by consulting the requirements for medical degrees." On "consulting the requirements" for degrees, I find the following facts: The student of civil or mining engineering is examined prior to admission in the English and French languages, geography, history, mathematics, natural philosophy, botany, zoology, geology and geometrical drawing, and is required to study for *four years*: the student of medicine is examined before entering in the *elementary* branches of an English education, and is required to attend *two* courses of lectures of *six months* each. The student of pharmacy receives about the same examination as his medical confrère, and studies *two full years*. Is it not time for some one to speak in unmistakable terms when the foremost educators of the nation self-complacently assert, "Our aim has been to elevate the standard of medical attainments," although they require for their medical degree scarcely a sixth part of what they do for their degree in engineering, and barely more than half of what they deem necessary for the mere druggist?

In estimating the necessity for legal control of the practice of medicine, it must be remembered that there are depths below depths—that all which has been here written applies to the "regular" colleges, whose standard is undoubtedly above that of the various homœopathic, eclectic and other sectarian medical institutions. These grade down to the very lowest ebb—to schools where a diploma can be bought, without even a pretence of knowledge on the part of

the buyer, for thirty or even fifteen dollars—a diploma, be it remembered, which the law recognizes and which the public has generally no means of discriminating from others.

Owing to the low requirements for graduation, and the great zeal of the various medical schools, some of which "toot" for practice in all sorts of ways, the number of doctors yearly let loose in the United States is something fearful to contemplate. During 1874, in the German empire, with a population of 42,000,000, 660 physicians were licensed for practice, while in this country, the population being only 40,000,000, there were 3000 graduates of medicine. The number of unqualified practitioners is even greater than the facts or figures already cited would naturally indicate; for not only are diplomas with erased names advertised for sale by men who have given up practice, but in the language of a distinguished physician of St. Louis, "the facts are fast becoming known throughout the world, and America is fast becoming the promised land for the quack and impostor in medicine of the world. The men who fail to pass the government boards for license, either in Europe or South America, flock to the United States for an open field."

I do not know that the above facts can be rendered any stronger by the citation of individual cases of medical malpractice, but it may be allowable to detail one instance, since it was the sight witnessed in that chamber of death which was the last incentive to the writing of the present article. I was summoned last spring to see in consultation a man who had been under the care of a physician said to be practicing under the ægis of a diploma legal in all respects. The patient proved to be suffering from an intense inflammation of the bowels, which paralyzed their movements, just as a similar condition of the voluntary muscles will paralyze a limb. As a consequence of this arrest of the intestinal movements there was obstinate constipation, which the doctor had determined must be overcome at all hazards. In the anteroom the physician, with an air curiously com-

* Crostanes ceased by the p medical drops in a hea

pounded of deference, pomposity and impudence, said, "Professor, I am no homœopath; I am a regular physician; I am no dealer in infinitesimals. I treat actively. This man has an obstruction, and I was bound to move it. I have given him, in thirty-six hours, one hundred and twenty grains of blue pill, half an ounce of turpentine, eight ounces of castor oil and twenty-eight drops of croton oil.* Then I blistered his whole abdomen, and this morning he is being cupped." Then with a flourish he added, "Doctor, his bowels are open—he is better." We then went into the chamber. On the bed lay a man pale and ghastly with the gathering hues of death. His exposed abdomen, a raw surface from a recent severe blister, was covered with cut-cups placed in rows as closely and as neatly as possible, some filled to the top or filling, others freshly put on for the second time, with the blood just spurting into them. A basinful of blood and water stood by the bed: there was a smear of blood over everything. Turning to the patient, and pointing to the raw blister beneath the cups, I said, "Don't these hurt you frightfully?" A faint light glimmered in the sunken eyes, while a hollow whisper came back: "Of course they do, doctor; but," looking at his wife, about to become again a mother, with three little children clinging to her skirts, "my family are dependent on me: I would suffer anything to get well." Of necessity, in a few hours the scene closed over this victim of legalized murder.

The instance just narrated is perhaps an extreme one, but similar occurrences of a less aggravated type are happening in an unbroken succession in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and doubtless throughout the country.

It will perhaps be urged, by way of answer to the statements in this article, that we have many eminent medical men, and that the system which has produced

these cannot be so defective as it has been here represented. It is beyond cavil that there are thousands of physicians in the United States who are of the highest practical skill, that there are numerous writers upon practical medicine of great celebrity, and that there are a few investigators of worldwide renown. The great resources of the medical profession in America were proved during the civil war, when there was created in a few months a service which for magnitude and efficiency has rarely if ever been equaled. Indeed, military medicine was raised by it to a point never reached before that time in Europe, and the results achieved have in many points worked a revolution in the science.

But while all this is cheerfully acknowledged, the fact remains that there is a great and constantly increasing number of practitioners who are totally unfit for the momentous duties with which they are legally entrusted. The great objection to our system of medical education is not that men cannot be educated, but that they are not required to be educated. Nor do our medical colleges afford opportunities for thorough medical training. Outside of the public official teaching, a system of private instruction has been developed in almost all our large city hospitals; and it is to this that such of our physicians as are at all properly educated *before* graduation owe their instruction. But the largest proportion of our prominent physicians have educated themselves *after* graduation. One of the most distinguished of our young medical men said recently in conversation, "I graduated in seventeen months in one of our two prominent city schools with the knowledge of the faculty, and was thrust immediately into a responsible position, although I knew absolutely nothing about my profession." In a few cases the young graduate gains his first practical knowledge while serving as a hospital resident under the supervision of experienced men; more rarely he goes to Europe and perfects himself there; but usually he is thrown at once on his own resources, gaining his experience without supervision and at the expense of the poorer

* Croton oil being one of the most irritating substances known, a single drop would have greatly increased the intestinal inflammation, and consequently the patient's danger. Dr. Taylor, in his work on medical jurisprudence, affirms that fifteen to twenty drops of croton oil might produce fatal inflammation in a healthy man.

classes, who naturally fall to his charge, and whose ignorance precludes them from any even approximately correct estimate of a physician's skill. It is one of the saddest features of our system that the famed skill of our best physicians should so often be acquired at such a cost.

It is very often easy to tear down, but very difficult to build up. Fortunately, in the present instance the remedy is as easily pointed out as the defects. The application of it lies not with the medical, but with the law-making profession. What is done in every other civilized community should be done here. The right to practice should be guarded by strict laws. No new enactments need be made concerning the colleges, but the power of granting the right to practice should be taken away from them by the appointment of State examining boards, whose license should be a prerequisite to an entrance into the active profession. At its last session the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed a law to protect the people against quacks: let it pass that which is needed far more, a law to protect the people against incompetent doctors. The first difficulty which presents itself in the organizing of such boards grows out of the existence of the so-called medical sects. This may be readily overcome in one of two ways. The differences involve only the treatment of disease. Let, then, the board examine only in the other branches. The man who has passed a severe examination in the fundamental sciences of medicine—chemistry, anatomy, physiology and pathology—as well as in the natural history and diagnosis of disease and injuries and the principles of mechanical treatment, may with some degree of safety be trusted for the rest. But perhaps a better method would be a modification of the plan which has been found to work so well in Canada. To a board which examines all candidates in such branches of medical science as are common to all the sects might be appended supplemental boards which should examine in therapeutics only, the candidate selecting at will the representatives of the regular, homœopathic or eclectic system.

The proposition to inaugurate State boards will of course meet with much opposition. There are in the United States between one and two thousand medical professors. As such an enactment as has been indicated would work inevitable ruin to all but a few of the principal institutions, a very large proportion of the professors—some of them men of deservedly very wide influence—would of course bitterly oppose its passage. Some years ago a movement for the creation of a State medical board in a neighboring Commonwealth was, I believe, defeated by the strenuous efforts of the medical colleges. To these efforts strength is added both by the very natural repugnance regular physicians have to be in even an indirect way associated with that which they believe to be either folly or fraud, and by the widespread belief that any legal processes or control must under our government become the sport of politicians. I think, however, that the profession is becoming more and more ripe for the change: indeed, the State Medical Society of Michigan has formally requested of the legislature the formation of a board similar to that which exists in Canada.

More unexpectedly, in Canada a very decided opposition to legislation has been offered by the homœopaths and other medical sects. This appears to be based upon the fact that where scientific medical culture abounds these especial doctrines do not meet with much favor. The various interests which may be expected to oppose the proposed legislation possess unitedly a great deal of strength; and as there is no one who can have the incentive of personal gain to push the matter, it is scarcely probable that the desired legislative action will be taken. This being the case, the only remedy for the existing evil is to raise the standard in our large Eastern colleges as rapidly as possible. A strong desire is felt by its medical alumni that the University of Pennsylvania should take the lead in this reform. It is proposed to increase the corps of professors; to substitute for the present system of lectures a graded course combining laboratory, lecture-room and

clinical bedside instruction, with an examination at the end of each year; and to render the professors independent of their class by giving fixed salaries, the fees of the students going to the treasury of the university. If these changes are made, a very great reduction of the class must at first ensue. With the Bellevue and other colleges in New York, and the Jefferson College in this city, offering their degree at about one-third of the cost in labor, time and money, the classes in the University must be small until the value of its instruction and the superiority of its degree become generally recognized. But one reformed medical school must in the end force its competitors to follow the same course. Medical men of reputation will not be found willing to connect themselves with institutions of in-

ferior standing. What is needed is the means of bridging over the period of deficiency before the general standard has been raised. This it is proposed to accomplish by obtaining annual subscriptions for a term of years. In order, however, to create and maintain a medical school worthy of the country a permanent endowment fund must also be raised. Laboratories must be provided, hospitals established and supported, a corps of competent instructors appointed and salaried. In no other way can medical education in the United States be placed on the same level as that of other civilized countries, and the public be efficiently protected against the disastrous activity of a multitude of untrained and reckless practitioners. H. C. WOOD, JR., M. D.

BETRAYAL.

THE sun has kissed the violet sea,
And turned the violet to a rose.
O Sea! wouldst thou not better be
Mere violet still? Who knows? who knows?
Well hides the violet in the wood:
The dead leaf wrinkles her a hood,
And winter's ill is violet's good;
But the bold glory of the rose,
It quickly comes and quickly goes—
Red petals whirling in white snows,
Ah me!

The sun has burnt the rose-red sea:
The rose is turned to ashes gray.
O Sea! O Sea! mightst thou but be
The violet thou hast been to-day!
The sun is brave, the sun is bright,
The sun is lord of love and light;
But after him it cometh night.
O anguish of the lonesome dark!
Once a girl's body, stiff and stark,
Was laid in a tomb without a mark,
Ah me!

SIDNEY LANIER.

RISKS.

I.

DURING his summer's stay at Conway, Lemuel Dane of New York had acquired the agreeable fame of being "devoted" to a Miss Miriam Littingford, resident of the same city, and also one among the transient population of whom Fashion makes mountaineers for certain three or four months out of the twelve. As the season drew to a close Mr. Dane and Miss Littingford were both among the lingerers. But the former suddenly took his departure one day, and left Miriam there alone, to watch with diminished fervor the rapid fading of autumnal splendors. She must certainly have been surprised at this move of his. But Dane's finances had fallen into a state which alarmed him, and which demanded his immediate return to New York. At least he thought it was his finances: perhaps it was destiny.

Dane was a speculator in stocks; young, handsome and apparently prosperous. What with his ventures in this kind, and the editing of a small periodical treating of financial specialties, he made a fair enough living; but he had unfortunately invested, some two or three years before, with the Castle Gold-mine Company, which, instead of being an organization for the production of gold, had proved to be solely adapted to absorption of the same. It was now steadily declining toward ruin, and as the amount he had risked was rather large—by the scale of his purse—Dane was extremely anxious to avert his share of the disaster.

Hurrying to the city, he was nevertheless diverted and detained for a day or two in Boston by the accidental presence there of some young men numbered among his acquaintance. Now, as Fate would have it, just as he was ascending a certain steep street on Beacon Hill, he espied on the other side of the way the figure of a young woman plainly dressed in thin black stuffs, but wearing a small

hat in which a single scarlet bird's wing had been deftly and jauntily fixed. There was something about this wing at once defiant and inviting to Dane. It awoke in him an instinct akin to that of a sportsman: here was a wild, pretty creature (he thought) within easy reach and speaking range, yet on the point of escaping from his sight, perhaps for ever. It was not the first time that a young and pretty woman, passing him, had thus impressed him; but on this occasion he did not preserve his mental and moral balance as well as it had hitherto been within his power to do. Possible money-reverses impending had dashed his mood with recklessness. He resolved to accost the young woman. This freak was assisted by the fact of her glancing around at that moment. Her face was fresh and bright, the expression frank and innocent; but Dane had the hardihood to construe her smiling look into one of pleasure at the notice she had excited in him. He went over to the other sidewalk, quickened his pace, and came up beside her. "Can you tell me the shortest way to Louisburg Square?" he asked at a venture, touching his hat.

The girl was startled at first; then calmly surprised. "No," said she: "I'm a stranger here."

"Ah!" resumed Dane, hesitating, "then perhaps I can be of service to you?"

She looked puzzled, but her surprise soon changed to alarm. "How? No. I wish you would leave me," she stammered. Then she flushed, with a sense of having been ill-mannered.

"You know your way, then?" persisted Dane, though feeling that his rash conduct was bringing its own merited failure. "I hope it lies with mine a little farther."

They were at this moment crossing a street that led out of the one they were on. The girl moved as if to turn into

it. Dane moved also, opening his lips to say—he did not clearly know what further. But at this she looked at him with genuine indignation and a warning sweep backward with her hand: then hurried away from him. The young speculator paused at the corner and watched the dainty figure recede, the scarlet feather emphasizing her retreat, as it were. For one brief instant, moved by curiosity or clinging apprehension, she glanced back, but quickly turned her head again and made off with renewed energy. In that instant Dane had attempted to make the gesture of throwing her a kiss with his hand, but in the very act thought better of it, and desisted with a sense of anger at his own behavior.

He now set himself in motion again, and the street was left empty, and seemingly ignorant of the episode just enacted on its pavements. Dane had excused himself for remaining on the corner by saying to himself that open war was declared by the pretty stranger's brusque treatment of him. Had Miss Littingford been a witness of the scene, however, she might have been pardoned for differing with him as to the validity of this argument, and perhaps for a refusal to accept any explanation of the affair. Lemuel should have thanked his stars that she was opportunely remote among the New Hampshire mountains. But many windows looked upon the street, and, discreet though the closed shutters seemed, prying eyes lurked behind the blinds of at least one among them. So soon as Dane disappeared a shutter in a second story softly opened, and a graceful feminine head, leaning out, peered cautiously and curiously after the vanishing form of the girl in black.

Meanwhile, the young man proceeded to the Common, sat down on a bench there, and began to ruminate. He forgot Louisburg Square, forgot Miss Littingford (if indeed he had remembered her in recent moments), forgot even the Castle Gold-mine. Though he was ashamed of himself, he could not shake off the sudden fascination with which the little woman in black, through no fault of her own, had seized his fancy.

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Well, why should he be ashamed? He resolved not to be.

"If I could only see her again, once!" he muttered. He went back, roamed the streets in the neighborhood of that on which he had met her; but all to no purpose.

She of the scarlet wing had made her way to the North End. Halting before a small, cleanly sailors' boarding-house in a remote street, she waited an instant to recover from the haste she had made, and then went in. In a moment she reappeared, accompanied by a man of stalwart frame clothed in dark trousers and a thick pea-jacket. His face, enclosed by a rough, grizzly beard and a low-crowned felt hat, fairly blazed with the tints that cutting winds and sun-glare from the sea can imprint upon a healthy skin in twenty years of marine life. His eyes were calm, blue and keen.

This was the girl's father, hight Skipper Rufus Rulison.

The two made their way across the North End, through dingy streets full of evil smells, and emerged in front of a great railroad-station; where they took train for Portsmouth, and were soon whizzing along the coast north-eastward.

"I'm glad we're away," said the skipper's daughter at last.

"How's that, 'Miry? I thought you was enjoying yourself."

Elmira took off her hat, retouching some particulars of the trimming, and looking gravely at the bright plumage on it.

"It seems to me a dangerous, wicked place."

"Why, what's happened now?" asked the skipper, astonished.

"Oh, nothing; only—"

"Ho, ho!" laughed her father. Then, after a pause: "Fears, 'Miry? Fancies—all fancies, my girl. You're as safe there 's at home, I tell ye. Keep your thoughts on the Almighty, my girl, and He'll never forget ye. Why, when you go to the city—to York, 'Miry—you'll find it a sight worse there than Boston."

"But I shall have—Ted," exclaimed she, blushing.

The skipper laughed once more. "As

true as you live," he said—"true enough. And Ted pulls a better oar than old Providence himself, hey? Well! well!"

Miry continued to blush: the scarlet wing on the hat lying in her lap seemed to have thrown a glow upon her cheeks. Her eyes met her father's with a half-arch expression, and then she lapsed into long, smiling reverie.

II.

Arrived in New York, Dane found awaiting him, at his office in Pine street, the following letter:

"PORTSMOUTH, October 27.

"DEAR SIR: You remember when we made acquaintanceship in your city, that time you attended to some insurance for me, you said you would always do anything in your line for me if I would drop you a line. I write this to let you know my only daughter, Elmira, is going up to York, come Christmas, to get married to Ted Bigelow. He lives in Harlem: I started him boatbuilding there. Have got about five thousand laid up, which should like to invest for her benefit. Suppose you can do it better than anybody I know of. Should like it if you would write what best to do. Or will enclose cheque, and you send me something to show for it.

"Yours truly, RUFUS RULISON."

Dane paced up and down the neat-patterned carpet of his little office for some time, then took out a cigar, lighted it and sat down at his desk to write. As the fragrant smoke rolled out over the paper, a carefully composed note—but no less a reckless one—flowed from his pen:

"MY DEAR RULISON: Your letter comes very opportunely. I was on the point of selling off some gold-mine stock, and can just as well let you as any one else have it, though the value of the shares really foots up rather more than five thousand dollars at par. The stock is depreciated now, but is expected to yield at least fifteen per cent. when the mine gets into working-order. As you leave the matter to my judgment, I have no hesitation

in transferring the stock to your name, and will send you a certificate of ownership immediately. With thanks for your confidence, and great pleasure in being able to comply with your wish,

"I remain yours, LEMUEL DANE."

The letter written, the transfer having been effected on the company's books, and Dane having lunched, he went up town earlier than usual, and breathing with new freedom. From a friend whom he happened to meet in the evening he learned that Miss Littingford was expected to return to New York very shortly. Now, there were certain points which Lemuel neglected to touch upon in his epistle; and it becomes necessary to furnish a short appendix to that document: 1. The stock had originally been disposed of to Dane at a sum much less than that of its par value, he being a "friend" of the company. 2. Although the Castle Mine was expected to pay "at least fifteen per cent.," the profits were still *in futuro*, for not a single dividend had as yet been declared. 3. Dark suggestions were at this period current among the sagacious as to the soundness of principle of Hon. Alexander Bash (from Missouri), who was treasurer of the corporation and guardian of all stockholders' funds and their future fortunes.

But as the Portsmouth skipper knew nothing of these memoranda considerably furnished to the reader, he was greatly pleased with his acquisition. The stock certificate, elegantly engrossed on parchment-paper, was much the choicest thing with which he had had to do in the way of inscriptions since the time when he had overlooked the carving of his poor wife's tombstone years before.

On the part of 'Miry the month of November went by in simple preparations for her wedding, assisted by a maiden aunt who kept house for the skipper; and on Rulison's part it was occupied with getting ready for a voyage. He meant to mingle business with pleasure, and while 'Miry and her aunt were to go by rail to Harlem, there to remain in the house of the bridegroom and boatbuilder, the sailor designed to carry a cargo

of staves to New York in his old brig, the Bald Eagle. Accordingly, on the fifth day of December anchor was weighed on board the faithful vessel, and she creaked amiably away out of Portsmouth lower harbor, with the skipper, his crew of six men, and—besides the cargo—one fine Maltese cat on board. Rulison carried with him the stock certificate also, safely lodged in an oblong box of lustreless tin, which had always held his ship's papers from time immemorial.

But during this interval Dane also had made a move. He had unexpectedly received a commission to go abroad on a very brief trip as agent for a mercantile house in a transaction for which his peculiar talents were thought desirable. Before Miriam Littingford returned to town he had gone, and by the time this firm-featured young beauty trod the metropolitan pavements her devotee was dining, smoking and drowsing—possibly, too, engaging in fresh flirtations—at a point several hundred miles distant among Atlantic waves. He met with success in his errand. His profits, proportioned to what he might accomplish, reached a considerable figure. Having nothing further to keep him abroad, and a good many things to call him home again, he lost no time in re-embarking; and the steamer in which he took passage from Liverpool to New York left the former port just ten days later than the date of Skipper Rulison's departure from Portsmouth.

His fellow-passengers, though few in number, owing to the time of year, were a merry set, but Dane became eminent among them for his quality of companionableness. His spirits were not so much those of simple, open-hearted jollity as they were the outcome of a self-confident knowingness, illumined by a sort of electric wit and reinforced by great resources for amusing an idle company. These fellow-seafarers of his were not disposed to strain at a gnat; and Dane was more than a gnat, without being a camel. Perhaps they would have discovered, had they been on land, that, though a strong character and full of promise, their young friend, in spite

of a commanding figure, was affected as to his moral nature by a dangerous tilting between the upright and the prostrate attitude; but as it was, the incessant variation of the angle between steamer-deck and horizon may have disturbed their standpoint. He easily took the lead in all enterprises for amusement—organized mock-trials, made pools on the day's run, and was continually laughing and joking with whosoever stood at hand. Under this attractive exterior of carelessness and good-nature, however, were hidden some most lugubrious and harassing memories and longings.

These were associated with two or three distinct individuals having no connection (as Dane supposed) with each other. First, there was the sweet stranger of the scarlet-winged hat, whose image had somehow haunted him since that foolish incident in Boston. Dane made no attempt to analyze his sentiments regarding her, but he found himself slowly, steadily giving in to a desperate longing to see her once more, if only for a moment. He thought—in fact, he was sure—he could efface the disagreeable impression he must have made upon her before. But how? And what would follow upon his doing so? These were questions that he could not answer. Inextricably connected with this subject was the remembrance of Miss Littingford. When he recalled the dainty figure in black on Beacon Hill, he was sure to recall Miriam as well, and with singularly disturbing sensations. She began to assume to him the aspect of a duty. He was conscious of owing her an allegiance. But would he not be eager to acknowledge it and render fealty? Of course; but when he should be quite ready, and not just yet.

The most baneful of all his reflections, though, was this, that he had sold to old Skipper Rulison some absolutely good-for-nothing stock. Five thousand dollars' worth? No, it was \$0000's worth. For shortly before going aboard the steamer at Liverpool, Lemuel had read, among the American despatches, of the sudden collapse that had befallen that specious undertaking, the Castle Gold-

mine. Still more shortly before sailing there came particulars of the disaster in a letter—how the Hon. Mr. Bash, no doubt hopeless of ever getting the mine into good working-order, had suddenly and totally disappeared, carrying with him—as a solace to his disappointed hopes, perhaps—all the company's bullion in a pliant carpet-bag. (No one knew where he had deposited his honor.) Thus was the fact brought home to Dane, simple and scathing to his conscience, that the trustful skipper had been ruined and a young bride robbed of her dowry through *his* agency. All that the speculator (still too thin-skinned for his trade) could do to save his sense of honor was to hope that in some providential way the calamity might be concealed from his victim till he himself should get to New York. Through his recent commission he was fortunately well enough supplied to be able to make up the loss to Rulison without entirely swamping himself. If that could only be effected, he might, he thought, recover his self-respect.

"But it's preposterous to expect it," he exclaimed to himself, breaking off this train of hopes impatiently. "Only a coward or a complete adventurer could look forward to that, and I hope I'm neither yet."

Then there was no way out of it, apparently. He began to fear that in Rulison's eyes he must hereafter stand irretrievably stamped as a conscienceless machinator.

III.

It was in this alien frame of mind that Lemuel Dane found the season of Christmas approaching. Two days after leaving Queenstown the steamer was struck by heavy weather, and had to force her way thenceforth through a sharp succession of malignant storms. The company in the cabin, being, as I have said, a merry set, endeavored to compensate for this by unusual hilarity. But the days became long twilights, and it seemed always as if a limitless night were about to set in over a desert filled with death. Not a single sail had been en-

countered thus far. Eight days blustered darkly by: in three more Christmas would dawn upon them, and still the voyagers found themselves far from home. At this point something amiss became perceptible in the motion of the screw. The captain announced a disaster to that essential part of the machinery which might prolong their sojourn on the water considerably.

Foreboding and fear now settled upon many of the passengers, but Dane gloomily rebelled, within himself, against the fate that was retarding him from that just reparation he had hoped to make to the skipper.

So Christmas Eve came. The morning had brought a lull in the siege of the weather, and hopes were entertained of holding religious service on the morrow, and of otherwise celebrating the day. But in the afternoon the wind rose to its previous pitch, the waves mounted higher, and the steamer was soon heaving and straining through a fresh tempest rolling out from the New England shore. This renewed onset was especially terrible after the previous respite. The muffled buffeting of the waves conveyed a sense of deadly signal for some great calamity. How many men and women in the vessel went to bed that night feeling that they lay nearer to death than ever before!

The scene in the smoking-room, however, sought to belie these grim surroundings. This apartment, placed on the upper deck, stood exposed to the discharges of the elements in their first fury: it had the air of especially taunting the wild powers of night and wind and sea. But a party of gentlemen gathered there at Dane's suggestion, and set about having what is known as "a good time." The place was brightly lighted and had cushioned seats, and with whisky and the warmth of wit they managed to sustain there an atmosphere of hilarity while the hurricane howled through the darkness without. There were story-telling and singing, and a bowl of steaming punch, the contents of which went round in mugs of a seductive smallness. The more turbulent the tempest the gleefuller

became their revel, until shrill whoops of excitement or uproarious hand-whistles rose above the busy hum of voices. No fear of disturbing the sleepers below: boxed up in their state-rooms, and with the sound of the great waves in their ears, they could as little hear these shouts as if they had lain in their graves. But at last—no one knew why—there fell a silence upon the drinkers. In the midst of it an old gentleman known to be an advocate of total abstinence poked his way slowly into the room and sat down innocently to smoke a retiring pipe. Some of the party fell upon him with pressing invitations to drink: they tried to engage him in reciting anecdotes of a dubious character, but he resisted all their appeals.

"Then you must sing," cried Dane.

The old fellow quietly removed his pipe from his lips, and to their surprise began chanting—

"Oh, pilot, 'tis a fearful night:
There's danger on the deep."

His audience smiled a little. The triteness of that apt sentiment struck them as ridiculous. But when he came to the chorus every man joined in, and the most thoughtless wassailers there were ready to support the advice to "trust in Providence wherever thou may'st be." A great variety of approving remarks greeted the end of the song.

"Well done!" said Dane, preparing to drink.

Just then a heavy volley of waves smote the steamer's bows and sent a hissing, foamy tide down the deck that beat restlessly against the thin wooden walls of the room.

"Listen!" cried Lemuel, changing countenance and setting down his mug.

"What?" asked the total abstainer.

"Listen to what?"

"I thought I heard shouts—far out there."

Several rushed to the ports to peer vainly through their black disks.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed a short, red-faced man with a beetling moustache and a baggy eyelid who was smoking fiercely. "You're nervous."

"What if I am?" retorted Dane. "If

ever any one stood a good chance of getting buried without expense, we do."

"Yes, gentlemen," said the abstinence-man, "he's right. Think of the poor fellows that may be pumping for their lives this night."

"That's so," assented the smoker with as much Christian sympathy as seemed convenient. "Come, gentlemen, one more drink all around."

There was a faint, dispirited clashing of glasses, a sullen draining of the last draught; and then the Christmas-keepers went off to their berths.

IV.

The storm was dominant all night, but the morning of Christmas dawned suddenly clear and luminous. The restoration of sunlight and blue sky brought back faith and hope to the anxious passengers. The red-faced gentleman who had sneered at Dane's nerves, however, was somewhat startled, on going above decks before breakfast to clear his head of whisky-fumes, at finding that a heavy sea, shipped between midnight and morning, had nearly stove in one side of the smoking-room. The structure remained whole, but the receding wave had got into one of the lifeboats and torn off one end of it by main force. This illustration of the power of circumstance was too drastic for even so full-blooded a skeptic as he to escape. He stood there a moment gazing at the significant traces of injury with a vague awakening to the solemnity of last night's contrast between the reckless, reveling group in the smoking-room and the giant storm outside, which had come so terribly near murdering them all. The poor man felt almost as if he himself had been stove in. It was with genuine gratitude that he came back to a consciousness of his safety as he turned about and clambered down the gangway to breakfast. Let us hope that his warm coffee, and a fresh cigar after it, did his soul more good that day than these comforts had usually brought him hitherto.

But breakfast was barely over when a cry of "Sail!" arose. Most of the passengers at once assembled on deck. As

yet the vessel which had been sighted was merely a slim upright shaft of sunlit canvas far away on the north-western horizon. She drew quickly nearer, however, propelled by the monstrous wind that still swept over the sea from sky to sky. Presently it was announced that she was a brig, and that she carried her flag reversed as a signal of distress. This reversed flag was the flag of the United States. The officers shut up their telescopes, and the course of the steamer was changed several points, so as to effect an encounter. The clergyman who had proposed holding Christmas services in the cabin now showed himself on deck, but no one offered to go below: there was prospect of other Christmas service that morning.

Although the brig approached swiftly, the delay seemed intolerably long. At the same time, her ultimate presence close at hand seemed almost surprisingly sudden. There she was, beating slowly through the water under the steamer's bows, a mere cockleshell beside her; and to the overstrung apprehension of the passengers it was as if she had been lying there for hours. Her condition was alarming. A rushing spray fringed her low-sunk prow heavily; her topsails hung in fluttering shreds from the yard-arms; the mainsail was flapping loose at one side. It blew out far enough to permit a glimpse down the deck, and the water was seen sweeping from side to side, pouring out through gashes in the bulwark laid open with the axe.

"Waterlogged!" exclaimed the second officer under his breath.

"But is there no one on board?" asked Dane, feeling strangely moved, for no sign of life had thus far been given on board the brig.

The second officer smiled. Just then the brig, passing on toward the steamer's stern, sheered off again before the wind. There was a simultaneous stir of surprise among the gazers, a slight jostling of one another, some murmuring and exclamations of "Look!" and then silence. Huddled together motionless on the small cabin-roof aft of the brig's mainmast seven dark shapes of men were seen,

staring mutely and with a kind of frozen awe upon their faces at the huge steamer and the crowd of watchers from cabin and steerage on her deck. They did not move nor speak, but silently and solemnly looked out upon their neighbors of the great steamship like phantoms barely touching the bounds of human vision, and doomed to disappear within the instant. Their vessel glided on, and began drifting away.

Then one of the phantoms—a shape larger than the rest, and with something of command forthshadowed in his massive form—raised his hands to his lips and shouted. The sound came inarticulate to the steamer. A pause followed; then the steamer captain shouted back: they did not understand each other.

At this moment, "O my God!" murmured Dane, greatly agitated, "I believe I know the man."

The wreck drifted farther. A throbbing horror began to make itself felt in the assembly of helpless spectators of this helpless crew. Then one of the men on the brig bellowed out something in hoarse tones which carried a wordless meaning: the words were not distinguishable, but he made a wild, agonized motion with his arms—downward. Then that which an instant before had been merely a dread intuition among the on-lookers became heart-piercing certainty. A shiver passed through them all. There was a sort of turning to each other for help, for each felt his powerlessness. Some had heard Dane's exclamation, and they looked at him almost with anger because he did nothing to save the objects of the common compassion.

"He says they're sinking, sir," shouted the second officer to the captain, who was on the bridge.

The stern of the brig had now come directly opposite the eyes of the passengers. They tried to read the name. Dane scrutinized it fiercely. "It is the Bald Eagle: it's Rulison," he cried.

"Lower away the starboard pinnace there aft," was the captain's order.

The boatswain whistled, the crew assembled: in a few moments the stout

boat was riding the ribbed swell behind the steamer in tow. But the Bald Eagle was full two miles away, before the wind. At last, when they had been brought near enough, the pinnacle cast off, and her men rowed with might over the great foamless waves for half a mile. Around the brig itself the high-running sea, which hardly showed a whitecap elsewhere, broke whitely and hungrily. When the pinnacle got to it she was in danger of swamping, for the wreck was like a moving reef. Not an eye of all those on the steamer but watched her every instant as if that were her last.

In a moment, however, something was seen to fall from the side of the vessel into the boat—one of the dark forms of the crew, namely. It dropped as easily as a big bundle of wool. Another followed. Four similar bundles dropped in succession, all swiftly. After that a seventh sank slowly into the frail-looking boat. There were now thirteen men, rescuers and rescued, in the pinnacle. She put off, and for an instant became invisible.

"I would give a thousand dollars," cried poor Lemuel, "for another boat to go out to them."

But the pinnacle reappeared, after all, hitherside of the wreck, borne up on a long incline of water, and showing like a dark log in the wide expanse. So far off the oars looked like mere straws dipped idly in and out of the water. It was not man riding the sea in triumph, but the vast, blind ocean allowing a few tiny creatures to play with it for stakes of life or death. Up and down the swirling sea-hills, lost to sight, then reappearing, with oars sparkling in sun and spray, the pinnacle advanced painfully over the track she had gone. But at last she swept bravely under the stern with echoing oars; the men clambered up the black cliff of the steamer's side by ropes flung down to them; the dripping boat itself was swung up to the davits once more. Then the engines began to beat and the screw to tremble; the steamer held on her way again. And the Bald Eagle, her bright white canvas bellying in the wind, her flag with its field of stars turn-

ed downward streaming mournfully out upon the wind, went forth to seek her last resting place, alone and untenanted.

Yet not altogether untenanted. The skipper—his was the large shape that had first made utterance from the brig, and been the last to descend from the brig's deck—now presented his report to the captain. Hungry, exhausted, half frozen, he nevertheless mounted the bridge and stood there for twenty minutes, his old trousers quivering in the stiff wind, while he imparted with due ceremony the official account of his disasters. With a reserved and rather constrained manner he told how they had been twenty days out, had put into Holmes's Hole once, then stood out to sea again, and so received what proved the brig's deathblow in the storm of the previous day. They had been pumping all night to keep afloat until some savior vessel should be met: certain of the crew had had their fingers and ears completely frozen.

"Well, did you bring off all your valuables?" asked the captain of the steamer.

"Yes. Leastways, I left all my *money*, but I've got my papers" (with triumph).

"You're pretty hungry, I suppose?"

"We ain't had anything for thirty-six hours but a few cold potatoes. One thing—the cat was left on board."

After the interview with the captain was over the people in the cabin took him in hand. He was fed, and made to drink: he was clothed in a splendid uniform belonging to the first officer, and was presented with superabundant cigars. But whenever condoled with on the loss of his money he was unresponsive, and invariably mentioned, with an air of plainly proving himself not an object for sympathy, that he had saved "his papers." But the loss of the cat, which he had entrusted to his mate, evidently touched him very much. "It warn't mine, by rights," he explained, "but my da'ter's."

All this Dane (among the rest) listened to with outward signs of decent but not too demonstrative friendly feeling, but inwardly with great perturbation. He saw before him the man whom he

through selfish motives had caused to lose the savings of many years, now further despoiled by the elements, and deprived of his only means for recovering his fortunes. Yet the man did not complain: on the contrary, he mourned not over his own ill lot, but over the trifling loss of his daughter's feline pet. By contrast, Dane felt himself to be as rude and savage as the winds themselves that had broken Rulison's brig, and perhaps had by this time buried it for ever. An almost absurd desire seized him to recover the lost cat. He felt as if he could have swum miles to succeed in that ridiculous endeavor. It was in vain that he taxed himself with the foolishness of the conception: his romantic inclination to serve the skipper's somewhere existing daughter in this particular way gained upon him constantly. If he could have done something generous for her, he said to himself, it would have been in some measure a compensation to the two women who had lately been so often in his mind—the little red-winged blackbird of Boston and Miriam Littingford. Compensation? He weighed the word, and debated whether the notion proceeded merely from fancy or from conscience. Compensation, though, proved to be the right word. For he felt that he had done these women wrong, though no man could lay a finger on his offence.

"How long," he suddenly demanded of Rulison—"how long do you suppose your brig will float still?"

The skipper was surprised at Dane's energy in asking, but said that she might not sink for some hours—perhaps not for half a day.

Lemuel fairly colored at having asked the question. Suddenly a new thought occurred to him. Curious that it had not presented itself before! "Did you save *all* your papers?" he asked with a meaning tone.

Skipper Rulison understood his emphasis, and nodded cheerily. "Ye-es," he said, "yes: I saved 'em. Here;" and he drew out his oblong box of tin, and opened it to show the young man the certificate of Castle mining-stock.

"Oh!" said Dane, hurriedly, "all

right!" He dreaded to have the flourishing parchment-paper displayed.

He managed to change the subject. Soon after Dane went around industriously among his fellow-passengers with a subscription-paper for the benefit of the skipper and his crew. He headed it with a surprising sum opposite his own name. The subscription mounted up finely, and the sum was presented at dinner next day to Rulison (healths drunk in champagne, and crew in the background).

Everybody admired Dane.

But there was a behind-the-scenes to this little drama. Since the rescue the sea had been subsiding: Christmas and clear weather had come together, and the clear weather remained. The steamer made better headway, and on the third day thereafter land was made. Nothing further had passed between Lemuel and the skipper, but now, when Long Island lay blue upon the horizon, growing momentarily more distinct, the speculator got hold of Rulison, and taking him by the arm paced the long flush deck with him, talking earnestly. After long debate, "I don't see," objected the sailor, "why the money shouldn't stay where it is."

"Then I may as well say, plainly," returned Dane, "that it would be a great favor to me if you would let me repurchase the stock."

"Great favor?"

"Yes. The fact is, skipper, more depends on it than I care to explain."

"Well, then," said old Rulison slowly, "I'll let you have it. I ought to oblige, for I s'pose I may say you partly saved my life, bein' on the steamer."

"You'll save more than that to *me*," cried Dane, unguardedly.

"Look here!" said Rulison, hitching up his trousers and becoming thoughtful: "ain't you talkin' a little bit wide? I'd like to be sure, now, that you'll invest that money as well again."

"As well? I'll do it a great deal better."

Rulison's confidence was restored. "There's my hand," he said, crushing the young man's fingers till they ached.

Not long after this the skipper in his turn sought out Dane, and with something like emotion making itself felt in his

clear blue eyes asked him if he wouldn't come to 'Miry's wedding. Lemuel appreciated this: he saw that that invitation was the highest token of kindly feeling which Rulison could bestow. He was touched, and his conscience, which had lately been rasping him more than he was used to have it do, began to lull itself into tranquillity again. Since the skipper's wreck and rescue he had been honestly trying to repair the wrong which it had so nearly been put out of his power to repair, and now he was to reap the pleasant fruits of that effort. How thankful he was, now, to the very destiny he had lately thought so unfair when it seemed to threaten a fatal delay in his voyaging! Providence, he was forced to admit, had worked more ingeniously than himself. And Rulison's kindly invitation came as a seal to the new compact which Dane perceived had silently been ratified between himself and uprightness. He looked forward with pleasure to attending the wedding ceremony of the old sailor's daughter. Had he not restored to her a lost fortune of five thousand dollars? That would suffice, perhaps, even though the poor girl's cat was beyond recovery. Lemuel was charmed at the benevolent attitude he was to find himself in with respect to this humble bride of the boatbuilder.

V.

It had been a dreary Christmas season in the little house by the Harlem, where Bigelow and his intended wife and her excellent aunt sat in desperate suspense, awaiting some news of Skipper Rulison. Indeed, one might say they had no Christmas at all. But at last, on the night of the third day after that which should have been the feast-day, the great steamer we know of brought them its good tidings and coveted gift. Their Christmas had been out at sea, delayed by the tempest, and arrived rather behind-time, but none the less welcome.

Ted met his prospective father-in-law with a scared face, however. "Where have you been all 's while?" he asked in rather embarrassed fashion, keeping hold of Rulison's hand.

"Ah, Ted, don't talk about it, boy. She's gone!"

"What!" sang out the boatbuilder in a stentorian voice, letting fall the hand abruptly—"the brig?" The very walls and the surrounding air seemed to repeat the interrogation.

"Ay," answered the skipper, "and 'Miry's cat along with her." (He was bent on making a clean breast of it.)

Ted burst out laughing. "Well," said he, becoming serious again, "I'm very sorry for *her*" (whether the cat or Elмира was not made clear), "but, by Gosh! we've got *you* back, cap'n!"

Little 'Miry, dear foolish thing! shed some tears at the news of her favorite's death by drowning, but perhaps she was crying quite as much with joy at her father's return.

Ted laughed again the next day, but it was not in the hearing of either 'Miry or the skipper. It was in company with Dane. Lemuel suddenly sent for him. You may be sure the skipper, in relating his experiences, had not omitted to mention Dane, for he held him to be a particular friend—fashionable and showy, and not entirely comprehensible—but still standing on terms of real intimacy with himself. Dane's brief introduction of himself to Bigelow, therefore, was hardly necessary to put them on an easy footing. But the business in hand was the displaying of a paragraph cut out of a newspaper published in Newport, which Dane had strangely stumbled on in preparing something for his financial journal. It stated that a Boston pilot-vessel, having been driven southward and far out to sea by the recent storm, had fallen in, on Christmas Day, with a brig flying a distress-signal. No one could be descried on board, but the pilot was attracted by a mournful caterwauling, and thinking some helpless person might still be aboard, sent his boat alongside. As it approached a fine large Maltese cat leaped from the bulwarks of the disabled vessel into the row-boat. The rowers soon satisfied themselves that there could be nobody on the brig, and pulled back again at once with the cat. Before the

pilot's vessel got out of sight the wreck went down. The name, it had been observed, was the Bald Eagle.

"And I am going right off," declared Dane, "to get that creature."

Ted grinned with an excess of pleasure. "You'll be too late for my wedding," he objected, nevertheless, divided in his feelings; "and the cap'n wants you mightily."

"I'll get back in time," said Lemuel hilariously, "and maybe astride of the cat."

There were but two days now before the wedding, for it was to take place at the boatbuilder's house on New Year's Eve. Dane took the rail for Newport, full of glee and amusement. But when he had got there, and had spent some time in making inquiries, he learned that the pilot-boat had gone to Boston. There was nothing for it but to post ahead and take the chances.

The place recalled his old encounter on Beacon Hill, and the old infatuated desire to meet the girl of the scarlet feather again began to haunt him anew. But he hadn't much time to give to that, for he was growing really anxious lest he should not discover 'Miry's pet after all. The pilot might have gone out again. He prosecuted his search with tremendous diligence, leaving no means to success untried. The amount of hearsay, conflicting evidence, and reference from one person to another, which he had to endure was simply astonishing. The earnestness of his interest, however, had almost eclipsed the absurdity of his quest; and he went through all obstacles with a relish for them that constantly increased. At last he discovered the pilot's schooner lying in harbor. But the momentous cat had been confided to a trustworthy party in Newport, and was, by reasonable supposition, still there.

"About face!" Dane compared the running-time of all the trains southward which were to go before the first day of the new year. He found, to his relief, that he should be just able to make the connections with time for a halt in Newport, provided no serious delay should occur anywhere.

There were brilliant lights in Bigelow's cottage the night before New Year's Day. The wedding was in progress then and there. But Dane had not arrived. The skipper was thoroughly disappointed, not being able to conceive any sufficient cause for his absence, for Ted had agreed that the bride and her father must know nothing until the cat should actually appear. There was too much else in his mind, however, to let him think very definitely about this until after the ceremony of uniting Ted and 'Miry had been completed, and the company, having amused itself for a while with some unvarnished dancing-tunes by a single fiddler, and the hearty exercise incited by his strains, had begun to disperse: then, in truth, his friend's absence began to worry him. But suddenly a slight disturbance and bustling made itself heard at the parlor-door—the bridegroom had slipped out anxiously into the passage—and this was followed by the abrupt entrance of a big Maltese tom-cat, who came springing into the midst of the astonished circle, himself equally surprised at the exit he had just made from a covered basket in the hands of Dane.

"The cat! the cat! my cat!" cried the bride, falling upon the creature and caressing it tenderly.

"Don't we wish we was that cat?" observed one large-boned youth known to have a facetious turn.

His insinuating sally drew forth a general titter, which played brightly over the surface of the simple group, and was followed by smiles and sparkling eyes that indicated a glow of deep good-feeling at their hearts. The skipper, meantime, was somewhat aghast at this startling resurrection. But not more aghast than Dane, who, still in the passage outside, had discovered an object that amazed him not a little—viz., a woman's black hat, with a scarlet bird's wing in it, which flamed forth too conspicuously in the unadorned entry not to excite notice. But the bridegroom was at him, eager to introduce the restorer of the clawed and whiskered favorite. He followed Ted into the room, half-dazed. He passed confusedly through a salutation from the

old sailor, heard Ted explaining the cause of his late arrival, and saw 'Miry looking at him all the while with a quiet, concealed recognition that scourged him with its innocent dignity.

"This is Mr. Dane, 'Miry," said Rulison, by way of introduction.

"The bride?" said Lemuel, involuntarily looking around the room as if to find that sweet, shadowy figure who had hitherto stood in his mind for Skipper Rulison's daughter.

We will omit details. Dane saw, finally, how adroitly Fate had been playing the moralist with him; and he was profoundly grateful that the result of this play had not been more destructive. He now soon found his mind made up with regard to Miss Littingford, and obtained an interview with her at no distant point of time thereafter. Of this interview the concluding portion may here be given.

Miss Littingford: But what right had you, after behaving toward me as you did at Conway, to go and amuse yourself in the way you did at Boston?

Dane (amazed): No right whatever; but—

Miss Littingford: Did you know her before you knew me?

Dane: I never knew her: I did not know her then. Oh, Miriam, don't judge harshly, for I swear I have been always true to you. But, tell me—

Miss Littingford: How I found it out? Oh, I assure you it was quite against my will. I should no more have thought of such a thing, of my own accord, than I would have promised my hand after— Well, I trusted you: I had no thought of spying upon you. But it just happen-

ed that you did what you did in Boston, and, of all places there, within range of my friend Alice Garman's window. She was forced to see it all.

Dane: Well, and I would have told you all myself, if it had not been for the hope of sparing you unnecessary pain.

Miss Littingford (with suppressed fire): And why unnecessary? Don't you suppose I would a thousand times rather know now than— Do you mean that you would dare to defend your conduct, sir? Oh!

Dane (proudly penitent): No, never defend it. But I could honestly ask you to forgive, for my conscience is clear. I was weak and utterly foolish. But if you knew how, in the midst of all my foolishness and confusion of mind, I kept turning toward the thought of you—

Miss Littingford (after a pause): Oh, was it so? You did remember? Once I believed everything you said. And what you say now sounds like what I should have wished you to say. But can you really ask me, as you did just now, to marry you? Dare I?

Dane: If you could forgive me, why not dare? Should I not honor you more than ever? But if you are really hopeless of me, if you despise me—

Miss Littingford: Oh no, no! not that. At Conway I let you know frankly how I felt about you. I loved what was good in you, Lemuel. And—for the sake of that I ought to forgive some faults. But don't let us reason. Be good, be good! I love you still.

Dane: Ah, Miriam, now you have taught me—I hope you have taught me—how to grow worthy of you.

G. P. LATHROP.

BALLADS AND BARDS OF THE UKRAINE.

FOR some reason or other, Russia is at present the subject of a great deal of literary attention in France. Whether the popularity of M. Tourgueneff's novels has given an impetus to research in that direction, or whether politics are at the bottom of it, we know not, but the proofs of an increasing interest are many; and among them are the numerous articles on Russian topics in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, generally by MM. Anatole Leroy Beaulieu and Alfred Rambaud. The latter has lately contributed a very curious paper on the Ukraine, a name which suggests to most people the blank spaces which in old—not such very old—maps used to represent Central Asia and Africa.

This vast region, almost depopulated between the tenth and fifteenth centuries by the incursions of Tartars and other wild tribes, has been gradually repeople during the last three hundred years by colonization. The great feudal Polish nobles obtained grants of uninhabited country, and settled them by offering their serfs twenty years' immunity from tithes and taxes on condition of their migrating to the new territory, and promising that all evil-doers should go scot free on the same condition. It was a land flowing with milk and honey, where the virgin soil yielded fabulous harvests. Agricultural statistics are not amusing, but any one who has led a country life and kept bees will have a fellow-feeling for the peasant who began the summer with twelve hives which during the season gave one hundred swarms, of which he was forced to destroy sixty for the sake of the rest. Villages and hamlets sprang up all over these fertile fields, protected by a belt of fortresses; their inhabitants aspired to be a free people; in Little Russia, where the great nobles reasserted their feudal claims as soon as the term of grace expired, and besides enforcing the taxes on fish and game in these wide forests and rivers, tried to re-

duce the hardy pioneers, of whom a new generation had grown up in liberty, to a condition of serfdom again, a struggle arose between the peasants and their landlords which so weakened the great kingdom of Poland that her ultimate downfall was in great measure due to it. But the worst foe of the Ukrainian settler was the Tartar. The heart aches and sickens over the chronicle of descents and devastations which in less than a century swept this unhappy country as the sea sweeps a deck. In 1516 five thousand prisoners were carried off; twenty years later fifteen thousand, and in 1575 thirty-five thousand. A cry of woe went up from the desolated land, and that year the Ukrainian nobles appeared at the Polish Diet in mourning. The ballads of both Christians and infidels are full of these recollections and allusions. A Tartar author describes the long tottering lines of captives dragged and driven across the Crimea, leaving bloody traces as they went, swarms of horsemen hovering about them and urging them on with long whips; the distribution, some to the galleys, some to the fields, some to the slave-markets, some at once to the harems: the superannuated and feeble had been disposed of by the way. Some of these unfortunates struck root in the cruel soil, made humble homes as years went by, and, being allowed to follow their own religion, built churches, and thus a Christian population grew up, and in after generations came to look upon the Crimea as their country. In 1675 the hetman Sirko invaded that region and carried off thirteen thousand captives over the border into Russia. More than half the number were Christians, and he gave them the choice of returning with him and settling in the Ukraine or going back to the Crimea: to his amazement, three thousand of them chose the last, as they had left behind them houses, property, their living kindred and generations of dead—their real country in

fact. Unable to believe his ears, Sirko ascended a mound whence he watched them retrace their way toward the land of their unbelieving conquerors, persuaded that they would change their minds and come back to the Christian country of their free forefathers; but when they disappeared from sight he ordered his soldiers to pursue them and cut them to pieces: they were killed to a man, and the hetman pronounced a funeral oration over them: "Farewell, brothers! Better to sleep here till the last trump than to dwell among the infidels and swell the lists of your country's enemies."

As on the prairie fire is set to light fire, so a race no less fierce and wild sprang up within the confines of Christendom to hold the infidel hordes of Asia in check. The name of Cossack appears in history at first as that of a tribe of mixed or uncertain origin, then of a guerilla militia organized by the great nobles to protect the towns and patrol the high-ways for the escort of traveling merchants, by whose traffic alone foreign commodities penetrated those remote regions. As is always the case, these irregular troops gave rise to others still more irregular, acknowledging no organization or head. But the Cossacks of the Don and the Cossacks of the Dnieper, belonging respectively to Great and Little Russia, defended the eastern and western outposts of the country against the Crim-Tartars, and on more than one occasion joined forces to repel an invasion. Like our cavalry on the Plains, or the French troops in Algiers, they adopted as much as possible the habits and modes of warfare of the enemy. Their arms, equipments and sudden, rapid movements were borrowed from their nomadic foes, nor did they fall behind them in the cruelty of their reprisals. They were as formidable by sea as land, carrying terror down the coasts of the Crimea and Turkey in fleets of canoes (*pirogues*), with which they even sometimes attacked the heavy Ottoman galleys. A large proportion of them were part of the regular population, living in families and only sallying out in time of need; but there were oth-

ers who formed a sort of military order and lived on an island in the lower Dnieper called Great Mead, which they had fortified. They amounted to a small standing army, and took the name of Zaparogues. The site which they had chosen was one of which their enemies claimed ownership, but they contrived to intrench and maintain themselves there, protected on one side by the cataraacts of the river, and on the other by quicksands and marshes. They renounced allegiance to all sovereigns, owning no authority but that of their *ataman* (hetman) or elective chief: their sole object in life was hostility to the Mussulman, and when all Christendom made peace with Turkey, they refused to come to terms and carried on an independent warfare. They took a vow of celibacy: no woman was allowed upon the island; distinctions of rank were not recognized; a life of the utmost privation, incessant daring, danger and strict military discipline made up their grim existence. Although sworn foes of Islam and champions of orthodoxy, they did not deserve the name of Christians, and except for some superstitious practices were without any form of religion. They have been by turns lauded and execrated by Slavonic historians as the valiant defenders of Christianity or pests whose lawlessness drew upon Europe the incursions of the Tartars. The terrible descent of 1575 was provoked by their raids into the Crimea. They were undoubtedly the rampart or breakwater between civilization and barbarism, winning for their country the name of the Ukraine (frontier), not of Poland alone, but of Europe. In war their duty was always that of a forlorn hope. On the eve of an expedition against the Turks or Tartars they proclaimed, "He who does not fear to die for the Christian faith, who is ready to be broken on the wheel, quartered, impaled, to endure every torture, let him come with us." The most reckless bravery and iron fortitude were the first qualities of heroes of such a stamp. Their desperate incursions brought about ferocious retaliations, but instead of a band an infuriated nation

rushed across the boundaries, making havoc over a whole country. The animosity of the Zaporogues to Roman Catholicism, the national creed of Poland, was as inveterate as their hatred of the Moslem. The Diet and kings of Poland made sundry attempts to break up the fraternity of Great Mead: their camps were burned, their troops disbanded, their leaders executed. They ended by degenerating into mere brigands; and were exterminated by Catherine II. of Russia.

The early ballad poetry of the Ukraine, in common with all national poetry, has of late excited its share of interest and study. It turns principally on the exploits of the Zaporogues or the sorrows of captivity. Like all truly native poetry, it is song: the airs, like those of the genuine ballads of every country, are monotonous, limited to a narrow range of notes in a minor key, but susceptible of an infinitude of modulations and inflections and returns to the major which give extraordinary variety and expression to the simple melody. There are always two strains—the first a sort of *recitative*; the second a distinct musical phrase: the singer regulates the measure according to his interpretation of the words, and introduces *ad libitum* cries or sobs which defy annotation, but add greatly to the dramatic power of the chant. The instrument which accompanies the voice is called the *bandoura* or *kobza*, and is not unlike the banjo: the singer at the end of each verse repeats on its strings the characteristic strain of the song. The ballads are called *doumas*, and even those celebrating warlike feats are melancholy, while those which recall the laments of captives and exiles have a wonderful pathos. One of the most striking is a malediction uttered by Christian prisoners who have been made galley-slaves: "Land of Turkey! land of the Mussulman! you are gorged with gold and silver and costly beverages, but sad is the life of your prisoners. In your midst they no longer know the birthday of Christ nor His resurrection. For ever in the accursed toil of the galley they ferry the

Black Sea. And they curse you, land of Turkey and faith of the Moslem, for ye are the rending apart of families: by your wars how many husbands are torn from their wives, brothers from sisters, little children from their father and mother! O God! deliver the wretched captive: lead him to the shores of Holy Russia, to the joyful lands, to the baptized people."

A favorite ballad relates the exploits of Samuel Kochka, an ataman of Zaporogues who was chained to the bench in the galley of Alkhan Pasha, prince of Trebizond, with a hundred and fifty fellow-captives. They touch at a port of the Black Sea, where the fair daughter of the governor gives a great banquet to the pasha and his retinue, even the soldiers, sailors and slaves sharing the wine and good cheer. By midnight of all the crew the Christians only are sober. The ataman steals the key which unlocks their irons and releases himself and his companions, but bids them sit fast at their oars until he shall give them a sign that all is safe. Alkhan Pasha and his suite come on board and go to their couches in full security. Then the Cossacks hold their breath for the signal of their chief. When it comes they slip off their irons and drop them into the sea. They make no noise: they do not wake a single Turk of them all. Then Samuel Kochka seizes Alkhan Pasha in his bed, cuts him in three and flings him into the Black Sea: seven hundred Turks and four hundred janissaries follow him thither. They slip the cable, they weigh the anchor, and after all their misery they are gayly afloat on the free waves. On reaching the Ukraine they divide their spoils into three portions—one for the monasteries, one for the conquerors, and one for a grand carouse. "The fame of Samuel Kochka shall not fade," ends the song: "it shall flourish for ever among brothers and friends, among knights and all good fellows."

A more romantic ballad tells the story of Marouzia Bogouslavka, a young Russian of great beauty who had been carried off in childhood by the Turks, and had abjured her faith and become the

favorite of a great and rich Moham-
medan. She was all powerful with him,
and had the charge of his keys. But
after years had passed thoughts of coun-
try, home and the old faith stirred in her
heart. Her husband was on a journey:
she opened the dungeon where the Chris-
tian captives were and said, "Know ye
what day men keep holy to-morrow in
Christian lands? The great Sabbath, the
day of resurrection." Then the Cossacks
wept tears of rage: "On the morrow hun-
dreds of bells will chime in the holy city
Kief; all Christian folk will be glad of
heart; they will greet each other every-
where with the kiss of peace and the
good tidings, 'Christ is arisen.'" The
contrast between the rejoicings of the
Christian world and their hard fate is
too bitter, and they curse Marouzia for
reminding them of it. "Cossacks, poor
captives, come forth: fly to the Christian
towns. Only, I pray you, stop at Bo-
gouslavka and greet my father and moth-
er for me. Alas! my father has not done
well: why did he not gather his treasure
together and sell all his goods to ransom
me from slavery? Now I have turned
Turk, unbeliever: I let myself be gained
by Turkish luxury and the good things
of the Mussulman."

Among the ballads are found some of
which the heroes are traveling merchants
of early days, whose calling was hardly
less arduous and adventurous than that
of the Zaporogue himself. On the arid
steppes of the Crimea one of their trains
is surprised by the Moslem cavalry: the
Christians form in haste, drive back the
foe, pursue and overtake him in his flight.
There is no mercy for the Mussulman;
the measure he metes is meted to him;
three spears are driven through his body,
and thus he is planted on a mound while
the victors sing in triumph, "Behold, O
Moslem! our liberty blooms like the
blood-red poppy-flower."

These sad and sanguinary ballads have
been handed down from generation to
generation and age to age by the *kobsars*
or harpers of the Ukraines, a strange
and now almost extinct class. In form-
er times the minstrel was often warrior
too, as has been the custom in the chival-

rous period of all countries, and the Za-
porogues were a barbarous chivalry, their
mission a sort of Christless crusade. The
great Cossack hero Palei, the ally of Peter
the Great against the famous Mazeppa,
lives in tradition as soothing the grief of
exile with his *bandoura*, and one said to
have belonged to Mazeppa himself was
among the treasures of the archæological
exhibition of the congress of Kief in
August, 1874. There is a curious old en-
graving representing the ideal Cossack
of popular fancy. He is seated cross-
legged in a forest, his *bandoura* on his
knees; his horse grazes hard by; in the
background a Jew or Pole is hanging by
the feet to the branch of a tree. The
death-song of one of these troubadours
of the steppes is the finest fragment M.
Rimbaud quotes in his article:

"The old Cossack gray as a pigeon
sits upon a cairn: he strikes his *bandoura*
and sings in resounding tones.

"Near him is his horse riddled with
shots, lance-thrusts: his spear is broken,
his scabbard widowed of its steel sabre,
his cartridge-box is empty. Nothing is
left save his faithful *bandoura*, and deep
in his pocket his brown pipe and a pinch
of tobacco.

"Then the poor Cossack lights his pipe
and sings in a plaintive voice to the
sound of his *bandoura*, 'Alas, brothers!
young comrades, Cossack Zaporogues,
where are ye? What has befallen you?
Will ye ever return to our mother, the
fort? Will you come again to strike the
caitiff Pole with your stakes, to drive the
infidel Tartars in captive herds with your
long whip-thongs?

"Ah, if God would give my old legs
strength to follow in your tracks, I would
play you merry tunes to my last breath.
If only my faithful *bandoura* knew that
a Christian hand should bury us!

"I have no more the strength to drag
myself over the steppe. Soon will come
the gray-furred wolves: they will dine
on my horse, and sup on me, poor old
man.

"Oh my *kobsa*, faithful friend, *ban-
doura* so prettily painted, what is to be-
come of thee? Shall I burn thee and
scatter thy ashes to the wind, or plant

thee on the top of this cairn? Let the rebel winds which blow across the steppes sweep thy chords and wake their sweet and plaintive tones! Perhaps the Cossacks galloping by will hear and hasten hither: perhaps thy wail may strike their ears and bring them to this cairn."

At the archæological congress at Kief last year M. Rambaud saw Ostap Veresai, one of the few surviving bards, perhaps the last. He is over seventy years old, and blind, which seems to be the immemorial prerogative or misfortune of his fraternity. He wore the full trousers and high boots of the Russian peasant, his dust-colored woolen smock and sheepskin cap. His flat nose and wide, thin-lipped mouth marked him as a son of the people, but he had a patriarchal gray beard, and his high, broad, bald forehead and closed eyes sunk beneath bushy brows, the whole deeply furrowed visage, had an expression of nobility and habitual commune with high thoughts. He sat on a wooden stool in the midst of his audience, the direct descendant, by rule of apostolic succession, of the old Slavonic minstrels who in the sixth century came, cithern in hand, to the Greek court and were the honored guests of emperors. Ostap was born in 1803 or 1805; his father, a blind man, earned his livelihood by fiddling at village fairs and festivals; the son was born with his eyesight, but lost it at four years old. This hereditary misfortune decided his calling: he was apprenticed to a *kobzar*, as the Israelites sent their youth to the schools of the prophets. By the rules of the craft—for at that time it still numbered many members—the pupil paid nothing, but shared his master's penury and instructions, the latter being only the ballads and legends which he knew, and which were transmitted orally, the *kobzars* being totally illiterate. When the pupil had enough skill to make trial by himself, he began to go about alone singing and begging, bringing back the alms which were given him to his master. There was little money, but food and provisions, the surplus of which could be converted into money. Ostap had ill luck with his masters: some

were lazy and did not fulfill their duty by him; some were drunken and ill-used him; each time he changed hands he had to begin the regular term of three years over again, so that it seemed as if he was never to take his degree. At last he found a good master, with whom he lived his three years out, and after being formally recognized as a *kobzar* he was dismissed with thanks and praises, and bidden to scour the country on his own behalf. Ostap felt the gravity and uncertainty of his position: the wandering bard, who in former times went from court to court and castle to castle, hospitably entertained by monarchs and nobles, treated with distinction as long as he would tarry, departing laden with gifts, now roams about the country in all weathers, regarded as a vagrant by the police, forbidden to enter public-houses or fair-grounds, where the chance is best of scraping together a few coppers—the victim and butt of every rascal he meets on his rough road. Ostap's infirmity increased the difficulty of his situation: when he asked his way cruel boors put him on a wrong track, tripped him up as he groped along, often gave him buffets and cuffs: the child he hired to lead him was no whit better than the rest of his persecutors, and once guided him into a muddy ditch so deep that he almost choked before he could get out. Yet he went his way, picking up a scanty subsistence, and remembering that his father's lot had been no easier. Whenever he met a brother-minstrel he enriched his own stock of songs and stories. After a while it came into his poor head that he should be better off with a wife. He began courting the young Cossack girls, who found a charm in his ballads and *kobza*. Serfdom had not then been abolished, and to marry the peasant and his bride had to get leave of their lord. Ostap at length prevailed on a damsel, and the necessary consent was obtained from their masters, but she changed her mind during the marriage-service, and said no when she should have said yes. By and by he was betrothed to another, but again on the wedding-day the match was broken, this

time through the greed of the priest, who demanded six rubles for performing the ceremony—a sum the poor people had never seen in their lives. The third time broke the spell: he found a wife, built himself a little cabin with his own hands, and in due time there came children and grandchildren. But his helpmeet died, and the wretched son-in-law with whom the poor blind man had shared his humble home drove him out of it into the world again. He went back to his wandering life, but after a time thought of finding a new partner and a new hearth. He fixed upon another peasant, a widow, who tried his constancy for seven years, being unable to make up her mind sooner: she is represented as a coarse, robust, plain woman, making him a good enough wife, and he now lives happily, surrounded by their children and hers by her first marriage. He again has his hut, a little poultry-yard and a small flock of sheep. He is no longer obliged to tramp along the highways in rain and snow and haunt the fairs: he sings and recites for his own pleasure, and is sought by men of learning and lovers of popular poetry. Besides the heroic *doumas* of the Ukraine he knows others founded on Bible stories and lives of the saints, songs of adventure, moral verses, and some immoral ones too, or at least very free-spoken. He considers song a divine gift, and almost came to blows with a miscreant who hinted that ballads were a human invention. M. Rambaud describes the scene of the recitation as very striking. It was held in the evening under the trees of the garden of the University of Kief: a solitary lamp, almost hidden by the foliage, cast its light on the old man's strongly-marked face. The tones of the *bandoura* are very soft; the bard pronounced with extreme distinctness;

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not a word was lost, and the dialect of Little Russia is sweet and sonorous, full of harmonious vowel-sounds: he uttered the *recitative* of each verse in an energetic, animated manner, gliding into the second part with a slow, sustained modulation, drawing some trembling chords from the strings, and where a passage of more than usual pathos occurred repeated the phrase twice on the instrument, as though to deepen the impression. Not only the common people, familiar as they were with the *doumas*, and the singer himself, who had sung them hundreds of times, were moved to trembling and tears by the well-known lays, but the large circle of literary and accomplished hearers were as strongly affected as any. No one applauded: a deep and speaking silence followed the song, testifying to the emotions it had awakened.

It is uncertain whether Ostap Veresai be not the last of the brotherhood. In his youth he says he himself knew many others, and a few years ago there were still two of his early colleagues alive, but they were very aged, and he did not know whether they had not passed away. A M. Koulich who has published a collection of the popular poetry of his own country, learned an immense number of *doumas* from two old *kobzars* whose names are familiar to all Russian philologists, but they have both died within twenty years. The archæologists of the congress of Kief probably saw in that blind old man, living alone in his darkness with the songs and tales of the past, the last relic of a race which, like the rhapsodists of the Ionian Isles, the Scandinavian scalds, the bards, minnesingers and troubadours, has vanished from a world in which its place is gone.

SARAH B. WISTER.

CAMP-FIRE LYRICS.

VIII.—AFTER SUNSET—LAKE WEELAKENEBAKOK.

A T twilight Azescobas lieth
With domes that are builded of color,
Vast mounds of ineffable blueness.
No more live its hard lines of granite,
The wrinkles of strata, the boulders,
The deep sombre greenness of noonday.
They fade in the splendor of blueness,
That seems like the soul of a color;
And far, far away to the eastward
One vast fading glory of scarlet—
A color that seems as if living—
Possesses the sky like a passion,
And higher and higher in heaven
Fades out in the soft bluish greenness
That climbs to the zenith above us.
Below, far below, as if thinking,
The gray water-levels are lying
Where still rests the sensitive lake; and
Like one who just sings to her own heart
Such thoughts as a loving lip tells her,
So deep in the waters are pictured
The beauty of sunset and hillside.
For the blue that was blue on the mountain,
Seen deep in the heart of the water,
Hath the touch of some blessing upon it—
Some strangeness of purity in it,
Like color that shall be in heaven.
This water-held vision of sunset,
A blaze in the depths of the darkness,
Is it but for the sight? Canst not hear it,
This prophet of color, to tell us
Of what may be yet, when the senses
Awaken to lordlier being,
And the thought of the blind man is ours?
When colors unearthly men know not
Shall float from the trumpets of angels,
And tints of the glory of heaven
Shall be for us color and music?

EDWARD KEARSLEY.

THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS.

BY MRS. E. LYNN LINTON, AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KEMBALL."

CHAPTER XIV.
UNCHANGABLE.

THE outposts of conformity carried, Leam was driven back on that inner citadel of self which cannot be taken against the will. Here she was safe. Her father might command her actions, but he could not control her mind: he could not turn the current of her thoughts, which were ever with mamma, always mamma, nor quench either her love for that one beloved, or her hate for all the rest. To her own soul she was absolute, and Sebastian was soon made to feel there was a point where his authority failed, and whence she defied him successfully.

Not quarrelsome like her mother, not tempestuous in any way, but concentrated, dry and infinitely disdainful, she was as impenetrable as Pepita had been, and as impossible to influence. Tenacious to the highest point, she was of the nature of those creatures who suffer themselves to be hacked to pieces rather than lose their hold. Her hold was her loyalty to her mother dead as when living, and her determination not to be warped in mind from the teaching she had given her, whatever her necessity of action might be.

Whether her father was pleased or displeased in nowise touched her if she felt sure that mamma would have said she was right. Twice when he drew her to him, and kissed her with a sudden burst of feeling, the girl simply stared at him with those large eyes of hers, wiped her lips vigorously, and wondered why he should. It did not seem the right kind of thing to do—anyhow, she was sure mamma would not have liked it—and a flush of mingled shame and anger shot like a flame over her pale face as she drew herself away with a look of injury and offence. He tried this special form of paternal kindness, as was said, only twice, and then he gave up the attempt.

But they did not get on together the better for his rebuff.

If he asked her to walk with him, Leam, to whom exercise was as strange as kissing, would obey him truly, but with the air of a slave hounded to her labor or of a victim preparing for her sacrifice. She never talked when they were out, and she knew nothing—having the air, too, of resenting all that was told her if it was what her mamma had not known, and what she would have contradicted. She was the most uninteresting companion in the world to a man who liked to be amused with pleasant chit-chat and found no pleasure in breaking up fallow ground; and when she had gone perhaps half a mile she would suddenly stand still in the middle of the road and say, "I am tired: I will go home," no matter what his object had been, whether Lionnet and madame, or the Hill and Josephine Harrowby.

All this was very unsatisfactory, and by degrees her father's good intentions burnt themselves out, and he began to leave her to herself as in foregone times; which was just what Leam desired.

The ladies fared no better. When they came about her with their advice and exhortations she listened to them silently, stonily, her unvarying answer being, "No, I will not do that: mamma would not have liked it;" or more frequently, changing the tense, "Mamma would not like it."

What could be done with a girl with mournful eyes and an impassive manner, who looked like the Tragic Muse, and quietly put by all that was proposed for her good on the plea that her mother would have disapproved? And what can you say to a daughter who has realized the life after death so vividly that her mother dead is the same to her as her mother living, only separated from sight by the gross veil of the flesh? They knew it was not common sense to take

the thing so literally as Leam had done, but then spiritual formulas have no common sense in them when tested by the needs of every-day life; and so people find out when they meet with those uncomfortable logicians called fanatics. Respect for filial piety forbade them to tell her that this mother, the object of her faithful devotion, was little better than a savage, coarse of nature, foul of speech, and the worst enemy she could have had. Respect for the faith which has peopled heaven with souls in bliss, of whom all is said and nothing known, forbade them to ridicule her vivid realization; while that fetish of English cult, conventional propriety, urged them to teach her that she must despise all she had hitherto revered, forget all she had been taught, and efface the idea of the spiritual mother's identity as a leading line of conduct; that is, teach her that she must abandon filial fidelity for disloyal conformity. It was a difficult position, but as this same common sense is a mighty power in England, leading us to the hypocrisy of saying one thing and doing another, none of them meant to be beaten by a child's fanaticism, and all kept up the attack, whether they were repulsed or not.

"Poor Sebastian" was more than ever the object of feminine pity, the ladies wondering what he would do with that odd girl in the end, and lamenting the dreadful mess he had made of his life all through. He used to run distractedly from house to house, asking each kind soul to help him; though, to be sure, madame was his central point, and the one to whom he always returned. But asking advice from the rest kept him on good terms with them, and gave him that thing for which he craved more than he craved for happiness—the sympathy of a small knot of women, who thought what a dear fellow he was, and who felt their own eyes grow pitiful and tender when he lifted up his blue ones, purpled and moist with sorrow.

He went to them all in turn, and all did what they could. Mrs. Birkett lent the child hideous square-stitched patterns, and set her up in wools and can-

vas; but though Leam despised her industry and refused to learn Berlin-work, yet, the rector's wife being gentle and sweet-tempered, as indolent people generally are, the girl did not stiffen herself against her personally. She even got to the length of once giving her hand a timid little press that meant as much as Carry Fairbairn's strongest epithet of endearment. But Leam and Adelaide were no more sympathetic than Adelaide and Pepita had been; and when the rector's pretty daughter used to lay down the law for the girl's guidance in terms as hard and fast as mountain-bases, Leam simply turned to stone under her manipulation, and often provoked Adelaide to say tartly, when discussing her at the Hill, "Well, horrible as Mrs. Dundas was, she was better than Leam. At least she was alive."

"So I suspect you will find her daughter when the time comes," one day answered Frank Harrowby. "She has not such a pair of eyes in her head as to be always asleep as she is now. I'll undertake to say she will some day startle you all."

"I am sure I hope she will do nothing wrong," said Mrs. Harrowby with a timid look.

On which Frank laughed, and said in reply, "Let us suppose it something heroic, mother. Perhaps unmask madame."

"Oh, that madame!" cried Mrs. Harrowby spitefully; "what a snake she is! Even Josephine is beginning to find her out."

Frank laughed. "True, Joseph?" he asked, reading between the lines.

Josephine blushed a little tearfully. "I don't think I like her so much as I did at first," she said as she spied Sebastian Dundas driving up the avenue, and felt sure that madame had not been at home, else he would not have come to the Hill.

Of course he was on one of his usual errands, detailing the last new impracticability of his unfortunate Leam, and beseeching Mrs. Harrowby to give him her assistance and advice.

The conclave sat in solemn council,

and the upshot of their deliberations was that Leam should be asked to go to the Hill on a visit, when the ladies would do what they could, and Josephine especially would charge herself with the difficult task of attempting her education.

It was all meant for kindness, but they could scarcely have devised a system of more torture for the girl. Mrs. Harrowby was a well-meaning woman—none more so—but she had that rigidity of age to which young people are antipathetic, and that hardness of propriety which cannot tolerate the mistakes of ignorance or the errors of excess. She would if she could have crushed all the inconvenient vitality out of youth; indeed, she regarded youth as in itself a thing slightly improper, and wondered greatly at Providence for not growing the race mature. Moreover, she was a woman who fought with windmills and lived with perpetual lions in the way; and her windmills never ceased to turn nor her lions to prowl.

When Leam went to the Hill on her visit, Mrs. Harrowby, taking her into her own room, gave her a long, well-intentioned lecture on the need of wary walking and the care she ought to take of her conduct. Her mind was full of that frank linking of hands with Alick Corfield the Sunday before last at church, and she had suddenly encountered a lion in Leam's eyes when she had seen her fix them on Frank with that earnest, unwavering look of hers, which seemed full to the very brim of some tremendous emotion. It was nothing of the kind. She was only trying to remember the English name of the stone in his scarf-pin. It was a turquoise, and she had forgotten it.

But, as Mrs. Harrowby was a very proper woman, to whom spades was a word forbidden, she clothed her exhortation in such vaguely decorous language that the girl, used to her mother's uncompromising speech, did not know what she meant. Had she told her plainly that she was not to allow young men to make love to her, Leam would first have asked innocently, "Who is there here that should?" and would then have add-

ed haughtily, "And none but a Spaniard ever shall."

As it was, Mrs. Harrowby's periphrases went round her central thought without touching it, and all the good that Leam brought away from the interview was a lesson in pronunciation, and the conviction that when her mother called Mrs. Harrowby "a proud old frog" or "a yellow old toad," as she generally did, she was justified.

This visit of Leam's to the Hill could scarcely be called a success. It was difficult to know what to do with a girl who sat absolutely idle through the day, with a melancholy face like a Grecian mask cut in stone, turning a pair of dumb, reproachful eyes from one to the other, like a dog inquiring of an enigmatic master—a girl who would not talk, and who answered any questions that might be put to her only in monosyllables; who would not read, nor work, nor play croquet, nor laugh when others laughed, nor take any part whatsoever in the home-life; who always looked on the point of bursting into tears or of pleading passionately for mercy; and who could be neither caressed nor coerced into any sign of life whatsoever. It made Mrs. Harrowby so nervous, she said, to see her like this she could not sit in the same room with her; and Maria, who was sharp-tempered, told her plainly one day that she made herself disagreeable to them all by her sullenness.

To which Leam, fixing her big eyes on the puckered face of her monitress, said coldly, "Why do you not send me away, then? I did not ask to come." Whereat Maria was very angry and scolded her severely.

Leam never understood why she was angry. She had no idea that she was offending against good manners by her straightforwardness or her stillness. She was just herself, nothing else; and her mind had not yet awakened to the necessity of making herself different from what she was by nature and habit for the sake of others. She was a Spaniard, and they were all inferior creatures—English, Protestants, pigs, in nowise her equals. All that they did and were out of her own—

or rather her mother's—groove was wrong and silly, and she despised them for their very knowledge, as your true homebred Turk despises the Giaours who dance with their own feet rather than hire slaves to dance for them. Her whole nature was encrusted with the pride and hatred taught by Pepita as a religion, and until this should be broken up no good could be done with her.

A few days settled that fact in Mrs. Harrowby's mind, and in Maria's and Fanny's, though Josephine was more hopeful, and begged for a fair trial. Frank, too, thought she might stay a little longer. He found her tragic face amusing and her earnest eyes promising. He took some trouble with her, and did his best to get up a mild flirtation that might stir the stagnant waters; but Leam did not like him. Ugly Alick Corfield was far more pleasant to her than this jaunty, dapper little man, who would talk to her when she wanted to be silent, and who never said what she cared to hear. So Frank lost his time, and when he fairly understood that fact, joined his mother in her view of the case, and advised the young person's immediate removal.

The only look of pleasure that had crossed Leam's face during the whole of this long week was when Mrs. Harrowby—quite worn out, as she told her daughters—said to her at breakfast, "Leam, I am going to take you home to-day."

Then Leam, lifting up her serious eyes, smiled faintly and said quietly, "I am glad."

"You are not very complimentary, my dear child," said the old lady with a satirical laugh.

"Nor grateful," put in Maria crossly.

"Ought I to be grateful?" asked Leam, looking from one to the other. "Why?"

"Well, we need not discuss it," Mrs. Harrowby answered with an offended air. "If you do not feel what you have said, no talking can make you."

"I feel that I am glad, and I say that I am glad," repeated Leam in her quiet, wooden way.

"You are either one of the most heartless or one of the most brainless girls I

ever met with in my life," said Mrs. Harrowby. "It is perfectly dreadful to have anything to do with you."

"And you are a cross old woman," answered Leam disdainfully.

"Hold your tongue, Leam! How dare you be so impertinent to Mrs. Harrowby? I will tell your father what a naughty girl you have been," said Maria sharply, while Josephine quivered into tears, Frank laughed, Mrs. Harrowby looked injured, and Leam, not letting go her parable, said in the same stolid way as before to Maria, "And you are a cross old woman too."

Mr. Dundas was by no means rejoiced to receive his uncongenial daughter returned so quickly on his hands. He had hoped to be rid of her for a month or two at the least, but Mrs. Harrowby said she was getting no good with them, and she had better go home before things came to an explosion. Sebastian ought to have a governess for her, a staid respectable person contented with her profession—none of your flighty, novel-reading minxes with aspirations and possibilities of their own, but a middle-aged woman of responsible character and not too showy exterior—a widow and not likely to marry again, and who understood discipline and breaking in.

Meanwhile, as Josephine had taken quite a fancy to the child, she might do what she could. If Sebastian liked to send her to the Hill, say three days a week, Josephine would make her study if she could, and do her best to open her mind. She did not promise much result, she said, for Leam was decidedly odd. When they were reading to her one of Scott's novels, the girl, who at first had been interested, asked suddenly, "Is this true?" and when they said, "No, this is not true, it is a novel," she positively refused to listen to another word, saying proudly, "I did not come here to listen to lies. Mamma did not tell lies." On another occasion, when they were reading her a bit of history which they thought would be sure to suit her fastidious taste, seeing that it was true and what had really happened, she put her hands over her ears, saying, "I will not hear of those

bad men. Mamma did not tell me these bad stories."

She was such a strange child, Mrs. Harrowby said in self-justification of this unlooked-for return: there seemed to be no way whatever by which she might be touched. They could not make her happy nor fond of them, though they tried so hard to do both. However, they must not lose heart. Their only chance lay in the beneficent operation of time, when she should be older, and for the present they must content themselves with sowing seed for the future harvest.

But sowing seed is a tedious affair to amateur spiritual husbandmen. They dislike that long waiting necessary for the reaping, and want to plant the grain over-night and stack the sheaves next morning. Nevertheless, the thing had to be done. Leam's spiritual harvest was evidently one that would not be hurried, and the various husbandmen who busied themselves in the matter must learn patience and practice it, her father and the Harrowbys among the number.

CHAPTER XV.

LAYING THE LINES.

THERE was no doubt about it: since Pepita's death a secret coolness had sprung up between Madame de Montfort and Joséphine Harrowby, which had not yet crystallized itself into words nor taken any palpable shape of accusation. Nevertheless, it was there, and each was conscious of the fact, if madame alone knew the cause.

When Leam went to stay at the Hill this coolness had increased, though to Mr. Dundas madame had said how glad she was of the change for the dear child: it would do her good and bring her out. All the same, she had resented the translation as a private grievance, and Joséphine had resented her annoyance as unfriendly. Why should they not have Leam to stay with them if they liked? and why should madame say disagreeable little things in that smooth voice of hers which gave them such subtle power

to wound? Joséphine, in no wise high-spirited, was yet quietly indignant at madame's late manner, and showed that she was by not going so much as formerly to Lionnet, and by speaking little when she did go.

On her side, madame eschewed the Hill. The continued stay of Frank was reason sufficient for her shrinking from close intercourse. She had fathomed her peril there, and confessed the enmity which might be so dangerous should it ever come to open war.

But indeed Frank had other things to think of—Carry Fairbairn among the number—and madame had dropped out of his horizon. He did not care to hunt her down nor track the secret he felt sure she was defending. He was willing she should live at North Aston if she liked the dull old hole, provided she lived unostentatiously, put no silly ideas into Joseph's head, and did not borrow money of his mother.

All this played well for Mr. Dundas, who was thus able to court madame and the Harrowbys at the same time, without chance of collision or the danger of notes compared and conversations repeated. Steering among these small social rocks, self-created, was just the amusement he liked, and he played his double game and handled his contemptible little bark with wonderful tact and skill. Nevertheless, madame was his true centre. Whatever his excursions, he always returned to her.

When Mrs. Harrowby advised a governess he went off to Lionnet, "hot foot," to hear his dear friend's mind thereon. "You know so much more of the world than I do, dear madame," he said in his submissive, flattering way.

She smiled, accepting the compliment. "And, knowing it so well, I am perhaps rather more cautious than my neighbors," she said. "Caution is not necessarily suspicion," she added. "Young Mr. Harrowby is suspicious: I am not that."

"Oh, Frank is a fool!" cried Mr. Dundas, a little coarsely. "I am glad you do not like him. How should you indeed, such a conceited puppy as it is?"

"Yet you are not afraid for sweet Leam?" asked madame, with a smile. "She is more likely to be caught than me."

"Leam! Why Leam is a child and made of wood," cried her father.

"Still waters run deep," and her mother was a Spaniard," returned madame.

"Good heavens, madame! Why, you don't mean to say—" began Sebastian excitedly.

She laid her hand on his arm. "My good friend, I don't mean to say anything," she replied in a quiet voice: "I only wish to point out the fact that Leam is not a child—Spanish blood at fourteen is up to English blood at eighteen; that young Mr. Francis Harrowby is a most undesirable young man; that your daughter is your heiress; and that Mr. Francis wants money. This is all; but I should add, that Mrs. Harrowby, who is a shrewd old woman and knows her cards, has had Leam to the Hill, and is now taking it on herself to advise you what to do with her. There is no treason in all this," smiling. "Surely, my dear friend, it is print which those who run may read."

"I cannot think that Mrs. Harrowby has ulterior views," said Mr. Dundas, looking annoyed. To tell the truth, he thought she had ulterior views, but not touching Leam.

"Well, we will assume she has not: now let us discuss the governess scheme," said madame with perfect tranquillity. "A governess for my sweet Leam? To tell you the truth, dear Mr. Dundas, I am not fond of governesses for motherless girls."

"No? Why?" he asked.

She looked down: then she looked up. "They are often cruel to the poor little dears," she answered simply; and Mr. Dundas, whose imagination had again gone on another track, tapped his boot impatiently, his face dark with disappointment, while hers with difficulty suppressed a smile.

"It can stand over," he then said after a pause.

"Yes," answered madame, "it can stand over, as you say. There is no hurry for a decision to-day or to-morrow;

and by waiting events clarify themselves."

He looked at her eagerly when she said this, but she met his eyes with the unexcited gaze characteristic of hers, and he could not read even the shadow of a thought deeper than her words. It was a truism she had uttered, that was all.

"Meantime, I might perhaps accept Josephine's offer, and in spite of that formidable Frank and the old lady's designs let Leam go to the Hill three or four times a week, till I can see my way to a better arrangement," then said Mr. Dundas in a reflective vein, hoping to pique his fair friend into some kind of demonstration.

The faintest possible tinge of color broke through the smooth outside of the well-arranged face. "Yes, you might do that," she said with perfect equanimity: "Josephine would like it."

"Do you advise it?" His tone was cold, his manner offended.

"No," said madame sweetly, "I do not advise it; unless, indeed," also with a reflective air, "you have motives."

Mr. Dundas flamed up. "What motives?" he asked, almost in the same tone as that to which Pepita had been so long accustomed, the habit of disrespect from men to women being dangerously easy to acquire, and as easy to transfer.

Madame raised her eyes with a certain serious rebuke shining in them. How pretty she was! how perfectly well-bred! How could he have spoken to her so roughly?

"Unless you intend to marry the dear girl," she said quietly. "That also would suit Mrs. Harrowby quite as well as the other; indeed, better."

"What can you be thinking of, madame?" cried Mr. Dundas, this time his severity affected. In reality, he was pleased that she had said this thing. It meant either jealousy for her own part or the confession of his attractions generally.

"Of what am I thinking? Of what Josephine is," replied the marquise with a placid smile.

"Tut! tut!" he said: "you must be dreaming, my sweet friend."

"Are you?" she returned.

He bent his head nearer to her. "Sometimes I do," he answered in a low voice.

"It is an unprofitable employment," said madame rising. "Shall I ask Mr. Birkett, who is coming up the garden, to lecture you on such waste of time?"

"How do I know it is waste of time?" answered Sebastian hurriedly. "Dreams come true sometimes."

She smiled tranquilly. "Yes, you are right, they do, but not often," she answered, moving to the door to greet her friendly pastor.

When madame's visitor left her that afternoon she went up stairs into her own room, where she first double-locked the door, then unlocked a box, whence she took a packet carefully wrapped in many covers, and labeled on the outside, "In case of my death to be given to the name inside."

One by one she came to the treasures within. These were, first, a large green velvet pocket-book, with the letters V. and E. combined in a monogram worked elaborately in gold on the cover. Beneath the monogram was a violet, also wrought in gold. The case contained about a dozen letters and notes; four photographs—one of herself, one of a young man, one of both together sitting in a friendly attitude, with their hands clasped and his arm round her shoulders, and the fourth, that of a little baby in her arms; a lock of short curling hair of a bright-brown color—a man's hair, not a woman's; some visiting-cards, not bearing the name of Madame de Montfort with a coronet at the top, as now, but plain Mrs. Harrington; and a gold locket with the same monogram, V. and E., on one side in pearls, on the other a violet in diamonds; within were the same photographs as before—in one oval the man, in the other herself.

Madame looked at all these treasures attentively, read the letters through one by one, then laid them in their order carefully, methodically, and tied them up again in their band of rose-colored ribbon. She examined the photographs, and smoothed the thick ring of bright-brown hair over her supple fingers, a

certain emotion in her well-preserved face, but emotion subdued and under control—emotion that respected cosmetics, and was nowhere near to passion. Then she returned all in the same order as before, wrapped her precious pocket-book in many papers, and laid the packet at the bottom of her trunk, covered carefully with some of her reserve force of wardrobe. This done, she sat by the window meditating.

From where she sat she could see the chimneys of the Hill peering above the famous avenue of double chestnuts, lying about three miles to the right. Not more than half a mile away, near the river, was the pretty and less pretentious place which Mr. Dundas had named in his early lovetime "Andalusia Cottage," but which maps and old itineraries set down as "Ford House." She turned her eyes from one to the other, and by the look of her she might have been casting up a sum. Perhaps she was—a sum of chances, and the greater algebraic value of a commonplace kind of bird in the hand over one handsomer, better portioned, more sufficing, more desirable, in the bush—a sum of times and duration, and how long that slender stock of bank-notes in her possession would last, and when the tradesmen would demand to have their accounts settled, and fair words would be found unable to stave off rainy days; a sum of forces, and how much influence the fear of exposure would have over a man in good position, the son of a model English family respectable to its finger-tips, when he should come home and have to choose between marriage and denunciation—marriage or his secret life in London laid bare and his iniquities proclaimed to his scandalized relations; a sum of balance and comparative values—on the one side the love of a dishonored past, on the other the security of an unloving future.

The casting-up was apparently in part unsatisfactory, for she sighed once or twice, as people do who have decided for their interest against their inclination; though, to do her justice, she had not the weakness to pretend even to herself that she was a martyr because she had

elected to forego a splendid possibility for a sufficing certainty. Whatever the faults of Madame la Marquise de Montfort might be, they were not those of mental debility, and she knew nothing of that moral cowardice which calls the ugly things of the mind by noble names. At this present moment she knew quite well what she was doing, and why she was doing it. She was deciding on selling herself for rest, and on burying the flowers of truth and love with a golden spade.

Her reverie ended as the Harrowby carriage drew up at her door, this visit to madame having hung like a millstone round the neck of Mrs. Harrowby's conscience for the last three weeks or so. Indeed, her visits to Lionnet were social debts never paid willingly by the lady of the Hill, and always postponed to the last limits of decency. To-day she was accompanied by Maria and Josephine as shields to protect her when the asperities which were so sure to arrive were on hand—Maria as her buckler with a spike, Josephine as her buffer covered in velvet.

After the usual greetings, made in the graceful manner of suave superiority which was madame's way, and which always irritated Mrs. Harrowby, conscious as she was of her own place of pride as an English lady, the widow of one man of high county standing and the mother of another, while this Madame la Marquise de Montfort was a myth sprung from no one knew where, belonging to no one knew whom—an enigma whereof no one had the key, a fable with a questionable moral—madame, turning to Josephine, said blandly, "Mr. Dundas was telling me to-day, dear girl, of your generous offer to teach our poor dear Leam. It was very kind—a maternal act truly charitable and much needed."

Josephine blushed and looked confused. She wished madame had not said that word "maternal." It struck too near the secret centre of her thoughts to be pleasant, spoken out broadly like this; and she feared it might enlighten her mother, who as yet had not seen Sebastian in this offer of quasi governess-

hood to Leam—had not connected feeling for the father with interest in the girl.

Turning from Josephine to Mrs. Harrowby, madame continued: "And that is just what the poor child wants, is it not, Mrs. Harrowby?—a mother, such as our dear Josephine would make, to guide and direct her, and make her fit for her future position as the wife of an English gentleman—like Mr. Francis, for instance?"

"Josephine would make rather a young mother for a girl of Leam's age," retorted Mrs. Harrowby tartly.

Truly, Madame de Montfort had the most irritating effect on her. Whatever she said annoyed her, and each time they met Mrs. Harrowby mentally vowed should be the last.

Madame looked at her amiably. "I do not think Mr. Dundas considers her too young for such a post," she said with her sweetest smile.

"Madame how can you say anything so gross, so insulting?" cried Mrs. Harrowby, her pale and puckered face aflame with indignation.

She wished her daughters to marry, certainly, but she did not like their chances discussed.

"What have I said?" asked madame still amiably, a little bewilderment superadded.

"It is a most unpleasant insinuation," cried Mrs. Harrowby. "We are not used to such things at North Aston." She said this as if North Aston was some sacred city where no unclean thing was suffered to enter.

"No, no insinuation at all, dear Mrs. Harrowby," returned madame with graceful equanimity, but still holding to her point. "I have not studied life so long and under such varied experiences not to understand my alphabet. The thing is as clear as" — early habit of speech prompted "mud," reflection substituted—"daylight: if Mr. Dundas does profit by my friend Josephine's sweet offer, it means marriage and nothing else. Why," smiling at Mrs. Harrowby in a sisterly, confidential way, "you and I are too old, dear lady, not to understand that. A child could see it."

"In which case I should decidedly forbid the whole thing," Mrs. Harrowby answered, pulling irritably at her crape and looking for support to her eldest daughter, who, after the manner of eldest daughters in general, was gradually gaining the ascendancy over her mind. "It shall never be said that we manœuvred for Mr. Dundas."

Madame raised her eyebrows. "It would be a pity to forbid such a promising arrangement," she said. "What does it signify what people say? Why not let them marry if they like? You must give young people opportunities."

"Madame, do not, pray!" pleaded poor Josephine, nearly crying from shame and vexation.

"Don't what?" answered madame, with the look of a French *ingénue*. "Why should I not? I am only pleading your cause, dear."

"Surely, Madame de Montfort forgets to whom she is speaking," said Mrs. Harrowby with dignity.

"No, indeed," she answered with a sweet and pleasant little laugh. "I am speaking to my friend Josephine, who would make one of the best wives in the world, and who has, if I am not mistaken, a very warm place in her heart for our poor widower; while he on his side only wants a little wise encouragement to respond as a gentleman should when he wishes to reward a fidelity that is both pretty and touching."

"Wherever else you may have learnt the ways of the matchmaking world, pray do not try to give lessons here," cried Miss Harrowby angrily.

Madame raised her eyebrows for the second time. They were well-marked eyebrows, many shades darker than her hair. "No?" she answered innocently. "Why do you say that? What have I said wrong?"

"I do not think one of my daughters exactly the kind of girl to fall in love with a married man, or to offer herself as you suggest," returned Mrs. Harrowby glacially. "The mere supposition is an insult."

"You forget, too, that Mr. Dundas has been our friend for life, both before and

after he was married," added Maria eagerly, conscious on her own side of thoughts and wishes once harbored in her heart that would scarcely bear translation into words. But hers was an old dream, begun and cherished long before that fatal visit to Spain which had blown her castle to the ground and rasped her on the bare boards of disappointment. Josephine's was a later and more sentimental matter—a question of pity overflowing its borders and passing into the regions akin.

"No, indeed, I do not forget your old friendship," madame replied with a certain meaning accent. "That is just why I thought a marriage between Mr. Dundas and my dear Josephine would be so pleasant, so suitable."

"Don't, don't, madame!" again murmured Josephine.

"Madame, one word for all: I cannot allow this subject to be discussed," said Mrs. Harrowby with all her stiffest dignity, her iciest displeasure. "If I thought that you had the smallest ground for your assertion I would forbid Mr. Dundas my house."

"Mamma!" this time pleaded poor Josephine, set between two fires and scorched cruelly at both.

"Surely!" remonstrated madame, representing worldly wisdom.

"Mamma would do quite right. Indeed, she could do nothing else," said Miss Harrowby.

Madame looked from one to the other with perplexed amazement perfectly translated. "I am sorry I made any remark," she said slowly. "I fear I have done harm."

"You have done good," retorted Mrs. Harrowby, still dignified and icy. "It is always useful to know what others think, and to be on one's guard against vulgar mistakes and spiteful misrepresentations."

Madame slightly shrugged her shoulders. Her dear friends were terribly unreasonable, and she wished them to understand that she thought them so. Husbands were evidently not too plentiful in North Aston: why, then, starve a promising plant, nip in the bud a potential

bloom? For her own part, had she been the mother of three matured and maiden daughters, she would have cultivated Mr. Dundas assiduously; and so she meant it to be inferred as she said in her smooth, inoffensive voice, "But, dear Mrs. Harrowby, it would surely be such a pleasure to you to see one of your dear girls settled comfortably, and in such a pretty house as Andalusia Cottage, too. And then Mr. Dundas is such a perfect gentleman; and if Leam, sweet child, is peculiar, she is very interesting. I think it would be just delightful."

Before Mrs. Harrowby could reply, Maria broke in: "If you are so vastly pleased with Mr. Dundas and Andalusia Cottage, madame," she said with bitterness, "why do you not take it all to yourself?"

"Ah!" said madame, turning her fine eyes on the speaker with mournful rebuke; "you are cruel, Miss Harrowby. You forget my state."

"Not so cruel as you have been to us," cried Maria.

"Are any of you widows of late date?" asked madame, still with the same mournful rebuke. "In wishing to see one of you married to the man of her evident affections, the man of her choice, I do not bring before you lost happiness. I only wish to see you enjoy that state you have never known and have so long desired?"

"How dare you say so long desired?" fired off Maria indignantly. "To hear you talk, one would think that Josephine was really in love with Mr. Dundas."

"Would you, now?" returned madame simply, with a friendly look to Josephine; "and you might make a worse guess," she added.

Upon which the three ladies rose, Mrs. Harrowby saying coldly, "As the conversation has taken such an unpleasant turn, all I can do is to end it;" and so, without shaking hands, only bowing, they stiffly conveyed themselves away, leaving madame mistress of the position in that she had done that which she had intended to do.

For the upshot of this conversation was a cool note from Mrs. Harrowby to

Sebastian Dundas, withdrawing the offer which her daughter Josephine had made to help Miss Dundas in her studies, without reason assigned or regret expressed. She was angry at the necessity under which she felt of doing this—angry with madame, with Josephine, with Sebastian, with herself, with everybody concerned, and a great many who were not concerned. She would have been very glad indeed had this marriage come about by natural and pleasant means, and she had even allowed the thought to cross her mind in its deepest recesses more than once since Pepita died. But when it came to a cold, business-like calculation, a confessed act of angling as put by madame, then all the native pride of the English lady woke up in her heart, and rather than appear to be planning for her daughter's settlement, she cut the ground from under her own feet, and made the poor girl unhappy because she had not sufficient moral courage to despise insinuations and defy gossip.

On her side madame felt safe. She knew enough of Mrs. Harrowby to be quite sure that she would not give the true reason of her sudden coolness. She was not the kind of woman to confess to any gentleman that she was afraid her daughter was in love with him, and that what she had offered in apparent friendship meant in reality a bold bid for marriage. And even if she should take such a decided step so utterly out of her own line, madame knew Sebastian Dundas and the strength of the chain she had laid on his neck.

It all came about as she had designed. Mr. Dundas rushed off to her in hot haste to tell her of this unaccountable break in the harmony of his relations with the Hill. He was full of it, as a grievance demanding the universe for an audience, and he exhausted conjecture as to the cause without coming within bowshot of the truth.

Madame listened attentively, sympathetically, gave her mind to it as a story she had not known until now, and busied herself in exhausting conjecture side by side with him, also keeping out of bowshot of the truth.

At last, raising her eyes to him with that calm look for which she was famous, she said in a quiet voice, "I tell you what it is, my friend. Mrs. Harrowby sees things as I saw them, if you remember, and knows that this scheme of Josephine's making herself Leam's governess means marriage, if you accept it and it is carried out. She wants, therefore, to bring you to the point, and it is in fact a polite way of asking your intentions."

"No," said Mr. Dundas with a fatuous smile.

"Yes," said madame with a serious look.

He laughed. He was not displeased, and he was not surprised. He had been too long accustomed to air his griefs against Pepita not to know how sincere was the pity awarded to him by the ladies at the Hill. And he knew, too, that had not madame come in between, at this time he would have been preparing the ground for Josephine's future decorous installment as the mistress of his house and the sharer of his fortune. As it was, his hopes were centred here, not there, and poor Josephine's long years of faithful friendship went for nothing weighed against madame's improved fascinations.

"At all events," he said, looking at his siren tenderly, "I have no intention of asking Miss Josephine to be my wife. She is a nice good girl, and I dare say would make a man happy enough, but she is not the wife for me."

"No," said madame quietly: "I should not think she was quite up to your mark. When you marry again, you must not make a mistake a second time."

"I do not mean to do so," he answered with meaning.

To which she replied tranquilly, "I am glad of it."

CHAPTER XVI.

MADAME'S UNJUST STEWARD.

MADAME DE MONTFORT'S correspondence, as a rule, was of the most meagre dimensions. She seldom wrote letters, and still more rarely received them, but

for some days after these last interviews with the Harrowbys and Mr. Dundas she was busy with her pen, and both sent and received much curious literature.

Among the rest came a letter signed her "affectionate brother-in-law, Julius de Montfort," telling her that their old family lawyer and trustee, a Mr. Blanc, had proved himself a thorough rogue, and had levanted with all the De Montfort treasure, family plate, diamonds, leases, bonds, money—her own dowry and her child's portion included.

This letter, which was in good English enough, was written in a London tradesman's hand on English paper, but dated from the Hôtel de Louvre in Paris. It was stiffly worded if kindly intentioned, and one phrase, "as per advice," came with a curious twang from the hand of a French marquis. It expressed the writer's regret at being the bearer of such ill news, and feared that his poor sister-in-law would feel the blow hard, coming so soon after her great loss. But it counseled courage and industry, according to her known qualities, and advocated "governessing" as the most suitable thing for her.

"With your talents and acquirements, my dear Virginie," it said, "you cannot be long in finding some such situation. I would, if I were you, look out for some good widower with young ladies to drill and bring out. That would be more in your line, I fancy, than a parcel of young ones to teach their alphabet to."

"Alphabet" spelt with an *f* was not detected by madame as an error.

After reading this letter madame heroically anointed her eyes with some pungent ointment that caused the lids to swell and redden and brought tears in plentiful abundance; after which she wrote to Mr. Birkett, her sheet-anchor in all her storms.

It was a pretty little note, full of apologies for the liberty she was taking, but saying would her kind pastor step down to her at his earliest convenience? She had just received news that would make his presence very comforting and valuable; also dear Mrs. Birkett, if she cared to give the time. She needed advice and

assistance at this moment more than she had ever done before.

It never occurred to her to go up to the rectory for this advice and assistance. It was not her way to derange herself even for her own affairs, putting her friends under requisition being more the kind of thing to which she was accustomed. And as people can generally work their world as they set themselves to pull the strings, it was the fashion at North Aston to attend on Madame de Montfort, because she made it evident that she did not mean to attend on herself. The ladies sometimes thought her unreasonable in sending for their lords at all hours, but then women are always spiteful to each other, and the gentlemen gave no heed, but went.

"I wonder what is amiss?" said Mr. Birkett anxiously as he handed the note to his wife, a little wincing at the spelling.

"She wants money," said Adelaide with a sneer.

The thought was not quite original. She had heard Frank once say, "The touchstone will be if ever she asks for money; and, mark my words, she will ask for it."

Before madame's arrival the rector had rarely been angry with Adelaide. She had managed him with consummate skill, and had been the joy of his life, if its mistress. Now they were always at odds together, and, as Adelaide once said to Josephine, her father had never spoken a kind word to her since that odious woman came. Nevertheless, she held to the line she had taken from the first, and was for ever provoking his displeasure by her enmity to his friend.

"You are harsh and unwomanly, Adelaide," he said angrily when she suggested the pattern of madame's need; while Mrs. Birkett put in more gently, "My dear, is this quite charitable?"

"No, it is only true, and time will prove it," said Adelaide coolly; whereat her father, answering, "If you do not respect yourself, Adelaide, I must beg you to respect my friend and your mother's," turned his shoulder and ignored her for the remainder of the discussion.

"At all events, I must go down and see

what the poor dear creature wants," he said fussily when his brush with Adelaide was over.

"Yes, that is only right, dear," replied Mrs. Birkett, good, easy soul. "Give her my love, poor thing! and say I am too busy to go out this morning"—she meant she was too lazy—"but tell her to send up the baby for a few hours. It may be a relief to have the little one taken off her hands to-day."

"Yes, I will, my dear," said the rector, the softened tones of his voice thanking her for her sympathy. For indeed her conduct to madame had made him love her more than he had ever loved her before; it was such a sweet contrast, he used to say, to the average Englishwoman's jealous exclusiveness, making marriage such bondage and a husband such a mere slave as she does.

"If you are going to have that odious baby here, mamma, I will go to the Hill," said Adelaide in her coldest manner, meaning her mother to give way, as once she would have done.

But Mrs. Birkett had no thought of giving way. She wanted the baby to play with, and she did not regret her daughter's absence; so she simply said, "Yes, do, dear, it will amuse you;" and her voice showed her relief. "For really," as she afterward complained to her husband, "that dear girl's temper grows worse day by day, and she makes me quite unhappy with her dislikes and her fancies. She cannot be simple and easy, and take things as they come, but is always looking for mysteries and finding faults no one else sees. As for poor dear Madame de Montfort, she hates her so unreasonably she even dislikes that sweet child because of her."

To which the rector answered in an angry tone, "She is certainly strangely prejudiced against madame. I have never seen her so unamiable before, and I cannot understand it now. But I will not allow her to treat the poor creature with rudeness. She and I will quarrel if she does."

Leaving his wife and Adelaide, however, to settle their present differences as they best could, the rector went off to

his fair friend to hear what news she had for him, and to give her his best advice thereon.

He was struck by her air as he entered. Subdued and evidently penetrated by sorrow, those red and swollen lids evidences of some severe affliction, she was yet so noble, so self-sustained, so grandly calm and gracious in her strength, it seemed to him he had never seen her so beautiful, so morally superior to the rest of womankind. She gave him the impression of some stately priestess on whom a mortal hurt has fallen, but who, remembering always that she is a priestess, one consecrated to the noble life and the manifestation of strength and grace, disdains the weak lamentation and childish outcry of meaner women.

"Something terrible has happened, my dear friend?" said the rector, holding her hand in both of his and speaking with sincere emotion.

"Yes," she said with a patient smile, "something terrible, indeed. But sit down, dear Mr. Birkett. I need not fatigue you in body as well as in mind." Here she smiled again—that sad sweet smile of hers which was more pathetic than the tears of other women. "I am sure I must have tired you by now with all my trouble and disasters."

"Not at all, not at all! Don't say that," repeated the rector. "I am so sorry that you have these heavy crosses to bear."

"This is second only to the worst of all—that terrible loss I can never get over," said madame.

"Ah! I am sorry," he said. "What is it?"

"Briefly this—I am ruined!" said madame, crossing her hands on her lap.

The rector gave a little gasp. He remembered Adelaide's words: was it possible they were true?

"Read this, my friend, and then you will know as much as I can tell you," continued madame, who had seen his momentary look of terror.

She put into his hands the letter signed Julius de Montfort, written as an English tradesman would have written it, on Bath post, but dated from Paris. "That is

from my brother-in-law," she said; "and now you know all."

"Villain!" cried the rector as he read, madame's bright eyes watching him keenly the while. The sight of the letter banished his suspicions, if indeed that passing terror could be called suspicion at all: he trusted madame too loyally to imagine her capable of a planned deception. Had she asked him outright for a loan, Adelaide might have been right, but this was quite different, and this carried its own proof with it. And when he said "Villain!" so energetically, and struck the letter angrily with his hand, she drew a deep breath and uncrossed the taper fingers so closely entwined on her lap. She knew now that she was safe.

"What shall I do?" she asked, when Mr. Birkett had read the letter for the second time. "I see nothing before me but to follow my brother's advice and make myself a governess. May I come to you for a character?" with touching cheerfulness.

The rector could not answer for a moment. His clerical tie had suddenly become tight about his throat. "Surely," he said at last, with an effort, "if such a painful necessity exists you can command me."

"Thanks, dear friend! I knew I could count on you," replied Madame de Montfort gratefully. "But, alas! what can I do about my child? It would break my heart to be separated from her, and who will take a baby of a year old with a governess?"

"My wife would take charge of the child for a while until you had looked about you," began the rector; and then he stopped, a little doubtfully.

He did not object to the occasional presence of the baby at the rectory. It pleased his wife, and was not an exorbitant price to pay for the pleasure of madame's society. But a baby *en permanence*, and no madame at hand as compensation! He hesitated visibly, and the cordiality dropped out of his voice.

"Ah!" said madame with feeling, "you are not a mother, my friend. Do you

think I could let my sweet one go from me?—not even to such a second self as dearest Mrs. Birkett."

"The only thing will be, then, to find a situation as daily governess, where you can keep your own house," said the rector, a pang passing through him as he thought of Sebastian Dundas—the very thing for her lying at her gate.

"So I think and feel," returned madame. "But where to find this phoenix of a widow with young ladies to educate and introduce?"

She looked into his face, and he shifted his eyes uneasily. "I do not know," he said.

"Nor I," she sighed. Looking round her room, she added, "It is a pity to have to leave it all when I have made my little place so pretty."

There was a silence.

"I am a true woman," she continued softly. "I care for my house and home; and now that I have got used to my life at Lionnet, and have made such good friends here, I do not like the idea of leaving and turning out into the bare, bleak world beyond."

Her eyes were mournful, her voice full of sadness. The rector felt pushed back on his magnanimity. It cost him some effort: nevertheless, he knew that as a gentleman he must make it. Between losing her altogether, while letting her confront who knows what dangers out in the perilous world beyond, and opening a door for that fellow Dundas, his conscience forbade him to hesitate. He was a small-headed man truly, proud and pumpkin-like, but he was a gentleman; and his inherited instincts held him straight if certain other of his natural qualities would have driven him astray.

"There is Mr. Dundas," he then said a little stiffly.

Madame's tranquil face gave no sign. "Leam?" she said interrogatively.

"Yes," replied the rector.

She shook her head. "A task, I fear, beyond my strength," she answered. "I should not like to try and fail."

"You would not fail," cried the rector, as her champion against herself.

She smiled. "You are a partial judge," she answered. "You rate me too high."

"Could I?" he answered almost tenderly.

He was so grateful to her that she had not flown at his suggestion! Then she had no feeling for Sebastian? and having no feeling there was no danger.

The rector did not like contradiction. Having offered the suggestion, he stuck to it. She *must* be Leam's instructress: on all the wide face of the earth this was the only thing she could do or ought to do, and he bent the whole force of his mind and will to force her to accept his suggestion as a religious obligation. It cost him some time and trouble to make her see this matter as her duty—her duty to herself and her child, and, taking lofty ground, poor motherless, desolate Leam as well; but he gradually made way and gained on her reluctance.

She was open to conviction, as indeed she always was, being one of those fine reasonable women who allow the masculine intellect its due weight in their deliberations, and are pretty sure to show their superiority by yielding to it at last. But she yielded only slowly and by degrees. It was not the thing she wanted, she said—not what she had thought of in any way. She was afraid of the task, and she was not quite sure that Mr. Dundas would like it.

But when she said this the rector snorted like a war-horse, and answered angrily, "Not like it? Why, how could that fellow Dundas ever look for such a blessing? It is more than he deserves, a thousandfold."

Then madame threw up her hands, smiling. "I yield! I yield!" she cried. "I will see Mr. Dundas, and tell him that it is at your sanction and desire, indeed by your express suggestion, that I offer myself to him as Leam's governess, and if he thinks my doing so is a freedom, he is to talk to you about it."

To which the rector answered, "Yes, do so: it is the best way of putting it, and I am glad to be your shield and buckler in this matter."

"You have been my shield and buckler all through," said madame prettily.

"But for you I should never have been here at all."

When the rector left, bearing a message to Mr. Dundas from madame, asking him to come and see her, and intending for his own part to suggest the scheme he had just been discussing to save her the awkwardness of doing so, madame flung herself into an easy-chair and, covering her face, laughed aloud. It all seemed so droll to her, such simplicity, such blindness, such childish faith. She wondered where a man like Mr. Birkett could have packed away the worldly knowledge he must have gained in his sixty years' passage through life to be so easily deceived as he was by her.

"I always thought it," she said to herself, still laughing: "men are the vainest creatures on the face of the earth. Talk of women! The weakest of us all is not so soft as a man if taken in the right way, flattered as he likes to be flattered, and treated as something infinitely superior, not only to poor little us—that is of course—but to every other man. These two dear, stupid school-boys of mine, I govern them both with lollipops—simply flatter and cajole, and have them both at my feet. If I did not know the world and men so well, I should say I was one of the cleverest women out—and, for the matter of that, I am, pretty well—but it is not that so much as that they are the biggest fools. How easy it has all been! and my unnecessary terrors!"

On which she laughed again; but, remembering that Mr. Dundas was to be here soon, she composed her face to the proper nobly sad expression she wished it to wear, and sat waiting for his advent, knitting a baby's sock.

Had Madame de Montfort been a queen to whom Sebastian Dundas was kneeling while pleading for her grace, he could not have thrown more respect, more homage, into his words and manner than when he came now to Lionnet to beseech this unknown tenant of his to live here, in his house, rent-free, and to accept a handsome salary for teaching his daughter doubtful orthography and defective syntax. He forestalled all she

wished to say. The rector had told him enough—quite as much as it was necessary he should know, he said—and now the thing must be considered settled. If one steward had proved himself unjust, others would be found faithful, and the future must atone for the past. So long as he lived, he said with tears in his eyes and an almost boyish passion of devotion in his face, she should never want a friend, and if she wished to make him happy she must put him to the test and make him of use to her.

For a moment madame felt ashamed of the pitiful cheat she was enacting. Contrasted with all this earnestness and truth, what a heartless sham she was! Not that she suffered herself to be turned from her main point by remorse or shame. She was fighting for dear life, and she meant when she had got what she wanted to make no bad use of it. On the contrary, she would be a blessing to them all—the light of his days and the tender guardian of his child. The end justified the means, and if she had to gain that end by crooked means, the fault lay with society, which will not bear the truth, not with her because she dare not tell it.

So she reasoned and sophisticated, and soon talked to sleep that starved, somnolent thing she called her conscience, and made herself believe that she was doing right, eminently right, by deceiving Sebastian Dundas to his happiness and Leam's gain, and by making the rector her stalking-horse for the sake of the respectabilities involved. She had her part to play, and she played it well. Indeed, she did most things well, clever as she was.

She accepted the tone her landlord took as the homage due to her womanhood in the first place, to her rank as Madame de Montfort in the second. She confessed her indebtedness frankly, but in a grand, almost regal manner—her very confession itself a grace—and she agreed to his terms with the quiet dignity of one who was giving honor and receiving right. She spoke of her future influence over Leam without vulgar boasting, but with no affectation of undue modesty—seriously, in a fine, almost mater-

nal spirit, as one knowing her full value and what she could do for others; and she let it be seen that she held that influence high and not overpaid at the price.

So thought Mr. Dundas, and so he said effusively; to which she answered gravely, "And perhaps you are right. There are certain things which money cannot buy or pay for."

The interview was a decided success all round. Not the faintest ray of light shot athwart the pleasant darkness in which the landlord of Lionnet was living: not the smallest slip in her perilous path betrayed the true moral whereabouts of madame. The one shut his eyes and allowed himself to be hoodwinked with a docility partly contemptible, partly touching: the other fastened on the blind with no uncertain hand, and spurned Truth as a slave behind her. The end each had in view was accomplished. Sebastian Dundas had secured the right of closer daily intercourse with madame: madame had secured her present maintenance for the one part, and her future marriage with her landlord for the other; the last falling so naturally, coming so much as of course from all that had gone before, that the place would accept it quietly, and not be stirred into an inconvenient excitement. For excitement might lead to questioning, and questioning might entail answers. Leam, at the worst, would take no harm from what it pleased Madame la Marquise de Montfort to call her views on education. If the girl was taught only how to hold her knife and fork properly, it would be so much to the good; and madame, though herself substantially uneducated, was by many degrees Leam's superior. Malice itself could not find a loophole whence to shoot its poisoned shafts, and the various parts of the puzzle fitted to perfection. But the Harrowbys and Adelaide Birkett laughed significantly when they heard of the unjust steward and the subsequent arrangement, and Josephine had red eyes for several days after.

She got a little consolation from Adelaide's merciless suggestions as to the real state and condition of this strange

woman. She had neither the wit nor the courage to think sharp things of herself, but she was pleased at her friend's bold cleverness; and the intimacy between the two, which had slackened during these late months—indeed ever since madame's advent—was knit up into more than its former closeness. Josephine had her griefs to avenge, and Adelaide's sarcastic tongue did this work for her; while to Adelaide herself there was always Edgar in the background, and the day when he must return. And it was this fact of Edgar's return that made her hate madame so bitterly on the one hand, for fear of her undeniable sirenhood, and hold by the elderly sisters so closely on the other, for hope of the result of her intimacy. For indeed the Hill was a splendid property, and Edgar was not unpersonable.

So there was reason enough why the two should be continually together again, and why madame should smile to herself at the harmlessness of their revenge. She had the substance safe, and could well afford them the shadow as their target. It was like fighting with a cloud to try conclusions with madame. She never showed when she was hit. Her smile was just as sweet, her manner just as even, her speech and greeting just as smooth and genial as before. She betrayed no consciousness of cause, no perception of results. No coolness could dull her, impertinent looks and smiles fell dead, and not the most stinging sarcasm could irritate her to sharp reply. She caught all their spears on her shield, and her shield was impenetrable. Thus the unspoken feud burnt slowly on—the girls watchful and inimical, but madame determined not to give the enemy cause to rejoice by any imprudence on her side. Even Frank was forced to admit that she bore herself with consummate skill, and that she was the cleverest woman he knew.

"Too clever to be good," said Mrs. Harrowby, true to her colorless code of feminine negation; and her daughters echoed the sentiment.

Meanwhile, Leam underwent a daily torture, the effect of which was to harden

her more and more to the world outside, while driving her deeper into that recess where was her stronghold. She hated her lessons, not because they were lessons, but because they were things mamma had not taught her, and would have laughed to scorn had she heard of. It seemed to her an injury to mamma that she should learn all these funny things about places and people, the stars and the animals, that madame read to her from ugly little books, and that mamma had never known.

But what could she do? It was to no good that she sometimes ran away and hid for a whole day in one special part of Steel's Wood, braving the unknown perils of wild beasts and armed banditti to be found therein, if thereby she might escape madame. She thought she would rather run the danger of being devoured by the wolves and lions which she had not a doubt made their home in the dark parts of the wood, or of being carried off by the brigands who lived in the caves, than go to madame to feel that her mother was being insulted when unable to avenge herself, and that she, her little Leam, her own sweet heart, had joined hands in the blow.

Still, running away was of no avail. To escape one day out of seven or eight might be a gain of so many hours, but the permanent arrangement held fast. That went on whether she braved the perils of the wild beasts and armed banditti or not; and the only result of her absence to-day was to be taken personally in deep disgrace by her father to-morrow, scolded all the way there, and received by madame with maddening friendliness at the end.

Leam thought she could have borne it better had madame been cold and severe rather than so uniformly caressing

and amiable. Had she rated her, or even beaten her, as her mother used to do, she would have been less reluctant, because she would have had something tangible to go on. As it was, she too felt as if beating herself against a cloud, and the plentiful outpour of honey in exchange for her own gall sickened her. That pleasant smile, those endearing words, that inexhaustible patience, revolted the girl, who saw in her smooth-faced "governess" only the woman whom her mother had distrusted and disliked. For herself personally, without those haunting reminiscences, she would have liked madame well enough; but now it would be unfaithful to mamma, and Leam could not be that. Living as she did in the one ever-active thought of her mother's unseen presence and continued existence, the influence of the past was never weakened, and Leam's heart clung to the mother unseen as her little arms used to cling round her in the days of her bodily existence. When the ladies of North Aston took it in hand to teach this young savage faith in the life after death, they did not think they were opening such a crooked door as this.

Thus the relations between Madame la Marquise de Montfort and her pupil were not exactly what might be termed of ideal harmoniousness, but madame never confessed her failure. On the contrary, she always spoke of Leam as a most fascinating child, charming to teach and interesting to study, and as improving daily under her care.

And when the neighbors said dubiously, "We do not see the improvement," she only smiled more sweetly than usual as she answered with her serene and noble air, "But I am conscious of it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NIGHT OF ADVENTURES.

TOWARD the end of 1856, I had occasion to remove from Ajmere to Tanjore, and, the more direct route being impracticable, I set out thither by way of Agra. My wife traveled in a palanquin, while I jogged along in an eyecore of a cart, which was roofed in, had no springs, and was drawn by a yoke of oxen—a sort of vehicle much used, and no less abused, in certain parts of Central India. This cunning device to punish a man's sins simultaneously in the flesh and in the spirit is known as a *shigram*, the name being derived from the Sanskrit for "swift," and, conjecturally, selected in irony, unless the original exemplar of the modern shigram has been disgraced by most degenerate descendants. But my oxen, the days of *loquitur bos* being past, I must say a good word for, as they richly deserved it. These noble animals I had bought at the Pokhar fair. They were milk-white, and they had great flowing dewlaps which I could wind round my arm. As to their height, though I am not a dwarf, I could not, when on tiptoe, touch by many inches the gilt balls on the points of their horns. Five and twenty or thirty miles they would trot off at a stretch, and, with a liberal bolus of sugar and opium added to their grain and grass after the day's work, could maintain this rate of speed for a week or more. At the travelers' bungalows—where, journeying mostly by night, we spent the greater part of the day—we could count on getting nothing to eat but a skeletal chicken, popularly styled "sudden death."* In consequence, we had to carry our provisions with us; and since it was a good

* About the door of every traveler's bungalow you see a sprinkling of melancholy hens and macilent pullets. The servant in charge desires you as you alight to choose what you would have for breakfast, but your choice is Hobson's. As likely as not, the unsentimental ruffian runs down one of his fowls and wrings its neck before your very eyes, and within fifteen minutes it is smoking on the table, grilled or in curry. The expression "sudden death," a model of grim metaphor, will now be intelligible.

week's crawl to Agra, they formed a considerable bulk. My cart was the receptacle for them, the softer packets being utilized as buffers, to the no slight protection of shin and elbow. And so I traversed Rajpootana, philosophically striving to reduce to a minimum my malediction on things in general, and heartily wishing myself projected sundry nights and days into futurity. A palanquin, if properly appointed, is, as all the world knows, a very bed of roses, at least until you find your back sore from lying too long in one position. For no woes of my helpmate have I, then, to solicit retrospective commiseration. Nor did our companion, the wife of our friend Captain P—, suffer memorably. She, it is true, was like myself boxed up in a shigram; but hers was of a sumptuous order, padded and all that, and her sensations, compared with mine, must have been rather enviable, like those of a sybarite hanged with a silken halter. Moreover, the little woman was herself of a cushiony construction—one of those felicitous contrivances which apparently have no bones, and certainly have no angles, and which meet the jars and jolts of life with no demonstration of disquietude more pronounced than that implied by a gentlewomanly "Oh!" Further particulars about her there is no call that I should enter into. And yet I would by no means disparage her present importance to me. If the cockboat of the three Gothamite sages had proved more seaworthy, a result more favorable than that recited by tradition would, we are told, have been realized. Contrariwise, if it had not been for my fair charge the night of adventures here about to be rehearsed would have been wanting as matter for the record of history.

It was many hours after sunset, pitch-dark, and very cold for the end of November, when we drew near to the treacherous river Ban. There had been heavy rain, and the stream was much swollen.

In default of a bridge, and also of boats beyond the size of a skiff, we were obliged to rely on the ford, but this, we were informed by the people of the village on the banks, was perfectly trustworthy. A guide was sent for, with three or four torches and torch-bearers, and word was given to advance. The palanquin, as being portable and easy to handle, was despatched first, its contents included. It achieved the passage without mishap, and its lights soon vanished in the distance. Not to imperil my lady friend, should peril be lurking for us, I ventured next. The idea of danger, however, appeared to the guide ridiculous: he would pilot us across just as he had piloted the palanquin, and quite as expeditiously. Though not altogether confident, I bade him go on. My shigram may have reached the middle of the river when all at once I felt it subside. The guide had strayed off the ford, and I was foundering in a quicksand. My driver jumped into the water to hold up the heads of my cattle, while every one else was hurried ashore to procure rails and spars. With these the cart and the oxen were before long so propped that they seemed likely to sink no deeper than they were—at all events, for some time.

Meanwhile, acting on his own responsibility, the guide had started off the other shigram; and it was nearly abreast of my own, though about a hundred feet distant, when I first caught sight of it. But all of a sudden I saw it stop and give a lurch. The idiot who was going to land us on the farther bank so promptly had contrived to ferret out a second quicksand on the side of the ford opposite to that where I was wrecked, and there he had deposited my little friend. I jumped into the flood and hastened to her immediately. If I had been in some danger, I directly discovered that she was in still more. A new supply of timber was put in requisition, and to good effect, but not before she was completely drenched, for when I got to her the water had risen to her waist as she sat trembling in every limb and crying bitterly. The shigram and oxen made sure of for the present, the next thing to be thought of was how

soonest to release her from her exceedingly moist predicament. She was positive she was going to be drowned, and I was solemnly commissioned to deliver this message and that and the other to her bereaved husband. At last, what between logic and rhetoric, improvised with utter disregard of all method, I induced her to believe that there was still room for hope. But how was she to get to land? In reply to this query I protested that as I was immersed wellnigh up to my chin, to carry her in my arms was not to be thought of. Then what was to be done? The pious Æneas and Sinbad the Sailor in their character of bipeds of burden naturally suggested themselves to me, and I dropped a hint, as delicately as I could, about the freaks of small children in begging their papas to show them what riding on horseback is like. The seed was not cast on barren ground, though a woman would not be a woman if she had not an objection to offer, just to show that she can think for herself. And I was not kept in any tiresome suspense for the objection that awaited me. What would Mrs. Grundy say? If I comminated Mrs. Grundy vocally or mentally, I dare say that even that censorious old lady herself will condone my hasty irreverence, all circumstances of the provocation thereto being dispassionately considered. Besides, I urged, Mrs. Grundy need not know anything whatever about it, my comprehensive "it" not demanding, as I discerned, expansion and exposition into details. As for the baboonish rustics that were gaping at us, how could it reasonably signify what view they should think fit to take of anything we might do? In their eyes, do what we might, we were only a superior class of lunatics, and then they had no local newspaper with its dirty little corner of domestic occurrences.

This last argument clinched the matter conclusively. There was nothing left but to act on my intimation, and for the first time in my life I presented my back to a lady from a sense of politeness. An adjustment was come to without delay. She put on my wide-awake, as she re-

quired both her hands to hold on by my hair. For myself, to contribute still further to her equilibrium, I folded my left arm across my chest, after the similitude of a saint in an old picture, while with the right I steadied my steps through the strong current by the aid of a pole masterfully appropriated from one of our aquatic attendants. My compact little encumbrance was, as to weight, no joke. A joke, however, she found in the thought of the ludicrous appearance we were exhibiting, and soon after I had got fairly in motion she began to laugh, and a trifle too heartily to help progression. I begged her to sit still and not shake me, and she obeyed. To sit close I had not to request of her, and if I had stumbled, and we had gone down to the naiads together, there would have been a curious androgynous knot of us for posthumous disentanglement. And then it struck her as apposite, by way of supplement, to remark, as emphatically as if emphasis were necessary in order to my conviction, that she had never been in such a position before in all her life. I could only reply that my own immediate position was equally a novelty in my experience; and this communication seemed to have something of comfort in it. Two hundred yards was the measure of our critical excursion, which I was not a little pleased to see accomplished successfully. A nice young woman, I was, however, constrained to reflect before it was over, is undeniably a very nice thing, but yet a man would scarcely like to go through life with one constricting the nape of his neck after the manner of a clothes-pin. He had better live and die a bachelor outright, and like a Mohammedan take his chance of a houri hereafter. A few minutes and we were on the dry sand, where we sat down to recover ourselves. Driftwood was lying about in large quantities: this I made my people collect, and presently we had a fire blazing. Our next care was, of course, to get as dry as we could. But our vehicles and oxen? My heroine was not in the least afraid to be left in the keeping of the black men, and after denouncing unheard-of pains and penalties on them in the event of their

running away, robbing the carts or comporting themselves otherwise like varlets, I set out for the nearest village, there to seek for assistance.

The village turned out to be about a mile away. I preferred to go to it by myself, but not forgetting to take my faithful pole, now doubly valuable as a memento and as being contingently serviceable to break a head. It was as dark as ever, the wind had risen, it began to rain, the mud was everywhere ankle-deep. Now and then a cowardly dog sneaked up through the gloom from behind, and enterprised a furtive snap at my legs. An owl would hoot on this side, a jackal would yelp on the other, and a hyena would wail right away in front. Only the larger brood of Carnivora was really to be feared; but neither in these was that wild region wanting: on the contrary, they were notoriously plentiful there. Altogether, I floundered along under trials of fortitude and Achilles' tendon sufficient to test the fibre of the toughest equanimity.

At the entrance to the village was a staging, perhaps eight feet high, with a ladder leaning against it. This perch, raised so well beyond the reach of tigers, was the post of the village watchman. Suspecting there was some one aloft, and also suspecting that the some one up there was not so alert as he ought to be, I called out. Getting no answer, I ascended the ladder. A Hindoo, when he goes to sleep, lies down on his back and draws a sheet over him, which he tucks under at the sides and likewise under his heels and his head. You might think, from the look of him, that he was laid out for the undertaker. In this attitude I surprised the village guardian of the night. Shouting had no effect on him, unless it was to make him more stertorous. And then I rolled him over, with the addition of a vigorous pinch and divers punchings and probings about the ribs. It became manifest that, happen what might, his repose was not lightly to be interrupted. After manifold experiments to excite life in him, he hemmed and called me a bad name. Encouraged by this seemingly good omen of return-

ing consciousness, I redoubled my efforts, but all to no purpose. Had I, then, been deceived? Had he reviled me from the regions of Dreamland? At any rate, the more I tried to rouse him the more he refused to be roused. Manipulation I then reinforced with threats, exhortations, promises, expostulations and appeals to his shabby rags and tatters of a conscience. He replied to all with a bland and placid snore. I was ignominiously vanquished, and had to give him up. Once let a Hindoo make up his mind to be obstinate, and only by exaggeration and most unjustly could anything akin to the gentle ass be likened to him. Anyhow, so it is with a Hindoo when broad awake, and it appears to be the same with him when resolutely slumberous. Commending the somnolent watchman to the memory of the Seven Sleepers as quite worthy to make an eighth, I came down the ladder and mused on the situation.

I then plunged into the thick of the village. "Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound, and curs of low degree"—all but the hound—came forth to proclaim me intrusive, and to take accordant measures with bark and bite. The merits of my pole now had full scope for displaying themselves, as the canine community had reason to remember. A large number of small houses passed, I came to one of larger dimensions. There I knocked, and kept knocking, until from some far-off apartment there struggled out a voice demanding my business. I had to speak very loud to make myself heard as I told who I was and what I wanted. It being hard enough to shout out mother English at the top of one's pitch intelligibly, the reader may infer the disadvantage I was under in having to vociferate in a foreign language. My interlocutor caught the word *sâhib*, conventionally used for "white man," by which I had described myself, and on this his reply turned. He was certain I was no *sâhib*, though I would be taken, by my speech, for one—a compliment which I should have appreciated more highly if it had been more seasonable. Through all my disguise he recognized

in me a well-known burglar—one Bakshi Ram, as he called him. There was a trusty blunderbuss in the house, he went on to inform me: it was loaded, it was at his bedside, and he intended to try it on me from an upper window if I did not bundle off instantly. I repeated my history, but without shaking in the least his concealed theory of my personality. Indeed, the fellow had a strong spice of the German doctrinarian in him. He was clear who I was, he reiterated, and added that he was coming. And there was no mistake about it: coming he certainly was, for I heard the clatter of his clogs as he approached from the interior of the house. To stay and be shot would have been a desperate expedient for confuting a sleepy savage. So I doubled nimbly round a couple of corners, and paused again. As to any solution of my difficulties, I was precisely where I had been half an hour before.

But, hark! what is that noise yonder? Not of the drowsy watchman's nasal horn, assuredly, and yet of a horn. And there is a tomtom too. And why are they making the small hours hideous? Hymen must be at the bottom of it all. Of course, if I had not been living ten years in India I might not have come so rapidly to this genial conclusion from the unmelodious premises which had unexpectedly assaulted my ears. Guiding myself by the providential discord, I noticed that after a while it grew perceptibly louder. Still, somehow, it seemed to divest itself of much of its wonted disagreeableness. Was I getting Orientalized? Might I some day so fall from the grace of civilized acoustics as to enjoy what is courteously called Asiatic music? Was caterwauling, prejudice apart, absolutely irreconcilable with just notions of harmony? Was it not, in good part, owing to flighty sentimentalism that I had found pleasure in the song of the skylark? As the worshipful mayor of Nottingham decided of Shakespeare, were not Beethoven and Mendelssohn preposterously overrated? To all these questions I can now return an unhesitating negative. The truth is, not since I left college had I refreshed my recollec-

tions of what some profound psychologist says about the association of ideas; and who amidst such surroundings as I had got entangled among, and especially at two o'clock in the morning, could be expected to be severely metaphysical? A subtle divination, unawares to myself, had connected in my thoughts the dissonance of the villatic and villainous instrumentation with the prospective realization of relief. The dismal din which Dan Cupid in his dusky epiphany had thrown athwart my path thus got mixed up with the one idea which just then more than any other was welcome to me. It is, in fact, difficult to contemplate anything whatsoever as wholly abstracted from the accidents that adhere to it; and quite possibly, if we were to philosophize ourselves to such an exalted degree as to see things under this aspect of entire apartness from self-interest, the scanty poetry of life would be scantier than it is already. Be this as it may, since the rememberable night here evoked from the past I have never spoken contemptuously of tomtoms without sub-compunctious visitings of conscience.

A turn in the street brought me into the full glare of a dozen torches. And behind was a crowd. First came the link-boys, and then the obstreperous band, and then an irregular procession of thirty or forty women. As I neared them they all halted. A bride was under escort to her new home. Young she was, of course, for every Hindoo maiden marries while in her teens, and in Rajpootana, except among the Mairs, a widow never remarries. As we are to hope and to believe all things, she was also, we are by charity and gallantry bound to hope and to believe, lovely. Faith, however, was but meagrely seconded on this important article by sight, for the bride was completely draped in muslin from head to foot, and imagination was fain to fill out its sketch of her perfections from the basis of one black eye and a pair of naked heels. These I was in no mood to speculate on, and with all the rest of her we may dismiss them to her expectant husband. The old crones that hovered about the damsel so fussily were of

vastly more instant value to me. The prompt logic of present discomfort at once whispered how I could make use of them, and I summoned up all my persuasiveness with a view to a speech. My introductory sentences, however, might just as well have been spared. The ancient dames, standing at gaze, needed some time to get their scattered senses together. And hence my exordium only excited a general explosion, half titter and half cackle. It was no more comprehended than it would have been if I had spoken Choctaw. But I would not throw all the blame of my failure on my auditors. My tactics had not been selected advisedly; besides which, I had not asked for silence. So I motioned to the tomtommers and hornblowers, and then preluded afresh. In the mean time, it had occurred to me that I had better lead off in haranguing my female friends with something that came home to their business and bosoms. A few simple questions about the distance they had come and the distance they had to go elicited correspondingly simple replies. And then I told them what had befallen me in trying to cross their abominable river, and how I had left a lady down on the bank, and how we were going to Agra. They had heard tell of Agra, and one of them had a cousin whose cousins had been there; and they wished to know how far it was thither. As to the lady down on the bank, was she my wife? and how old was she? and was she pretty? and had she any children? and were they boys or girls, healthy or sickly, tall or short, fair or dark? and so forth and so forth, *da capo*. This was getting on beautifully. The exhibition at this crisis of a handful of copper and small silver was a finishing stroke; and if I were recounting my history reporterwise I should here intercalate, within brackets ("immense sensation"). It was judicious, withal, to hint vaguely that the resources of my exchequer were practically inexhaustible. Every member of my audience, I ventured in continuation to assume, had at home a husband, a brother or some other sturdy male creature to whom my bounty would

not come amiss. In the heart of India, exactly as everywhere else, the omnipotence of ready money is an ultimate fact. Off scuttled the pagan petticoats in all directions, a single self-denying bundle of decrepitude consenting to be reserved as convoy to the bride. Her, in passing, I saw no more, and neither did I see her lord and master, who was quite right in declining to inaugurate his honeymoon by leaving his warm novinuptial nest to walk into cold water up to his neck for the sake of a few paltry pence.

Before the lapse of a quarter of an hour I had about me, yawning and rubbing their eyes, helpers enough to unmoor a bemired elephant. The shigrams were soon on the firm earth once more, the oxen rubbed down, our wraps and blankets dried by the fire, and everybody contentedly remunerated. The kettle was set to boil, glasses of superlative brandy and water steamed anon, as if by magic, in the frosty air, and my friend and I drank bumpers to each other and consumed numerous sandwiches. Our troop of water-rats, squatting on their hams at respectful distance, perused us the while, exchanging consentient comments on our unquestionable insanity.* The inner man and woman corroborated, I packed up my happy companion between multiplied rugs and pillows, and we resumed our course.

We were full four hours behind time when we pulled up at the Bhurtpore

* I had better explain that the lower orders of the people of India invariably look upon the white man as moonstruck. The conviction of his being so is traditionally inculcated, and it will be long before education descends so far to the masses as to work its eradication. How it is handed down I once had an opportunity of observing. Traveling by palanquin, I had stopped in a bazaar, where I was sitting taking a snack. As usual, a crowd gathered about, prompted by idle curiosity. Among the spectators stood a strippling of twelve or fourteen, with his arm round the neck of an urchin a few years younger, the latter being, in the neo-Latin of the *Times* newspaper, *in puribus*. "There!" said the elder lad, indoctrinating the junior as he pointed to me, "don't you see that he eats with his left hand, as well as with his right, and that he puts his cup to his lips? I told you he was mad. All the *sâhibs* are so." An Indian, whether Hindoo or Mohammedan, considers the left hand to be impure, and when he drinks he throws back his head, raises his drinking-vessel in the air, and pours the water, milk or other liquid down his throat in one unbroken stream.

bungalow. My wife had got there shortly after sunrise, had breakfasted, and had marveled much at our dilatoriness. What had become of us she could not conceive. It was some consolation to her, however, to be satisfied that, if only from the humble motive of obvious expediency, we had not eloped, the existence of elopers being in India quite as comfortless as love in a cottage when you have not been brought up to it. But what was my wife doing to pass the time? Working at her crochet as diligently as any Penelope at her web. I inquired whether she knew what day it was. Oh, she thought it was somewhere about the fag-end of the week: it might be Thursday or Friday, or even Saturday. My private opinion, which I communicated with the frank diffidence proper to doubt, was that it was Sunday, and the crochet thereupon gave place to the "Proper Lessons for the Day." I should note that at Ajmere we had had divine service only twice in fifteen months, and had grown heathenishly unsabbatical.

Our little friend, too, busied herself with her devotions, but with the difference that certain things of this world were the object of them. Her cart was unpacked, but, alas! to reveal a chaos of the soppiest. The natty bonnet that was to kill was spoiled of its deadly shapeliness; the spiffy ribbons that were to smite had parted with all their aggressive radiance; the jemmy jacket that was to move envy to its central core had squandered its piquant invidiousness on the waters of the unappreciating Ban. The cream-laid note-paper and envelopes, destined as the medium to soothe her fond husband in his loneliness, were melted into pap. But it was not for me to be told to its minutiae the harrowing history of all her injuries. There was much behind that I had no more right to know of than if it belonged to the mysteries of the Bona Dea. Poor little woman! Hers was a very Iliad of woes. It would have been cruelty to check, and still worse cruelty to rebuke, the outpouring of her eloquent sorrow, and we strove to comfort her as best we could. Words proved, however, an insufficient

vent for her tribulation. There was an ominous pause, and then a sigh, as if from the depths of a heart that alone knew its own wretchedness. It was evident that she was about to "do a tear," as I have heard the humbler classes in England express it with homely quaintness of idiom. Sagacious of what was coming, I prepared to flee. The rack,

the boot or the thumbscrew I could, perhaps, bring myself to endure, but I never could abide to see a pretty woman weep. I stepped into the open air of that novel Sunday morning, and, being at Bhurtpore, tried to think of General Lake and of the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and five.

FITZEDWARD HALL.

MISS WILLARD'S TWO RINGS.

PROLOGUE.

OF these rings, one was a narrow golden band, in which, held by slender filaments, glowed a large and lustrous diamond, shooting out fine flashes of delight that its crystal prison had caught a sunbeam to sparkle there for ever. The other was a broad, roughly-made ring of black horn, with some rude figure—that of an anchor, apparently—stamped upon its surface in a suspicious-looking metal. Worn alone, the significance of either ornament might have been understood—worn together, the wearer became a puzzle that many vainly tried to solve.

Society knew all about the diamond solitaire, for Harvey Kent made no secret that it was the betrothal-sign he had placed upon Miss Willard's finger. Had she never accepted the glittering pledge, she might have worn the black ring unquestioned to the day of her death, for Miss Willard was not known to the fashionable world until she awoke and found herself famous as Harvey Kent's promised wife.

No pains were spared to find out all about the woman Colonel Kent had chosen. Strange rumors of her peculiarities were soon in circulation, for which it must be confessed her conduct gave ample cause. She was called strong-minded and sarcastic. Perhaps it was true, for she wore short, unconventional skirts, and her hat was a sar-

casm in itself. She plunged into the vilest streets of the city, and held out her strong pure hands to forsaken ones whom she called sister, brother. She was often absent from her church-pew, and would spend such Sundays with a set of little street-Arabs, whom she took into her own home to wash and feed and amuse into civilization. Miss Willard, in brief, was eccentric, and society felt itself aggrieved that she should have been chosen to the social throne where Harvey Kent's wife would naturally reign.

But the matter was settled. The wise world accepted what it could not alter, and sent in its cards at Miss Willard's door. Unable to find a flaw in the manners or conversation of the girl, who received her lover's friends with rare simplicity and self-poise, attention fixed itself upon the black ring that she wore, and it became a magnet round which questions clustered sharp and close as needles to their loadstone.

Whether Miss Willard's taste were at fault, or she lacked the fine sense of the fitness of things; whether she were communistic in idea, and chose by the novel juxtaposition of her rings to symbolize the close relations that might exist between high classes and low; whether the black ring were a link between herself and a plebeian past life whose secret she faithfully kept,—such were the questions that agitated the mind of society, and called

without ceasing for a reply—which it is my privilege to give.

THE STORY.

The sun of a July day was darting its fervid rays upon the little town of Hollywell in Northern Mississippi. An air of desolation hung about the place. A few old men sat in the shade of the trees near the village post-office, smoking long-stemmed pipes and occasionally interchanging sleepy questions and replies. Some small boys with a precocious air of ennui were playing marbles in the courtyard. Now and then a victimized dog, with a rattling tin can sounding about him, would race madly down the street, raising little swirls of dust that made the old men cough and sneeze and hurl wheezy maledictions at the irrepressible urchins of the chase.

In its day, Hollywell had been a pretty village, nestled among hills, shaded by ancient trees, overrun with the flowers of the South growing everywhere in wild and beautiful profusion. But it was the second year of the war, and the changes had been swift and sad. The public buildings had been burned, and their brick walls were standing, broad red signs of disaster. Raids from both armies had preyed upon the place, and now the yellow sunbeams shone down pitilessly enough on gardens overgrown with weeds, on neglected homes and ashly ruins.

The mental life of the town was stagnant. Every man able to carry a musket had enlisted; the negroes, with rare exceptions, had deserted their owners; and the place being almost cut off from communication with the outside world, little things acquired a factitious value in the general longing for excitement and variety. Now and then the community would be stirred by the advent of a daring blockade-runner, who had eluded the pickets and escaped from the neighboring city of Memphis with a supply of medicines, coffees, and teas; all of which sold for fabulous prices. Sometimes a young girl would promenade through the streets in a homespun dress that she had woven with her own pretty hands, and

a pleasant murmur of admiration would run through the little town. Often two women would run a race in lint-making, the people anxiously watching the contest and awarding wordy honors to the victor.

The great event of each week was the arrival of a hand-car that ran between Hollywell and the smaller towns along the road, and was managed by a blind man, a cripple and two negroes. It brought a breath of freshness to the sleepy town. If there came only a recital of a dog-fight in the next village or an account of Widow Green's thriving trade in hot corn-dodgers, still it was "news," and prized accordingly. Then there was always the chance of a paper not more than two weeks old; and sometimes an invalid soldier, bearing upon his haggard face the signet of his discharge, would be lifted from the car by tender hands and carried to the home that was to be his last station on the journey.

One day—the July day on which my story opens—the hand-car came rolling laboriously into the village station. The two men at the crank jumped off, with the perspiration streaming from their dark faces, and refreshed themselves with copious draughts of water brought by a grinning young darkey from a well near by.

Apparently, there was little to interest the knot of idlers to-day. There were no papers, and the only passenger was an old negro woman, who lay on a mattress in the bottom of the car, and seemed quite helpless as she was lifted out. "I can't git no furdur," she groaned. "De Lord knows dis chile didn't count on no sich sickness when she started dis trip."

"Where are you bound?" asked one of the loungers.

"I hoped to git to Memphis, marster, an' rest my ole bones in freedom afore I died."

This speech created a hostile feeling at once. "Damned runaway!" muttered the old mayor of the town.—"Look here, you old black sinner! you'd better pack yourself back to where you came from."

"I can't do dat, marster: I got no more stren'th dan a chile. Kin anybody tell me of a place I kin stay till I'm well enough to move on? I've got monney to pay."

"What is the matter with you?" asked a white-haired old man. "I am a doctor, and if you can pay my bill I will cure you."

He felt her pulse, asked a few questions, then started back with an unprofessional pallor on his face: "My God! it's the smallpox!"

There was a general rush, and in a moment the place was cleared, with the exception of the doctor, the mayor and a few negroes who hung about at a distance.

"A pretty thing!" said the mayor angrily, "that you should come here to poison the place! Why couldn't you get to hell long ago?"

She was too feeble for the obvious retort, and lay on the ground panting heavily, her eyes rolling from one face to another.

"Let her alone," said the more pacific doctor, "and decide what to do with her. She can't go on: she can't be left here. I don't see but that we must find a place for her."

"The devil knows where it will be!" growled the mayor, who was apparently under some such conversational necessity as that imposed on the girl in the fairy-tale, from whose mouth toads and beetles dropped whenever she spoke. "There isn't a public building left, nor a family in town that would allow her on the premises."

"I have it!" cried the doctor after a moment's perplexed silence: "take her to Rocky Mount."

Rocky Mount was a hill of respectable size just outside the town. It had once been a favorite picnic ground, and a small hut had been built near its summit as a resort in case of a sudden shower. This hut seemed to offer a suitable refuge for the suffering woman. It was isolated, and would at least serve as a protection against sun and rain. An effort was made to procure her a nurse, but with those of her own race the dread of

infection outweighed the promptings of humanity, and it was hardly to be supposed that among the whites one could be found to play the low part of Good Samaritan in such a cause.

A cart was procured, and a handful of Confederate scrip induced a negro to drive the woman out to the hut. Some food was given her, and the promise made that a similar supply would be placed under a tree near the cabin every day.

"She will weather it," said the mayor philosophically as the cart rolled away: "a nigger has as many lives as a cat."

"I wouldn't give much for her chance," responded the doctor dryly, "for she will probably grow delirious and forget where to find her food; and, so far as I have observed, the Lord doesn't send ravens round on errands of supply in these degenerate days." And with this the two worthies dismissed the subject and strolled back to their seats under the trees.

Another excitement was in store for Hollywell. A few hours later a band of gray-coated guerillas dashed into the town, bringing a prisoner who had been captured in its outskirts lurking in a deserted negro cabin. His name was Jack Hardin. He was a wild, reckless man, without predilection for either side of the civil struggle, and feared by loyalist and rebel alike. A recent murder in the vicinity of Hollywell was laid at his door, and he had no mercy to expect from the people. An eager crowd followed the soldiers, who had dismounted and marched along, revolvers cocked, stern eyes flashing and sabres clanking on the dusty road, guarding the prisoner on either side. He was a man of herculean frame, gaunt and wolfish in appearance. His long red beard was matted, and his uncombed locks stood out like a fiery nimbus from an angry face marked with traces of the lowest passions. His roving eye emitted sparks of a brutish hatred. His low brow and heavy jaw told their own story of limited capacity and animal instincts.

Jack Hardin was lodged in jail, and for two days exciting discussions went on concerning his fate. The novel expect-

ancy of "something going to happen" was too full of interest not to be dallied with as long as possible. Of course, Jack Hardin must die, but there were differences of opinion as to the necessary preliminaries. Some were in favor of hanging him to the nearest tree without law or license; others, more conservative, insisted on the formalities of a trial, possibly not without an eye to the prolonged interest that would result, and forgetful of the limited resources of the town with regard to lawyers, judge, and possible jury-men.

While the discussion went on an idea struggled to the prisoner's brain—that of escape. This was not very difficult. Nothing so sharpens a man's every faculty as a danger that threatens death. Three days from the time of his capture, a few hours after midnight, Jack Hardin stood outside the prison-walls. His limbs were weak, and blood trickled over his face from a cruel wound made by a protruding nail. But he was free, and a dull perception of gratitude impelled him to bless the Unknown Power he called Luck. He had no time for rest: daylight would soon overtake him, and every moment now was precious. He knew the country well: his plan was to strike across Rocky Mount, and reach the Federal lines beyond, where his pursuers could not follow. If he fell into the hands of the Northern soldiers, he relied upon their protection, as he had often furnished them with important information from the rebel side.

He made rapid progress until he reached the foot of the mountain. Here his weakness overpowered him, and he began the ascent slowly. The rocks cut his bare feet and the trees stretched out long detaining arms, catching in his hair and ragged garments. The stars shone coldly, and the moonbeams slid through the branches in weird shapes of light, that would have startled a sensitive or a superstitious man. Jack Hardin was neither, and yet strange thoughts were born in his mind of the shadows and glooms and fears of the night. Beyond his desire of escape arose his first doubt as to the value of the life he sought to

save. Then came a sudden wild effort to pierce futurity with his thought, which fell back baffled to an old puzzling question. "I wonder," muttered he dully, "why I was born into the world?"

He slowly pushed his way, with short pauses at almost every step. Hunger began to torment him. He had eaten nothing the day before in the excitement of planning his escape, and now he cursed his negligence as he feared his strength would not support him through the accomplishment of his purpose. His eyes grew dim. The short night was waning: already faint streaks of dawn were visible in the east. "God help me!" broke from Jack Hardin's lips.

The next moment, as though a miracle must answer a prayer from such a soul, almost at his feet he saw a jug of water and a bundle of food. Without pausing to wonder whence they came, he sprang forward like a famished animal to secure the prize. He had just raised the food to his lips when a sudden cry rang through the woods, sharp and clear. The wild, woeful sound echoed fearfully through the lonely place. Jack Hardin glanced about him with eyes alive with terror, while a swift shudder ran through his frame. Again the cry was borne to his ears. He advanced a step, and an opening in the trees showed him a little cabin on the mountain-side. From this the voice came. Obeying a blind impulse, he moved forward with slow, lagging steps. The door of the cabin swung drearily to and fro, and he stepped upon the threshold.

A horrible sight met his eye. A woman lay on the floor—old, black, her eyes rolling wildly in a face disfigured out of all likeness to humanity by its mass of festering sores. Jack Hardin recoiled, then turned on his heel to leave the place where the very air was tainted. But even at that moment the woeful voice recalled him: "Water! water! fur de love o' God!"

Jack Hardin turned and placed the jug of water at her side. She tried to lift herself and take it in her trembling hands, but sank back, moaning feebly,

while her desperate eyes looked up pitously to his face.

Ah! God be thanked for the divine in humanity! Jack Hardin knelt, slipped his arm about the feeble form and held the water to the parched lips. As she swallowed deep, refreshing draughts the sound of a footstep approaching the cabin was heard just outside the door. Now, indeed, the fugitive's blood curdled with fear. He threw the woman back, sprang to his feet and stood like a wild beast at bay, holding a murderous clasp-knife in his hand.

The door was flung wide open: the morning sun-rays fell into the room in a long shining line. A young girl stood on the threshold with the golden light resting like a halo about her head. Her features were calm and resolute, and she looked in with the limpid serene eyes of a child.

Her name was Cornelia Willard. She was a New England girl, who through some strange chance found herself at the beginning of the war in this Southern town. She was now striving to earn money to take her back to the North. By dint of hard, uncongenial work she had slowly amassed a small sum, and had already begun to dream of her departure from the hot, wretched country she was too just to pity and too loyal to love. Living very quietly, it was only the evening before that the news had reached her of the old woman alone on Rocky Mount. Her nature revolted at the cruelty of the people, though perhaps she exaggerated it. Her own action was prompt and decided. She rose early the next morning, and with a supply of fresh linen and delicate food started out to minister to one whom she called a "sister."

Jack Hardin's strained muscles relaxed. There was nothing to be feared from this slight girl.

"Is anybody behind you?" said he hoarsely.

"I am alone," she quietly replied: "I have come to nurse this woman."

She knelt and took off the soiled hand-

kerchief that bound the sufferer's head. Then she laid her light, white, soft hand across the poor burning forehead.

Jack Hardin stared at her. "Don't you know the smallpox when you see it?" he said roughly. "You'd better leave."

"There's very little danger," said Miss Willard; "but for my life's sake I could not fail of my duty here."

He looked at the whiteness and glow of her skin, at the soft hair curling over her head in little rings of light and color, and then at the black, repulsive face on the pillow.

"Go away!" he repeated, trembling strangely: "I will stay."

She looked at him with more interest than she had yet shown. "Who are you?" she asked.

"Jack Hardin," was the significant reply.

For an instant the girl paled. Jack Hardin's name was indeed well known. She had heard of his capture, and readily divined his escape. Quickly recovering herself, her thought turned to the gleam of goodness he had shown in offering to stay in her place, and, woman-like, exaggerated its import. Jack Hardin began to look heroic in her eyes. Then all that she had heard of his past life rushed to her mind—his recklessness and violence and sin—and an overwhelming desire to save this man took possession of her soul.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Get out of this country," said Jack Hardin with a short laugh: "it's too hot to hold me, I reckon."

"And what then? Surely you will not go back to your old life?"

"Why not? The world owes me a livin'. There's nobody as 'ud trust me to work fur 'em; and, besides, I likes the very danger of it."

"Why don't you join the army?" said Miss Willard quickly: "you would find excitement enough there. And then think of the glory of fighting your country's battles!"

"Es to that," he replied, "I've heard folks say that a man es didn't love his

country wasn't wuth the powder it 'ud take to blow him up. But, on the other hand, what's my country ever done for me? I might ha' starved an' frozen, an' who'd ha' cared?"

"Your country will care if you do your duty for her like a man. Think of it!" she urged—"what happiness to be honestly employed, to hold up your head in God's sunlight, to look your comrades boldly in the face! You could make your way to Memphis, and join the army there. No questions would be asked of your past, and you could nobly redeem its wrongdoing."

"That's all very well," said he sullenly, "but I'd like to know if my looks don't tell what I've been. Honest men don't go about the country in dirt and rags; an' I've got no money for barbers an' store-clothes," he added with a grim laugh.

Miss Willard thought of her little hard-won treasure. She had it with her, as in these troubled times it was not safe anywhere but on her person. There was a short struggle in her mind. To give up any part of this was to condemn herself to just so many months of miserable bondage.

A moment more, with a burning blush that she had hesitated, she drew forth her little purse. "I have not much money," she said, "but I will divide it with you gladly."

Alas! the test was too severe.

A light leaped into Jack Hardin's eyes; his fingers twitched nervously; his whole body trembled. He sprang toward her. Like a flash, comprehending her imprudence, she drew back, closing her fingers tightly over the gold.

He seized her hands roughly; then opening his clasp-knife with his teeth, he drew it across the delicate fingers. As they unclosed, and the red blood flowed over her hand and his, he clutched the gold and rushed away into the forest.

One spring day more than two years from the time of the events just related there was a sharp tingle at the front bell of Miss Willard's Northern home. The

door was opened by an old black woman. Her face was deeply scarred by smallpox marks, but her ebony features were shining with contentment. At the door stood a tall, handsome man with a soldierly bearing, who handed her a card upon which was inscribed the name "Harvey Kent."

Miss Willard had heard of this laurel-crowned hero, about whom as many sirens as ever bewildered Ulysses were weaving their spells; and she knew enough of his brilliant war-record to honor him from her heart. Yet his world and hers were far apart, and it was with no slight surprise that she received his card.

"I axed him in de library, Miss Nelly," said the trusty old housekeeper.

"I will go down at once," said Miss Willard.

No wonder Harvey Kent's eyes fell upon her with delight as she entered the quaint, old-fashioned room, where the shadows and the firelight danced together in silent glee. A slight upright figure, clothed in some soft gray stuff that draped itself about her in harmonious folds; gray eyes of singular clearness and depth; bright-brown hair, cut short, and curling in little rings over her broad white forehead,—such was Cornelia Willard. Not a beauty, but in face and form, in movement and voice, her fair soul expressed itself, and she needed no added grace.

Harvey Kent advanced to meet her, and spoke in a low grave voice: "I trust you will pardon the unconventional manner of my introduction, Miss Willard, when you learn the cause of my seeking you. Many months ago a trust was placed in my hands, and I am here to fulfill its obligation."

As he spoke he laid a small but heavy packet, wrapped in army-blue cloth, in Miss Willard's hand. She opened it wonderingly. A score of gold pieces tumbled out, together with a large black ring stamped with the figure of a shining anchor.

"May I tell you the story?" said he; and she gave a mute assent.

"In the Gettysburg campaign," began

Harvey Kent, "my attention was directed toward a man in my regiment who bore himself in battle with a singular courage, and who preserved in camp a rude, unsocial silence that repelled any advances from his comrades. There was a settled gloom about him—a quiet hopelessness very painful to see, mingled as it was with the dogged resolution he brought to bear upon any duty that might be assigned him. I singled him out for such special kindness as I could consistently show, although he manifested no appreciation by word or sign of my efforts to befriend him. But he was only waiting his time.

"Flushed by our triumph at Gettysburg, we pressed the army of General Lee, and when his rear-guard at last abandoned Fairfield Pass and opened the way to Williamsport, we were over-confident, and fell into an ambush prepared for us by our wily foes near Funkstown. We were surrounded by superior numbers, and our brigade was nearly destroyed. My own men became utterly demoralized. The Southerners pressed upon us like tigers that had tasted blood. I was unhorsed and separated from my comrades, when I saw two rebel soldiers advancing toward me. I am always frightened in a battle, Miss Willard; and they looked colossal. I had no time to reload, but, drawing my sword, prepared to defend myself as best I might. I engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with one of the men. We were evenly matched, and my chance was fair enough until the second soldier came to his comrade's assistance. I was faint from exhaustion, and as the drawn sword flashed before my eyes I resigned myself to die. But suddenly a heavy body was thrown before me, receiving the thrust intended for mine; and looking down upon the figure as it fell to the ground, I saw the face of Jack Hardin, wearing the first smile I had ever seen upon it.

"The Southerner threw down his sword. 'By God!' he cried, 'you are a noble fellow!' And he knelt with me by Jack Hardin's side.

"Of course we gave ourselves up, and through the kindness of the Southern

officer a physician was at once procured to examine Jack Hardin's wound. He pronounced it serious, but not fatal, and we were sent to prison together.

"God knows, I nursed him as tenderly as I could, but his wound healed slowly and he grew weaker every day. The days were maddening in their dreary monotony. We could get no books or papers, of course we had no visitors, and there was nothing to do but to pray for strength to endure.

"Through all this time Jack Hardin's reserve was never broken. He rejected my gratitude, and only when delirious would he accept my services.

"Many of the prisoners occupied themselves in making rings, chains and curious ornaments out of pieces of bone, old jack-knives, metal buttons—anything, in fact, that they could use for such a purpose. Jack Hardin, when he was able, employed himself in carving a large ring out of the handle of an old black clasp-knife. He showed more interest in this than in anything I had ever known him to attempt, and he worked at it persistently, though his strength failed him fast.

"Long after every one else had given him up I clung desperately to the hope that he might live, but there came a time when I could no longer blind myself to the fact that poor Jack Hardin was slipping from me. His wound had healed, and there seemed to be nothing the matter with him except the lack of a wish to live.

"At last he finished the ring, and that day he spoke. He called me to him between sunset and dusk, looking strangely white in the fading light. His face had been a rough and rather brutal one, but as death approached his features had sharpened and spiritualized, and a yearning faith looked out through his eyes.

"'I'm goin' fast,' said he as I approached his bedside.

"I held out my hand, while hot tears rushed to my eyes.

"'No,' said he feebly, 'wait till I tell you. I've been a bad man: I don't deserve no honest man's hand.'

"'My poor fellow,' said I, 'I have

never known you to do an unworthy act. Do not pain me by refusing my hand.'

"Wait," he spoke again, with short gasps between his words: 'let me tell you the wust meanness of my life. I was captured once—down South. They was goin' to hang me. I broke jail. I was hidin' in a log cabin in the woods where there was a sick woman. I was found there by an angel. She was sorry for me: she wanted me to turn about. She had some money—all her savin's—an' she offered to divide it with me. It was gold—and I was—by nature—a devil. I cut her little hands—an' I took her money.'

"His voice had grown sharp, and its every vibration was of agony.

"I got away to Memphis," he continued in the same sharp, uneven tones, 'where I was goin' to spend the money—like a good fellow. But—I don't know why—I couldn't spend it. Somethin' seemed to pull me back. I called myself a fool, but 'twas no use. I couldn't forgit that wild, sorry look in her eyes. One night I was tryin' to sleep: on a sudden I was cold an' tremblin'. I opened my eyes, an' the moon was shinin' in, all white an' still. Then quick as a shot it come over me—*what I was*. I didn't know before. I called back every word she had said to me. I would do all she had told me. So I went into the army. I've tried to fight a good fight: I have put a hold on my lips. But it's hard for a man to pull himself up out of hell. There didn't seem to be anything I could do. An' then came that chance to help you—You was a man wuth savin'. An' I thought maybe it would count for somethin'. You can tell me, sir—you are a scholar—will it count for anything?'

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"Oh, my friend," cried I, 'Jesus Christ did no more;' and I lifted the dying head to my breast.

"Thank you, sir," said he faintly: 'you've been very good to me. An' there's one more thing: I want to leave you her money. It's all in a belt round my waist. There was a card in the purse: I reckon her name is on it. An' if you could find her some day—and tell her I was sorry— An' here is this ring, sir. I made it from the knife that cut her hands. I want you to ask her, if she can bring herself to forgive, to wear it as a sign.'

"I promised to do all that he asked.

"I don't know much about spirits," said he, lingering dreamily over the words, 'but it seems to me my spirit will know if she wears that ring, an' be very glad.'

"He closed his eyes wearily, and that night he died.

"That is the story of the ring, Miss Willard. Will you wear it?"

The tears were shining in Miss Willard's eyes, and she held up her hand with the black ring upon it.

EPILOGUE.

The story is told. It scarcely needs to add that when Harvey Kent, months afterward, slipped the diamond circlet of betrothal on Miss Willard's finger he felt it sanctified by the touch of Jack Hardin's ring. To each of the lovers it is a sacred thing. It suggests the divine possibilities of humanity: it inspires faith and hope. It will never leave Miss Willard's finger while she lives, and together both rings will be handed down to children's children, a hallowed heritage for ever.

SHERWOOD BONNER.

HOUSEKEEPING IN PARIS.

SUPPOSE that one gets tired of the boarding-house and hotel life in Paris described in a former paper, and wishes to set up his or her own vine and fig tree? Well, there is nothing easier for those that have a long purse. For them are prepared the loveliest suites of apartments, or, if they will, whole houses (called here *hôtels*) charmingly decorated and furnished or unfurnished at will, at rents varying from two thousand to ten thousand dollars per annum. For them are reserved such delights as gas and water and bath-rooms and bells, and other inventions of a later civilization. But to persons with a limited purse the case is different.

Let us therefore imagine a family compelled to pay due regard to economy on the lookout for suitable quarters wherein to begin housekeeping in Paris. Three bedrooms are required, the situation must be central, and the location must not be at the very top of a six-story mansion, where most of the low-priced apartments are to be found. With these general ideas *Paterfamilias* starts out upon a search.

The usual preliminary step is to go to one of the three or four English and American house-agents who are to be found in the leading American business-quarter of Paris—namely, the Rue Scribe and the adjacent thoroughfares. Generally, however, the best plan for the apartment-seeker to pursue is to take a carriage by the hour and traverse the streets of the quarter where he wishes to reside, stopping wherever the placard of "Apartments to Let" may meet his eye, suspended to a balcony or protruding at the side of a *porte cochère*—the yellow placards indicating furnished apartments and the white unfurnished ones. The concierge, who usually has charge of all matters connected with the renting of the apartments, and who gets a percentage upon their price, has charge of the key, and will show the would-be *lo-*

cataire through the rooms. Usually, some reduction on the rent stated by the concierge may be procured, as the prospect of the percentage aforesaid acts as a strong incentive to that functionary to make the sum demanded a little beyond the actual rate. The number of apartments actually to be inspected will not be found on trial to be so great as one would naturally imagine; for, the number of bedrooms and the price being once decided upon, only those need be examined that suit in both particulars. For a good unfurnished *appartement* in a central situation, with the number of bedrooms aforesaid, from five hundred to six hundred dollars per annum will be charged. If offered at a lower rate, something will invariably be found to be the matter when the rooms are inspected. Thus, an American gentleman was lately offered an *appartement* on the third floor with three bedrooms, in the Rue St. Honoré, half a block from the Rue Castiglione, the continuation of the Rue de la Paix, for three hundred and sixty dollars per annum. He went at once to examine it, and found that the entrance to it was "up a winding stair," and a back one at that. The rooms looked out upon the courtyard of the building, and were bright and cheerful enough: they were spacious, too, and freshly papered and painted. But, in addition to the disagreeable qualities of the approach, the kitchen was situated on the floor above, and the only way of reaching it was by a narrow perpendicular flight of stairs, as steep as a ladder, and not one whit wider. From this peculiarly situated room an actual ladder led to a loft overhead, whither the servant was expected to climb in order to reach her bedroom. The cause of the phenomenally small rent was thus explained.

Among other odd quarters into which our American's search introduced him was the home of an artist and his family.

There were four bedrooms, besides dining-room, parlor and kitchen, in the suite, which was situated on the fifth floor (the sixth according to American reckoning) of a large building in a pleasant street behind the palace of the Élysée. It was literally a garret, with the sloping part of the roof partitioned off, giving to each of the front rooms two small closets, which were crammed full of old prints, books, musical instruments, etc. The furniture was of the oldest, shabbiest and most dismal description, but the walls of the principal rooms were hung with fine old tapestry and adorned with quantities of rare old china. And there were pictures—pictures everywhere, on the walls, on the floors and in the corridors—paintings and curiosities enough to have set up the whole establishment with carpets and curtains and the freshest of new furniture had they been sold and the proceeds so expended. Such a queer, comfortless, picturesque abode can hardly be imagined—with Sèvres plates against the walls, and not a shred of carpet on one of the floors; with the dirtiest of cheap paper on the walls of one room, and priceless old tapestry draping another: it was such a place as one meets with in books, and but seldom in real life. Then there was another suite of apartments where dwelt a rabid Bonapartist. There were pictures of the late emperor and of the empress Eugénie and the prince imperial on every side and in every style and of all dimensions: there was an imperial eagle in gilt wood over the mirror, and another in bronze on the mantelpiece, and bees and violets scattered profusely in the guise of decorations wherever such devices could find a place. And, strange to say, the *appartement*, which was under the charge of a young lady, was full of cartridges: they were strewn over the tables of the principal rooms, and were piled in heaps in the disused and deserted kitchen; and the young guardian of the abode was hard at work making others in her own bedroom. There was a scent as of *coups d'état* and political conspiracies in the air. But perhaps, after all, the owner of the rooms was merely pre-

paring for the hunting season, the opening of which was near at hand.

Another *appartement* shown was the quondam residence of one of *ces dames*, wherein pink satin and gilding struggled against dirt and disorder, where the fine Turkey carpet in the dining-room was all splashed with wine and spotted with grease, and where the satin hangings had been twisted awry and soiled by rude and careless hands. A profusion of mirrors everywhere, a scent of patchouli and musk in the atmosphere, rude scratches on the flock paper in the drawing-room, and initials scratched on the window-panes with undeserved diamonds,—such were the characteristics of *that* abode, which “did not suit” at the first glance.

If one wishes to pay a low rent, and at the same time to secure pure air and modern conveniences, the best quarters to inspect are to be found in the new streets and avenues diverging from the Arc de Triomphe, such as the Avenue d'Eylau, the Avenue Joséphine, the Avenue du Roi de Rome, etc. But there are two drawbacks to this quarter: one is its intense and awful quietude, and the other its great distance from the hotel and theatrical and business centres of Paris. For any one who wishes to lead a home-keeping and domestic life, or who can afford the luxury of a carriage, this quarter will doubtless be found to possess great advantages. But to an economical soul the cost in carriage-hire will more than counterbalance any trifling difference in the way of rent. An experienced English lady, for many years a resident in one of these up-town streets, estimates her carriage-hire at four hundred dollars per annum above what it would be did she live down town. And the loneliness of this part of Paris, outside of the Champs Élysées, is perfectly startling. At night not even a socially-minded cat ventures to perambulate the deserted thoroughfares, and the rumble of a stray carriage sounds in the distance like far-off thunder.

A French *appartement* always reminds me very much of a child's puzzle, every “piece” in it, to speak both literally and

figuratively, being so adapted as to fit into every other one. A single entry twists, snake-like, round among the rooms, giving to each a separate and distinct entrance from the others. A French kitchen is an amazing place to American eyes. It is usually a tiny room, not much larger than a good-sized china-closet at home. The old-fashioned French *fourneaux* have the top divided off into square compartments, each of which will hold half a dozen small lumps of coal, and the cook lights only as many compartments as she has dishes to prepare. The saucepans, of which quite a variety is used, are of copper, and must be thoroughly scoured to keep them from corroding and becoming poisonous. In old times there used to be an inspector of saucepans to each quarter of the city appointed by the government, whose function it was to see that nobody ran the risk of being killed by the neglect of an untidy cook to keep these dangerous utensils in good order. I do not know whether this important and useful functionary still exists or not. These well-polished pans always hang in a glittering row against the kitchen wall, as a sort of testimonial to the cleanliness of the presiding authority.

We will imagine our American fairly installed, and then comes a host of questions that make a swift appeal to his inexperience. For instance, if there is no water in the apartment, he must purchase a huge filter, and that must be filled daily by some outside functionary, usually the coal-man who supplies the house with fuel, and who receives a sum varying from two to three dollars per month for bringing up the requisite number of pailfuls. Then such stores as groceries need not be laid in in grandiose quantities, as at home, but are purchased when wanted. Housekeeping in Paris, on anything except the most gorgeous scale, is a matter of bits and morsels, not of pounds and bushels. The wastage of an ordinarily profuse American household would keep a French family in ease and comfort. The system of having two breakfasts is a sad innovation, according to most American ideas, breaking in, as the last break-

fast does, upon the most important part of the day. To call on your banker, your lawyer or any business-man with whom you may have important affairs to transact between the hours of twelve and one, and to find that he has gone out to breakfast, is a rather exasperating hinderance to the speedy completion of the matter in hand. Many business-men in Paris make a serious affair of this second breakfast, devoting no less than two hours to it—namely, from eleven to one—and never less than one entire hour.

The question of heating and lighting has already been touched upon. Yet it is impossible to take entire leave of the subject without speaking of the peculiarly exasperating character of French lamps, which require to be wound up two or three times in the course of the evening, else the light expires amid much smoke and a noisome odor—an accident which is very apt to occur at parties, where the hosts and the servants are alike otherwise engaged. Then they are very liable to get out of order and require continual repairs.

The carefully calculated expenditure of a French household on an economical scale affords no margin for unexpected guests. The presence, in fact, of every additional person makes itself felt at once. Not only has the extra food and wine to be provided (for the old saying, "Where there is enough for two there is enough for three," was never written of French housekeeping), but the extra washing, where every piece has to be paid for separately, becomes a consideration. There is no room, either in the purse or the *appartement*, for free-handed hospitality in accordance with American ideas. "Come home and take pot-luck with us" is an invitation hardly possible in the carefully-gauged providing of a French housekeeper, where even the amount of bread required by each individual is calculated beforehand. Hence come the absence of bother and the possibility of economy in Parisian housekeeping, even at the present high rate of provisions. It is the fashion at home to waste: here waste is considered the

height of folly. A glance at the bucketfuls of half-eaten potatoes, bitten apples, bread-crusts, cold batter-cakes, etc. which go to fatten Milesian-kept pigs in American cities would make the hair of a Parisian housekeeper stand straight on end with horror at the useless extravagance. And we *are* extravagant in our households at home—extravagant in space, in plenishing, in providing. For the sake of the unused rooms and the useless halls

and staircases of our houses we burden our souls with unnecessary servants and uncalled-for cares. Till we learn to copy the trim compactness of a French *appartement* in our housebuilding, and the wise economy of a French household in our housekeeping, American matrons will continue to be worried to death with rampant servant-galism, and American purses must suffer under uncalled-for depletion.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

TÜBINGEN.

THERE is nothing on the continent of Europe which more surprises a young Englishman fresh from Oxford or Cambridge, on his first visit to any of the lands beyond the British Channel, than the continental universities. There is nothing, I may add, speaking from my own experience, which so much disappoints him. Young Englishmen perhaps in these days are not so ignorant of foreign countries as they were wont to be in the days when George III. was king. But I, in my insular innocence, had imagined that architectural magnificence must needs be the concomitant of a world-celebrated university. The fame of Göttingen, Leipsic, Jena, Padua, Bologna, Tübingen and others was by no means unknown to me, and I fancied that at any one of these celebrated seats of learning I should find something at least of the architectural beauty, of the spires, the cloisters, the arches, the oriel windows, the trim gardens, the mediæval façades, as well as of the peculiar social features, which are so indelibly and unmistakably impressed on the seat of an English university. I shall never forget the feeling of utter disappointment with which I asked—well it matters not *how* many years ago—at this very little Tübingen, "But where is the university?"

I was at length shown a wretched old, tumbledown house, without the least element of the picturesque or "historical" about it, and told that the lecture-room was there. I knew something of the reputation of Baur, Strauss, and their followers, and was tempted, I am afraid, in the full-blown ignorance of my Anglo-ecclesiastico-academico-Tory prejudices, to couple their enormities in the matter of heterodoxy with the ultra-shabby poverty of their *alma mater*. How could any good or orthodox thing come from a place where there was not so much as the vestige of a Gothic college chapel, or a single tower sending forth over meadow and garden its melodious chimes? How could anything but heterodoxy and probable atheism be expected from a parcel of youths who lounged in beer-houses and wore muffin caps of all sorts of impossible colors, undistinguished otherwise from any of the other citizens? In a word, the disillusion was complete.

The truth is, that Oxford and Cambridge are quite unlike anything else in the world—unlike not only in the external matters of buildings, gardens and such things, but in the social atmosphere and ideal of the place. It would be easy to point out the concatenation of historical and social causes which has produced this result, but it will be more to

the present purpose to speak of the points of contrast which make the idea of a continental university so entirely different from the English idea of the same thing.

This little Tübingen, revisited now after so many years, has seen fewer changes than Oxford has seen during the same period. They have got indeed a new university building in the new Wilhelmstrasse, which is as hideous as the most unæsthetic professor of utilitarianism could possibly desire. It consists of a congeries of lecture-rooms, each of them about on a par in point of dignity of appearance, beauty and venerableness with the "Little Bethel" chapel of some ultra-rigid worshippers of the ugly. Divinity and medicine are the specialties at Tübingen. I do not think it has ever been much heard of as a medical school, but the fame of its special school of "divinity" (which, as everybody knows, is at Tübingen speaking rather on the *lucus-a-non-lucendo* principle) is worldwide. And the heavy-built, lumpish-looking youths who consume the enormous quantities of "export-bier" which comes from Munich in those huge "bier-transport" railway vans, become enthusiastic disciples of Schopenhauer's system of universal pessimism and general despair while emptying beaker after beaker of the ungenerous liquor that "cheers not, but inebriates."

At Tübingen, as at other university-towns in Germany, you see a somewhat unusual number of young men lounging about the streets and the cafés and such places. And they all wear, as has been said, muffin caps of every brightest hue of the rainbow, and manifest a certain general tendency to *loudness* of behavior and appearance. And this is all that marks them as "university men." They live how they please, as they please, and where they please. The Oxford or Cambridge college system is unknown out of England. And this fact is at the bottom of all the differences, social and material, between an English and a continental university. It makes all the difference as regards the material features of the place; for although our "schools" form a handsome and venerable building,

the special architectural and picturesque beauty of Oxford or Cambridge results from the twenty or more separate colleges which are popularly but erroneously held to constitute the "university." And the absence of these affects yet far more profoundly the social condition and features of the place, because the want of them implies the absence of all living *in statu pupillari*. Not only have the men no relations with the university save such as are implied in the hearing of lectures and the taking of degrees, but, what is perhaps yet more important, they have no such relations with each other as are implied in membership of the same college—no such *esprit de corps*, no such restraining influence, as that which results not only from the domestic discipline of a college, but from the social tone and level of manners produced by it.

Mayhap my readers may think that I have not yet succeeded in liberating myself from the Anglo-academic prejudices which I have confessed to having had thick upon me when I first visited Tübingen, if I own that I cannot help thinking that the absence of these beneficial influences makes itself visible in the outward bearing and *manière d'être* of the young men. In one word, to speak the truth plainly, they do not look so much like gentlemen as do the youths who throng the streets of Oxford or Cambridge. Their appearance is about on a par in this respect with the world of medical students who are to be seen in and about the great London hospitals—like them, very good fellows no doubt, studious many of them, and some of them having in them the making of great men, but not having that *cachet* of gentlemanlike bearing which does undeniably characterize the world of Oxford or Cambridge. It may be, perhaps, that this fact is due in some degree to that *militarism* which characterizes and fashions so profoundly the whole social life of Germany. For it results perhaps from this that the upper classes of society prefer for their sons the military profession and military training to that of a university. And though it would

be absurd to suppose that gentlemanlike manners are in these days confined to those classes, it will infallibly be found that the manners of the classes next below them in the social hierarchy will be less good than they otherwise would be if there is an entire separation between them and those who conventionally rank above them.

Au reste, Tübingen would seem to be the very *beau idéal* for the seat of a university. It is a quiet, uncommercial, quaint little Old-World city, most picturesquely situated in the valley of the upper Neckar, among the Suabian Hills. It is built around and beneath its mediæval castle on a little eminence, at the foot of which the infant Neckar runs through meadows intersected in various directions by walks under truly magnificent avenues, some of elms and some of lime trees. From between the trunks of these the most charming glimpses of the picturesque old town, of the river meandering in its dreamy infancy, and of the wooded hills which surround the town on all sides, are caught from time to time. Walks more appropriate to academic musings it would be difficult to imagine. The district in which it is situated—that southern part of the kingdom of Württemberg known as the "Suabian Alp" (or Alb, as the word is written in this part of the world)—has long been reckoned as the most primitive and Old-World in Germany. Varnhagen von Ense, in his extremely amusing memoirs, speaks of the surprise which he, a native of Northern Germany, felt when he came to Tübingen as a young man in the first years of this century at the primitive habits and ways and customs of the place. The great publishing-firm of Cotta, the founder of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, was then, as since, celebrated all over Germany; and one of the first things which the young Varnhagen inquired for was the whereabouts of this famous establishment. He was shown a small, low-roofed, dingy little shop, whence in those days all that had made the name of Cotta famous had gone forth. Since those days the Cotta'sche establishment has been removed to a

more rapidly advancing city. But Old-World Tübingen remains still very much what it was. It was noted as one of the cheapest places in Germany; and, though prices there, as everywhere else all over the world, have advanced, it is perhaps still entitled to the same distinction. Varnhagen also speaks of the acquaintance he made there with the poet Uhland, then in his first youth, the same modest, reserved, shy, retiring man that he continued to be through life. Such he still was when the present writer, some five-and-thirty years later, had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with him, still in his beloved Tübingen, still preferring the *fallentis semita vitæ* in the little house which he bought for himself, overlooking the Neckar and the Neckar bridge, in which he lived over thirty years, and on which there is now an inscription placed by the town to record the fact. Uhland loved this secluded corner of the world with a poet's love and looked on it with a poet's eye. There is hardly a notable spot in the neighborhood that he has not made famous, at least throughout the fatherland, in song. And there are many such spots, remarkable alike by their natural beauty and from their connection with the great names of history. In physical structure the region is a singular one. It may be described as consisting of a vast tableland, intersected in every direction by a multitude of streams, each one of which has in the course of ages cut out for itself a deep ravine, the sides of which are in every case clothed with magnificent woods, while the uplands through which these channels have been excavated consist almost entirely of corn-lands, the bottoms of the narrow and winding valleys being invariably green with the richest meadow-land. It will readily be understood that these are favorable materials for the composition of an infinite variety of pastoral and romantic landscape. But the especial peculiarity of the district has yet to be mentioned. This consists of the existence of a great number of isolated rocky peaks rising to a height sufficient to command very extensive views of the whole of the surrounding region, and in

some cases, indeed, far over the plains lying toward Stuttgart and Ulm to the northward. The geological character of these isolated eminences is very peculiar, resembling in many respects the jutting-up points known in the Pyrenees and Apennines as "penne;" from which same root—a Celtic one, as is worth observing—the latter range of mountains has its name. Now, these high points suggest themselves at once to the imagination as the very places for the dwellings of a race of iron-willed and iron-handed chieftains of the days when, in diametrical contradiction to the present state of things, the principal merit of a site for a dwelling was its inaccessibility. And as such they did suggest themselves to those masterful old barons, who by dint of hardness of head and hand made themselves counts and margraves and kings and emperors in those dim centuries which immediately succeeded the thousandth year after Christ. And the names by which the points still ornamented by the remains of these hill-castles are called to the present day are accordingly those of the greatest of the families who have ruled or are still ruling Germany. Curious it is to find that this now remote and secluded corner of the land was the nursery from which almost all these great names came forth. We have the Hohenzollern, the Hohenarach, the Hohenrechberg, the Hohenasperg, the Hohenneiffen, and, greatest of all, though most utterly extinct and heirless, the Hohenstauffen, all within the compass of a day's journey. There is no one of these that is not rich in materials for legend, for song or for story, nor one which does not invite the painter's pencil as woefully as the poet's, the romancer's or the historian's pen. The nearest of these remarkable points to Tübingen is Hohenzollern, the cradle—the *Stammsschloss*, as the Germans say—of the present imperial house of Germany. Of all the great and powerful families the ruins of whose ancestral homes still crown these heights, there is no one whose course has been so continuously and uninterruptedly upward as that of the Hohenzollerns. The empire

to which they have at last attained is not so extensive by many a degree of earth's surface as that over which the Hohenstauffen ruled, but it has all the appearance of being a far more stable one; and, as though emblematical of the fortunes of the house, the Hohenzollern ruin—for, like all the rest of these singularly placed castles, it was a mere ruin when I first knew this district—has been entirely and magnificently restored by the present emperor of Germany. The work has been done with perfect archaeological science and great good taste, altogether according to the habits and style of the earlier Middle Ages, and at the same time with great magnificence. Every part of the building is freely shown to the public; and though I was reaping the advantage of its tenantless condition, I could not help regretting there should be no one to enjoy a dwelling combining in its characteristics so great and singular a variety of charm.

Tübingen, quaint, primitive, picturesque, Old-World Tübingen, with its lofty gable-ends and its streets twisting about up hill and down hill, and intersecting each other at every sort of angle, still exists, but it will not exist as it is much longer, for there also the rail and iron horse have penetrated. All that is picturesque, all that is peculiar, all that is characteristic, is obliterated beneath their tread as surely as corn falls before the sickle. And if any wanderer in search of a yet unspoiled bit of Europe should be disposed to take my advice and have a look at the quiet little Württemberg university-town, he would do well not to defer his visit. T. A. T.

VENTILATION OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

THE question of the proper ventilation of public halls and class-rooms in school-houses continues to occupy the serious attention of all who are interested in sanitary reform, and specially of our city boards of health. That of Boston in its last annual report finds reformation greatly needed, even in the boasted model school-buildings of that city. Most if not all of these are warmed by improved hot-air furnaces, which are sup-

posed to be very good ventilators in themselves; and, further, they are furnished with patent ventilators consisting of a "square wooden shaft in the corner of each class-room, with a suitable opening at the floor and ceiling. This shaft begins at the floor of the room, without any special means for producing an upward draft, and terminates in one of the two large receivers in the attic upon which the galvanized iron 'ventilators' are placed." At the time of the inspection by the Board of Health of the Eliot School in January last, it was found that the "draft," theoretically exhausting the foul air of the rooms, did not exist, though a fresh wind was blowing outside at the time. The board are rather severe upon the "patent ventilators." Alluding to their report, they say: "The table shows how thoroughly these devices fail to accomplish their purpose." The carbonic acid gas in a dozen class-rooms visited ranged from 1.04 to 3 parts in 1000—1 in 1000 being the proportion of this gas in pure air. In the room showing the largest amount of carbonic acid gas the ventilator was partly open, and there were only forty-two pupils present, all girls.

When we remember that the air often becomes "close" in a crowded tent in the open air, with a wide opening all around under the roof, and how long it requires to remove all the foul air from any ordinary room, even with the windows all open, it is not surprising that the problem of ventilation is so difficult to solve. It is doubtful if there exists anywhere in this country a house of any kind that should be called well ventilated. England spent about half a million of dollars for the ventilating machinery of the new Houses of Parliament. It was a complicated system of steam-engines for forcing out the vitiated air and forcing in the pure air. Perhaps it had its advantages, but it was a failure. No sooner was it in working order than the lords began to cough and sneeze and complain of the new ventilating system. They said they were one moment subjected to an Arctic blast and the next to a Sahara simoom; and finally they voted

to remove the costly but ineffective invention.

So far, we have hardly done more than render crowded rooms in winter endurable, and establish the fact that the smaller the hall or room the more difficult is it to ventilate. Possibly, M. Godin in his *Familistère* at Guise has hit upon the right method; at least, visitors say that there is always a breezy coolness there in the hottest weather, and that in winter "suffering from cold, so common to the children of the poor, is unknown." That enormous workmen's home shelters some hundreds of families. M. Godin's plan consists in vast underground galleries over twelve feet square, opening at the north in the grounds some distance from the palace. These galleries pass all around the inner glass-roofed courts, into which they open by means of registers. Pipes or flues from these galleries also pass up in the double walls of the building, and open through registers into all the apartments. It would certainly seem to be advisable, at least, to examine Godin's method before trying such costly experiments as that of the new Houses of Parliament.

M. H.

TENTERDEN STEEPLE AND GOODWIN SANDS.

BISHOP LATIMER, as quoted by Ray in his *Collection of English Proverbs*, seems to be the oldest authority generally known for the anecdote which commemorates the commonplace *non sequitur* about Tenterden Steeple and Goodwin Sands. Latimer connects a "Mr. Moore" with the anecdote, and it is interesting to see how Sir Thomas More, who is thereby intended, tells it himself. Sir Thomas's version, which I do not find to have been reproduced in modern times, here follows:

"And now, wher they lay, for a profe that God were not contented with batayl made against infydelys, the losse and mynysment of Crystendom synnys that guyse bygan, they fare as dyd onys an olde sage father fole in Kent, at such tyme as dyvers men of worschyp assembled old folk of the cuntre to commune and devyse about the amendement of

Sandwich haven. At which time, as they bygan fyrst to enserche by reason, and by the report of old men there about, what thing had ben thoccasyon that so good an haven was, in so few yerys, so sore decayed, and suche sandys rysen, and such shalow flattys made therewith, that ryght smal vessels had now mych worke to come in at dyvers tydys, where grate shyps were, within few yeris passed, accustomed to ryde without dyfficultie; and som laying the fawt to Goodwyn Sandys, sum to the landis inned, by dyvers owners in the Ile of Tenate, oute of the chanell, in which the se was wont to compace the isle, and brynge the vessels round about yt, whose course, at the ebbe, was wont to scoure the haven, whych now, the see excluded thense, for lacke of such course and scouring, ys chouked up wyth sande; as they thus alledged, dyvers men, dyvers causes, there starte up one good old father, and sayd: 'Ye maysters, say every man what he wyll, cha marked this mater as well as sum other; and, by God, I wote how it waxed nought well ynoughe. For I knew yt good; and have marked, so chawe, whan it bygan to wax wors.' 'And what hath hurt it, good father?' quod these gentylmen. 'By my fayth, maysters,' quod he, 'yonder same Tenterden stepell, and nothyng ellys; that, by the masse, chold 't were a fayre fyshepole.' 'Why hath the stepell hurt the haven, good father?' quod they. 'Nay, by'r Lady, maysters,' quod he, 'ych can not tell you wel why; but chote well yt hath. For, by God, I knew yt a good haven tyll that steple was bylded. And, by the Mary masse, cha marked yt well, yt never throve synnys.' And thus wysely speke these holy Lutheranyss," etc. (*A Dyaloge*, etc. (ed. 1529), fol. 119.)

Except that here and there a *u* is changed to *v*, and that the old abbreviations have been expanded, Sir Thomas's spelling, which has very little of method in it, is strictly followed in this extract. *Synnys* is for "since;" *onys*, for "once;" *thoccasyon*, for "the occasion;" *mych*, for "much;" *fawt*, for "fault." In the dialect of the "olde sage father fole" *cha* and *chawe* are for "I have;" *chold* is

for "I would;" *chote*, for "I wot." In the foregoing words his *ych*, "I"—the later form of the Anglo-Saxon *ic*, now *ich* in German—is aphæresized. In *Ralph Roister Doister*, *chad*, *chwas* and *chwine*—the last being for "I ween"—with *ichotte*, for "I wot," are put into the mouth of Margerie Mumblecrust; and Edgar, in Shakespeare's *King Lear*, says "*chill* be plain with you," and "*chill* pick your teeth, zir." It is quite possible that these forms beginning with *ch* are now confined to Somersetshire, but any one acquainted with the byways of older English literature must be aware that some centuries ago they were by no means peculiar to a single county of England. F. H.

GYPSIES IN ENGLAND.

DR. B. C. SMART and Mr. H. T. Crofton, in their instructive work entitled *The Dialect of the English Gypsies*, quote from a paper which shows that the earliest known specimen of the Gypsy language is found in Andrew Boorde's *Fyrst Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge*, dated in 1547. Boorde there speaks of the Gypsies as "Egipcions." Writing several years before 1547—namely, in 1529—Sir Thomas More reports a conversation in which figures a Gypsy-woman, dealing, as usual, in divination. A few sentences from this conversation, which is tediously spun out, must here suffice:

"But how could she tell yt by the Devyll?" 'Nay, by my trouth I trow,' quod he; 'for I could never se her use eny worse waye than loking in onys hande.' Therwyth the lordys laughed, and asked, 'What is she?' 'Forsoth, my lord,' quod he, 'an Egypcyan; and she was lodged even here at Lambeth; but she ys gone over see now. How be it, I trow she be not in her own cowntre yet, for they saye yt ys a grete waye hense; and she wente over lytell more than a moneth ago.'" (*A Dyaloge*, etc., fol. 91.)

As Messrs. Smart and Crofton have pointed out, obscure traces have been discovered of Gypsies in Scotland and England in the years 1506 and 1512, respectively.

I am not aware that any writer on the Gypsies has made mention of the samples of their language which occur in *The Roaring Girl*, by Middleton and Dekker, first published in 1611. F. H.

THE RECEPTIONS OF WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON was loudly accused, in his time, of departing from simple republican ideals in the splendor of his dress at his receptions, in his regal bearing toward his visitors, and in his mode of traveling, which was in a coach drawn by four cream-colored horses and attended by servants in livery. He lived on the south side of Market street, just below Sixth, in a house which had been the residence of Robert Morris. His receptions took place in the dining-room in the rear of the house, which was twenty-five or thirty feet long, including the bow projecting into the garden. On the second floor Mrs. Washington received in two large rooms extending the whole depth of the house. Washington's receptions took place at three P. M., when the doors were opened for just fifteen minutes: then they were closed, and the circle completed for that day. All the chairs were removed from this room on these occasions to give more space for the company. The visitor on being conducted to this dining-room "saw the tall, manly figure of Washington clad in black velvet, his hair in full dress, powdered and gathered behind in a large silk bag; yellow gloves on his hands; holding a cocked hat with a cockade in it and the edges adorned with a black feather about an inch deep. He wore knee- and shoe-buckles, and a long sword with a finely-wrought and polished steel hilt, which appeared at the left hip; the coat worn over the sword, so that the hilt and the part below the folds of the coat behind were in view. The scabbard was white polished leather." This description is given by an eye-witness, Mr. Sullivan, in his *Familiar Letters*, published somewhat over forty years ago. At these receptions, which took place every other Tuesday, Washington always stood with his back to the fireplace and facing the door of entrance. In one

hand he held his cocked hat: the other he usually held behind him, to indicate that hand-shaking was not a part of the ceremony of introduction, for Washington never shook hands on these occasions, even with his most intimate friends. When a person was presented to him he required that the name should be distinctly spoken, so that he could not mistake it. "He had the very uncommon faculty of associating a man's name and personal appearance so durably in his memory as to be able to call any one by name who made him a second visit." He received each visitor with a very dignified and formal bow, and when the door was closed and the circle complete, he commenced on the right, addressed a few words to each visitor, calling him by name, and then passed to the next. When he had thus spoken to every one in regular order he resumed his first position, when the visitors one by one advanced toward him, bowed and retired. By four o'clock the ceremony was ended.

On the evenings when Mrs. Washington received he did not consider himself as visited, according to Mr. Sullivan. At such times he was dressed usually in a colored coat and waistcoat. Brown, with bright buttons, with black stockings and knee-breeches, is a costume remembered by the same authority. He wore neither hat nor sword, and moved about conversing with various people. Once a fortnight there was an official dinner, and select company on other days. He sat at the side of the table opposite to Mrs. Washington, while the two ends were occupied by personal friends or members of the family. Mr. Sullivan records the fact that Washington had been exposed the day before his death to a light rain which wet his hair and neck, and that his "disorder in the throat was an affection of the windpipe, usually called the croup."

M. H.

NOTES.

THE deaneries and canonries of Windsor and Westminster are regarded as being in a much greater degree than any other Church patronage at the personal disposal of the sovereign, who gener-

ally bestows them on those whose services have in some way been peculiarly acceptable to the royal family. The vacancy occasioned among the canonries of Westminster by the death of Mr. Charles Kingsley was consequently filled by Mr. Duckworth. This gentleman is the son of a Liverpool merchant of high respectability. Whilst a student of University College—the college at which Dean Stanley was tutor at Oxford—he became, in a measure through his rare musical and social talents, intimate with the archbishop of York, Dr. Thomson, whose own rise in life is remarkable, inasmuch as, although born in a comparatively humble sphere of life, being the son of a respectable shopkeeper at Whitehaven in Cumberland, he was the third subject of the realm, as archbishop of York, before he was fifty. At the time when Mr. Duckworth became intimate with Dr. Thomson the latter was provost of Queen's College, and it was probably at his instance that Mr. Duckworth was selected as governor of Prince Leopold. Good-looking, agreeable and highly accomplished, it is likely enough that a cordial friendship may have sprung up between the Princess Louise (marchioness of Lorne) and her brother's tutor, for the poor princess during the long period of her mother's intense mourning seldom got a chance of seeing any gentlemen except a dull equerry or a lord-in-waiting; and being herself extremely accomplished, it were no wonder if under such circumstances she sought relaxation in the society of Mr. Duckworth. Such, then, is the history of the various stories connecting Her Royal Highness with the new canon of Westminster, toward whom a fresh mark of royal favor has now been shown by his having been selected to accompany the prince of Wales to India as chaplain. A mitre undoubtedly looms in the distance for Mr. Duckworth.

TORPEDOES, which are now relied on largely for the defence of harbors and river-mouths, will become valueless as a means of defence if the newly-invented submarine boat of M. Louis Denayrouze, of which satisfactory tests have been al-

ready made in England, be found to answer the purpose in real warfare. The attention of engineers and of military and naval savants has been turned for a long time to the question of the best means of reaching, without being observed, an enemy's sunken torpedo and rendering it harmless for evil. The method adopted at present is to despatch at night a low, flat boat, manned by a small crew, to the spot under which the torpedo is supposed to rest. To avoid detection by the enemy's watch, the boat is painted black, the oars are muffled, and the crew, with hands and faces blackened with soot, are clad in dark-colored clothes. When the proper locality is reached a diver descends and performs the work of destruction. M. Denayrouze's invention consists of a boat which, provided with a crew of divers, is navigated to and fro at will beneath the surface of the water, by night as well as by day, only the ripples caused by two imperceptible projecting portions of its frame testifying to its presence and progress under the waves. This boat, moving at the rate of eight or ten knots an hour, and maintaining an intelligent communication with its friends on land or in besieging ships by means of signals which enable it to evade a threatened danger when warned of its presence, can be used to destroy torpedoes, or on occasion may serve as a ram or a despatch-boat. While it could not succeed so well in day-service, perhaps, its adaptability for night-service would be so marked that, practically, it would be impossible to preserve a torpedo from molestation, and consequent destruction, by its crew. The only way to guard against this result would be for the other side to defend their torpedo with a similar submerged boat; and in that case the next thing in maritime warfare to be looked for would be desperate submarine engagements, with only an occasional bubble on the surface or a slight lifting of the waves to indicate that the fate of an empire was being decided below.

WONDERMENT is not unfrequently expressed as to whence comes all the wine

of Champagne that is drunk in this country. Perhaps this wonderment would cease were it known generally that, among others, German manufacturers have entered the lists extensively as makers of that exhilarating beverage. It is now asserted, on what appears to be good authority, that more of this wine is manufactured in one year in Germany than is made in three years in Champagne. As long as this *embarras de vin de Champagne* lasts, the wine should be cheap and very plentiful.

PARISIANS are very much troubled by the question of the pronunciation of that "barbarous word," as they call it, *tramway*, the English equivalent of our term "horse-cars." The inhabitants of the different quarters of the city render the word in accordance with their own sense of the fitness of things. Every Parisian assumes the privilege of "collaring and throwing" it, as Mr. Silas Wegg did *his* English, and the results are most various. "Some," oracularly says the *Soir* with innocent richness, "pronounce it like the English, *trenwouey*." Others, however, call it *frameway*; while others, again, satisfy themselves with *tramwai*. In this little Parisian comedy of *Every Man in his Humor* the ignorant multitude of the city give the word a sound of their own which at least is ingenious, and not without the quality of possessing a punning merit. They call it *traîne-moi*—otherwise, "drag me."

FRENCH journals are taking a sort of quiet revenge for Sedan by giving publicity to the fact, not generally known, that Count Bismarck, the father of the great German chancellor, their implacable foe, was during his life an officer in the French military service, in which he so distinguished himself at the battle of Bautzen as to be rewarded with the cross of officer of the Legion of Honor. The count, as the story runs, was compelled to leave England in 1807 to avoid the

results of a duel. He offered his services to the king of Württemberg, who conferred upon him a cavalry appointment. In 1809, in consequence of the course of political events, he found himself in the service of France, and accompanied Marshal Ney to Russia, where he greatly distinguished himself on the disastrous day of Moskowa. It was after the return of the French army across the Beresina that he received his decoration. In 1816 he became a general in the Württemberg army and was sent as ambassador to the court of Baden.

A VERY grave problem appears to be on the eve of unfolding itself before the German government and people; and this consists in the alarming prostration of trade in the empire. Without calling as witnesses to this alarming condition of affairs the annual report of the Board of Commerce at Berlin, which declares that the stock of merchandise and of products of all kinds in that city that remains unsold surpasses belief, and a gloomy official statement made to the stockholders of the Schaffhausen Bank at Cologne, which speaks of the German banks as having fallen, in spite of the abundance of money, into a despairing condition of marasmus, the Bavarian *Vaterland* may be allowed to tell the whole story of a financial situation that is as serious as it seems extraordinary. Briefly, then, that journal shows that in 1874 the value of the importations into Germany exceeded the value of the exportations by the sum of 484,800,000 thalers. This terrible drain has been going on since 1870, in which sixty-eight million thalers were lost to the country in this way. In 1871 the excess of importations over exportations amounted to one hundred and eighty-five millions, in 1872 to three hundred and thirteen millions, and in 1873 to five hundred millions. The French milliards seem to have brought no luck to Germany.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Madame Récamier and her Friends. From the French of Madame Lenormant. By the Translator of "Madame Récamier's Memoirs." Boston: Roberts Bros.

There are some people about whom the world is never tired of hearing—about whom curiosity is never satisfied nor interest exhausted. The reason of this is not always obvious: the attention which some people attract after death is as unaccountable as the charm which others possess while living. Madame Récamier is a conspicuous instance of this interest: she is not an historical character; she wrote nothing, did nothing, said nothing remarkable; her life was not romantic nor her fate tragic: she was only a pretty woman. Yet on this ground she has a celebrity which causes every particular that can be gathered concerning her to be received with ardor: two or three notices of her have been published, and people are still anxious for more news. The last we have about her is a volume containing some of her familiar correspondence, and reminiscences of herself and her intimate friends by Madame Lenormant, her niece, already the author of one volume of recollections. This has lately been translated into English; and the fact that the portion of the community which does not read French should be sufficiently interested in the subject to make a translation desirable is the strongest proof of Madame Récamier's posthumous popularity. The English version is not unpleasant to read, which is saying a good deal: there are some faults, such as rendering *Besoin impérieux*, "imperious desire," *Jamais on ne vous aimera faiblement*, "One will never love you feebly;" and we are annoyed by the literal rendering of the conventional *madame votre mère*—one of those graces which a translator must submit to let go; but on the whole the sentences seem less like ill-fitting garments to the thoughts than they generally do in translations, and many difficult and delicate shades of expression and meaning are very well conveyed. The translator has also added notes and a preface which throw light on some of the persons most frequently mentioned, for which many readers will be grateful.

The group here depicted is different from

that amid which Madame Récamier is generally represented. Prince Augustus of Prussia, the romantic hero of her youth; Adrien de Montmorenci, who was supposed to head the endless list of her subsequent adorers; the overshadowing presence of Chateaubriand, who towers so loftily in the foreground of her later life,—scarcely appear, and there is less of Madame de Staël than one perhaps expects; but we have a striking and attractive female figure, the Countess de Boigne, Camille Jordan, Ballanche, Lemontez, Mérimée, Tocqueville and Ampère, none of whom, except the last, were in love with her, though she was an object of worship to them all. Jordan and Ballanche are not known in this country as they deserve to be; Mérimée has lately gained a reputation which he enjoyed before his death only in France, and one or two charming letters from him will be welcome to readers of the *Lettres à une Inconnue*: of the numbers who know Tocqueville as the author of the singularly interesting and far-sighted book on *Democracy in America*, few know how amiable and admirable he was in society and private life; while Ampère, whose acquaintance with this country was superficial, although he wrote a friendly, lively book about us, was one of the most agreeable and attaching of French literary men. Thus, we are introduced to a new circle, whose acquaintance most people will be anxious to pursue. The authoress, although she was in the position of a daughter to Madame Récamier from early childhood, tells us nothing of herself: she gives a couple of letters from her husband, the young and promising archaeologist whose life was too short for fame, which give a pleasant idea of his ability, accomplishments and cheerful, genial disposition.

All of them were drawn round the enchantress by the spell which even her wonderful beauty does not explain. She was not brilliant, original, nor even what is called interesting: she did not share the great passions which she inspired. A great deal of her ascendancy is ascribed to rare goodness of heart, her loyalty and constancy in friendship, the sweetness of her temper, and her tact. Yet there must have been something besides to account for the idolatry which for ever waited on her

steps; and these letters, more than any previous record of her, let one into the secret of her magic influence. She was feminine in every fibre: gentle, graceful, refined, affectionate, sympathetic, unselfish, she had moreover a constant desire for admiration, "an imperative necessity to please." There was a balance, harmony, measure in her nature, which always charms and soothes. A woman of greater mental gifts would not have captivated so many egotistical men of talent—a fool could not have kept them as friends. She had native intelligence and good sense enough to follow and comprehend the flights of genius, and no doubt long intimacy with the most remarkable men and the most remarkable women of her times developed and stimulated these powers. Her letters are easy, pleasant, sprightly, and show the justness of her gauge of men and things: those to her adopted daughter are overflowing with affection, though she did not write to her as often as to her admirers. She had several foibles—personal vanity, a trick of forgetting important letters and messages which were entrusted to her, a way of not answering letters, though it is marvelous how she contrived to keep up with her correspondents at all. She was not quite perfection, though so near it, and men liked her better for it, as it gave them an excuse for lecturing the radiant young beauty which they seized with avidity. Finally, she was a coquette, and this was the *abracadabra* of her attraction—not a heartless or vain-glorious one, but of the soft, sentimental kind who have always a tenderness for their victims. Her men-friends all reproach her with it: even the most platonic cannot repress a grumble. One cannot help smiling to see her making new conquests wherever she goes with an air of perfect ingenuousness. Ampère was not twenty when he was presented to her, and she was forty-three: he fell instantly and profoundly in love with her, came to see her daily in town, and spent part of the first summer and autumn near her in the country. On their return to Paris she took occasion to tax him gently with a fancy for her young niece. Poor Ampère, who had been controlling and concealing his feelings for months, broke down at this, and falling on his knees cried out, "Ah! it is not for her!" It would stretch the most elastic charity to believe that a woman so accustomed to bewitch every man who approached her had not divined the boy's secret and yielded to the temptation of a lit-

tle excitement by provoking a declaration. However, these are venial faults in a pretty woman, and it is because they complete the circle of her charm that Madame Récamier seems to us the typical pretty woman. But she was more than this: she was able to be a friend, and when youth was past, and her beauty had become a tradition, and her sweet eyes had been wept out beside the deathbed of the faithful Ballanche, she was still the unselfish, unwearied companion of the exacting Chateaubriand, the sensitive Ampère.

It is a sad feature in books of this sort, which reflect some aspects of human relations more accurately than regular biography, to note the thinning numbers of those with whom the narrative begins: at first paths diverge, severing interests interpose, names occur less often; then comes death, and they disappear from the page altogether. Madame Récamier lived to be seventy-two: she outlived most of her contemporaries and many of her younger friends. But the anguish of bereavement was softened by an immense consolation: these people were all good. Matthieu de Montmorenci, Camille Jordan, Tocqueville, Ozanam were religious men, devout and living for duty: the woman they worshiped was good too, simply and sincerely pious. France is the accepted scapegoat for the sins of Europe, but it is well to remember the illustrious examples of Christian character this one society affords, composed of different classes, great nobles and industrious scholars.

A Century After: Picturesque Glimpses of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania. Complete in Fifteen Parts. Parts 1 to 5. Philadelphia: Allen, Lane & Scott and J. W. Landerback.

Philadelphia is not much given to celebrating herself, being, as her loyal sons are fain at least to believe, too intent on the doing of good works to have time for recording them. Now, however, that she is to bloom forth a century-plant, it becomes a matter of duty to let the world know something of her claims to its regard and the attractions she has to offer to the millions who are expected to respond to her "at home" on the anniversary of her modest début as the national hostess. In no daintier or more appropriate form could the announcement be made than in that of the work before us, which is certainly one of the finest specimens of typography and wood-

engraving ever issued from the American press. The illustrations, in general well designed and executed in the most costly manner, present a greater variety of subjects than the nature of the work might suggest. The casual visitor, who knows Philadelphia only by its rectangular streets, would be little apt to suspect that it embraces within its limits a greater diversity of scenery than any other city in the Union is able to display. One charm of this scenery is that it cannot be swept at a glance, but has surprises to offer as tempting baits to the explorer. The woodland nooks and sequestered pools depicted in this work will have novelty even for many of those to whom Fairmount and the banks of the Wissahickon are familiar resorts. In the matter of architectural embellishments the Quaker City is making rapid strides which will enable her a few years hence to present in more than one locality an *ensemble* not easily matched on this side of the Atlantic. The many noble buildings of recent erection and the quaint relics dear to the heart of the local antiquarian are fitly represented in these pages. In the "figure pictures" the artists seem to have overstepped the proper limits both of the work itself and of their own powers. In such subjects there is but one step from the picturesque to the vulgar, and each new deformity in costume facilitates the descent. Except in this particular we have only hearty commendation for the taste and skill lavished on the illustrations. The text is written *con amore*, as of one who knows his *pays* and finds inspiration in the theme. Almost too airily vivacious, it is yet never without the solid basis of bona fide description. These remarks apply to the first four parts: in the fifth another writer takes up the pen. When Mr. Stoddard has warmed himself to his task we may perhaps be reconciled to the change. For the nonce there is a visible strain in his efforts to appear sympathetic and to the manner born.

Hachette's Series of French Educational Works. London and Paris: Hachette & Cie.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The list of works published under this general title by Messrs. Hachette & Cie. comprises many which have long been used in schools or private classes in England, with others specially prepared to complete the series. They are designed to present a graded course which shall lead the pupil by regular and secure steps

from an elementary knowledge to a complete mastery of the French language. Primers, grammars and exercise-books are supplemented by a library of select masterpieces, classic and modern, carefully annotated. There is, however, no other connection between the volumes than is implied in the adaptation of each to a certain stage in the pupil's progress, and the fact that they are all based on a scientific method and prepared by practical teachers who are at the same time thorough scholars. Thus, we have a *Children's Own French Book*, edited by Rev. Ernest Brette and Gustave Masson, readers and grammars prepared by Tarver, Bué and Sandars, and a work on the philology of the French language by Dr. A. L. Meissner. Each volume having its special purpose is in the most compact form, and can be taken up without reference to the others or used in connection with a different series. As likely to be especially serviceable in this way, we may mention the *Class-Book of Comparative Idioms*, in two parts, French and English, two *Class-Books of Correspondence*, general and commercial, and *Half Hours of French Translation*. All or any of these may be used with great advantage by the learner who has already gained a familiarity with grammatical forms and rules and a fair acquaintance with the vocabulary. Having mastered them, he will have acquired a degree of facility in writing French which will greatly facilitate his subsequent labors, and without which he can never hope to possess any adequate command of the language either in reading or speaking.

Books Received.

- A Graphic Method for Solving certain Algebraic Problems. By George L. Vose. New York: D. Van Nostrand.
- Easy Lessons in German. By W. H. and E. K. Woodbury. New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.
- The Big Brother: A Story of Indian War. By George Cary Eggleston. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- The Taxidermist's Manual. By Captain Thomas Brown, F. L. S. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Leah: A Woman of Fashion. By Mrs. Annie Edwards. New York: Sheldon & Co.
- Toward the Strait Gate. By Rev. E. F. Burr, D. D. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co.
- Lectures to my Students. By C. H. Spurgeon. New York: Sheldon & Co.

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